

CHATELAIN

FEBRUARY • 1940
TEN CENTS



Beginning a Thrilling 1940 Novel... **THE DOCTOR'S PARTY** ...By Mary Frances Donohue

"I was wrong—dead wrong—to think that 'Pink Tooth Brush' couldn't happen to *me*!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm, your teeth brighter, with IPANA AND MASSAGE!



YES, I certainly was wrong. There must be loads of complacent people like me! People who go along blithely brushing their teeth—paying no attention to their gums—thinking that "pink tooth brush" is the one warning that is reserved for somebody else.

"Well, now I know better! That tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush may only be a warning that my gums have grown soft and tender—but it's a warning all the same. And I'm not going to ignore it.

"That tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush is my cue to do one thing and do it promptly—see my dentist!"

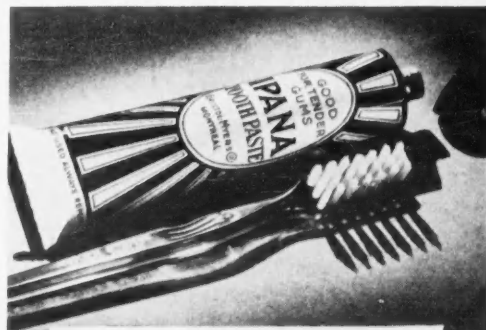
* * * *

Your own dentist will most likely tell you that "pink tooth brush" is far too common today because most of our food is soft . . . creamy . . . fiberless. As a result, our gums often become flabby and tender. They need more hard chewing, more work. That's why so many modern dentists suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana and Massage is a Double Dental Aid

Why Ipana with massage? Because Ipana, when used with massage, is especially designed to aid the gums as well as clean the teeth. Massage a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste into your gums every time you brush your teeth. You feel a pleasant "tang" . . . exclusive with Ipana and massage. It's a sign that gum circulation is awakening . . . that gums are tending to grow stronger, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Give yourself the advantage of Ipana and massage . . . help yourself have firmer gums, more sparkling teeth, a lovelier smile!



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Refreshing touches make a house a home

Everybody welcomes those things that brighten a home, that make it a pleasant place to be and to see. Flowers, pleasantly arranged, add to the spirit of living. So does ice-cold "Coca-Cola." It's one of the pleasant

things of life that belongs in every home. The life and sparkle of ice-cold "Coca-Cola" add life and sparkle to any occasion. Pure, wholesome, delicious,—"Coca-Cola" fills a unique place in the scheme of refreshing things.



Roses and Bouvardia,—one of a series of flower arrangements illustrated and diagramed in the book offered below.



The Six-Bottle Carton

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Get this beautiful book



Size of book
7 3/4" x 7 3/8"

• "Flower Arranging" by Laura Lee Burroughs contains 48 exquisite colour reproductions of flower arrangements and many practical suggestions on this rapidly growing and fascinating art. Send your name and address, clearly printed, enclosing ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover cost of handling and mailing, to The Coca-Cola Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont., Dept. D.



Always serve "Coca-Cola" ice-cold. That means to pre-cool the bottles in your refrigerator. Then use ice to keep them cold. There are many attractive ways to do this. And remember, there is a very convenient way to get "Coca-Cola,"—in the handy six-bottle carton, from your dealer.

Mountains are Good for Men...



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL • JASPER NATIONAL PARK, ALBERTA • ONE OF CANADA'S MOST BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS

IT TAKES TOIL AND EFFORT to reach the mountain top. You must *keep climbing*. You cannot stand still.

This is just as true of the man-made "mountains" of care and responsibilities that loom up in everyone's life. You cannot avoid them. But you can determine for yourself how you meet them.

Not to shirk the "mountains" in our lives, but to accept their challenge with spirit gives men the power to strive after great things.

Get the MOST OUT OF LIFE by Giving the MOST TO LIFE

A life of strenuous endeavor is what makes vital, enterprising men and women. But to be ready for every opportunity we need to stay well—optimistic. Tired, nervous bodies can turn us into pessimists, full of gloomy forebodings.

Live More Fully. Be Happier THIS WAY

Many today are discovering a way to help the dragged-out feeling that can hold you back from busy, happy living.

Twice each day they add a tonic food supplement to their diet. This food supplement is Fleischmann's

High-Vitamin Yeast, rich in the vitamins A, B₁, D and G you must have to feel vigorous and well. Vitamins in this *fresh* yeast can give more effective help because the yeast stimulates digestion, helps you assimilate the vitamins better.

Start now to eat two Fleischmann's Yeast cakes daily, one cake ½ hour before any two meals. See if you don't soon notice a difference—in what you can accomplish, in how you feel. See if the "mountains" *you* have to meet are not easier to conquer!

FREE BOOKLET "Getting More from Life" will bring you a sheaf of thoughts to remember. Write to — Fleischmann's Yeast, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.

MADE IN CANADA

THEIR GREATEST ENEMY—THE COMMON COLD



WHAT wouldn't you give to spare your children those nasty colds that undermine their health!

You know that the danger of a cold lies not so much in the cold itself, but what it sometimes leads to.

Unfortunately, there is no certainty as to the cause of this condition which costs the country millions of dollars a year. Unfortunately, too, no one has as yet discovered a cure.

Certainly Listerine Antiseptic should not be so considered. Yet tests made during eight years of clinical research convinced us that this safe antiseptic often has a marked preventive effect.

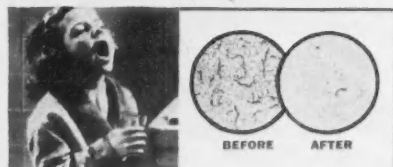
These tests revealed over and over again that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it.

Kills Associated Germs

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the so-called secondary invaders that many authorities say are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of these germs before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Reduced Germs up to 96.7% by Test

After the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, actual tests showed bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling . . . up to



NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS

The two drawings above illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

TAKE CARE OF A COLD

1. Gotobedatonce and take a mild laxative, and consult your doctor.
2. Drink plenty of cold water and plenty of fruit juices, and eat lightly.
3. If your nose is stopped up, use a salt water nasal douche if your doctor advises it, and gargle with full strength Listerine every 3 hours.
4. At night, a hot drink, such as hot lemonade, will help you to perspire. Keep well covered with blankets.
5. Don't blow your nose too hard. This may spread infection to other parts of the head or to the ears.
6. Always cough or sneeze into a cloth or paper napkin that can be burned.

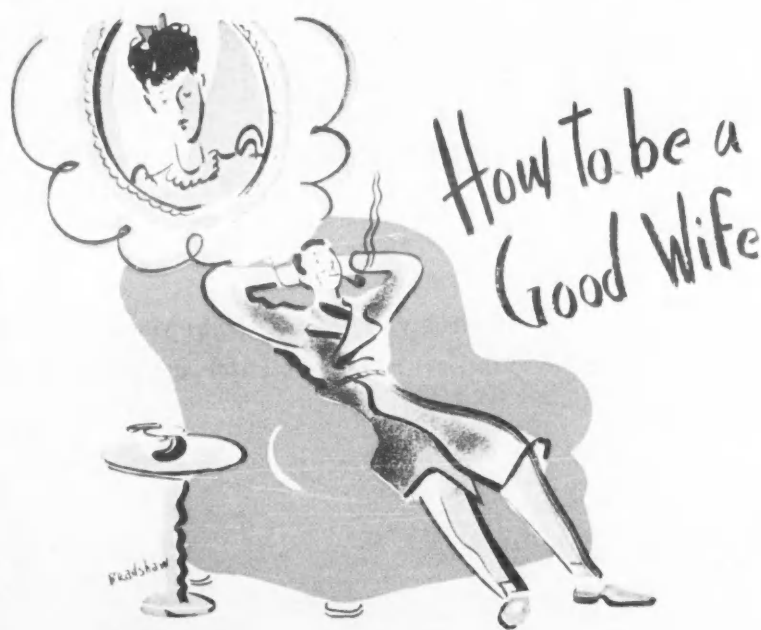
80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help head off a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will always ward off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that its record in such a large number of test cases is so impressive as to entitle it to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada), Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

LISTERINE FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT
MADE IN CANADA



"Someone ought to set down the womanly virtues that bring peace and happiness to a man. And who is better fitted for the task than a bad husband?"

MY WIFE wrote an article for the October *Chatelaine* on "How to be a Good Husband," in *Ten Easy Lessons*. With womanly skill, she had selected all my worst faults; learned from her friends their husbands' worst faults; and then she chose the opposites as marks of a good husband.

Naturally, when she later wrote another article on "How to be a Good Wife," *Chatelaine's* editors rejected it. Doubtless it was obvious that my wife did not know about good wives.

But someone ought to deal with the subject; someone ought to set down the womanly virtues that bring peace and happiness to a man. And who is better fitted for the task than a bad husband?

So with pure scientific detachment, I have studied available material. With the truth about good wives my only goal, I studied my friends, and the men on the street car, and books in the library, and even some wives.

"Why do you love your wife, old chap?" I asked my friends. On the back seats of street cars, instead of talking about dictators, I casually brought up the subject of wives. "Any of you boys ever seen a good wife?" I asked.

In the public library I learned a lot about wives from books. Our library has eighty-six books on the subject; (it was necessary to ignore twenty-three of them that were written by women.) But most of all I learned about wives from wives, discovering that as a class they are sorry for other wives' husbands, and full of useful ideas on wife improvement.

And now, having gathered all necessary material, I present ten little lessons on how to be a really good wife.

Lesson I. How to be Boss.

You cannot be a martyr and be boss at the same time. But you have your choice. Any reasonable husband will admit that according to the law of survival of the fittest, his wife is head of the house.

But he won't be bossed by a martyr.

So don't sulk soulfully each time he makes a mistake.

And when he describes his minor successes at the office, don't remind him with patient resignation that Mr. Jones has a new car.

And don't—whatever you do, don't get a headache each time he goes out with the boys.

Don't even be a cheerful martyr—the type that bravely smiles, "I know you do your best, dear;" and means, "I guess I must put up with you to the end."

It is not hard to be boss.

Do just what you wish, but do it to please him. "I know it is what you want," tell him; and he will agree.

Respect his conviction that his wife has made a brilliant marriage.

Sometimes you should pamper the dear man; hold his coat, or light his

Once in a while have some fun in the kitchen.



cigarette, or even bring him his slippers in the evening.

Once there was a wife who said, "Before I would wait on my husband, I would leave the house and never come back again!" She missed so much in life, poor, silly, little thing. She never was her husband's boss.

Lesson II. How About His Rights?

Legally, your husband is your equal, though it doesn't matter much. The

☆ Continued on page 33

Your February CHATELAINE

A NEW SERIAL



She wished the evening was over, and began to dread it definitely as she prepared to leave for the doctor's house.

The DOCTOR'S PARTY

By
MARY FRANCES DONER

YES, SIR. Thirty years of practice," mused Doctor Martin Brady as he strolled about the candle-lit table, pausing thoughtfully and with a secret smile to consider each place-card before he finally disposed of it. "That's a long time, Annie; a mighty long time to listen to people's woes and treat their ills. Thirty years—"

"A person would think you were an old man," Annie Drummond screwed up an uncompromising eye to appraise the effect of the table, and tried to compute the number of years since Doctor Mart had given such a dinner in this house—when the best silver and the rock-crystal goblets and the long-dead Meg Brady's monogrammed linen had been used. He wasn't a sentimental man, nor was he given particularly to remembering anniversaries or dates. And never since she had kept house for him had he gone to such extremes—as if where a person sat at the table was a matter of life or death.

Usually if folks came to a meal, he just said, "Sit right here beside me, Mrs. Garfield. Over there, Jed. You take the other end of the table, Nancy . . ."

To tell the truth, he hadn't acted like himself since the night over two weeks ago when he had called her into the den. She had thought many time since of their talk regarding this dinner. Something funny about it. You couldn't fool her! Something queer going on around here.

He had looked so mysterious that night as he tossed some slips of paper on the table and said to her, "I've been playing a game with myself, Annie."

"Well, that's good news, Doctor Mart," she had said. "As a rule, you never give yourself a thought, but go around carryin' the burdens of half the town on your shoulders—and then you never get after them to pay what they owe you."

Annie Drummond had been a fixture in this

**OXYDOL'S
COLOSSAL PRIZE CARNIVAL**

FREE! IN CASH

\$32,000.00

AND BEST OF
ALL-YOU STAND TO
WIN THE \$5,000.00
POT OF GOLD!

AND IMAGINE! YOU'RE
IN LINE TO WIN A
\$1,000.00 WEEKLY
GRAND PRIZE
BESIDES!

THINK OF IT!
7 CHANCES
EVERY DAY
TO WIN
\$100.00
CASH!

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES

1. Simply complete the sentence, "I like OXYDOL because..." in 25 additional words or less. Write on this entry blank or on one side of a sheet of paper. Print or write plainly your name and address. Please send no extra letters, drawings, or photographs with your entry.
2. Mail entries to OXYDOL, Dept. CH, 1600 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, Quebec. You may enter every day and as many times each day as you choose. Each entry must be accompanied by the top of any size OXYDOL package (or facsimile). Be sure to use sufficient postage.
3. There will be 30 daily contests, running from January 22 through March 1, 1940 (except Saturdays and Sundays). Prizes are as follows:
Every day—Seven prizes, each \$100 cash.
Every week—An additional \$1,000 cash prize awarded to the best daily \$100 winner of that week.
At the end of 6 weeks—An additional \$5,000 cash grand prize awarded to the best weekly \$1,000 winner.
4. The first daily contest will be January 22, 1940. Entries received on or before January 22 will be entered in the first day's contest. Thereafter all entries received on any contest day will be entered in that day's contest. Entries received Saturday and Sunday will be entered in the contest for the following Monday. The final (30th) daily contest on March 1 will include all entries postmarked not later than midnight of that day, provided they are received in Montreal not later than March 12.
5. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. Decision of the judges will be final. Fancy entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents, and ideas therein become the property of Procter & Gamble.
6. Residents of Dominion of Canada, continental United States or Hawaii may compete, except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contests are subject to all Dominion, Provincial, and local regulations.
7. Winners will be announced one week after the close of each contest over Oxydol's "Ma Perkins", and "The Man I Married" radio programs. The winners of the final day's \$100 prize, the final week's \$1,000 prize, and the grand prize of \$5,000 will be announced over these programs on approximately March 18. Cash prizes will be mailed to winners on the day their names are announced. Complete printed lists of all winners will be sent to anyone writing to OXYDOL, 1600 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, Quebec after March 25.

WINNERS ANNOUNCED over the radio on OXYDOL'S "Ma Perkins" and "The Man I Married." Tune in these programs for further details. See local newspaper for exact time of broadcast.

Mail Now
IT MAY BRING YOU \$6,100.00 cash

"I like Oxydol because"

(Complete the above sentence in 25 additional words or less)

OXYDOL, Dept. CH, 1600 Delorimier Avenue, Montreal, Quebec.
Gentlemen:—Here is my entry. I am also enclosing an OXYDOL box-top (or facsimile).

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____

**EVERY DAY
Seven \$100.00 Bills!**

**EVERY WEEK
A \$1,000.00 Bill!**

and
**\$5,000.00 GIANT
GRAND PRIZE**
(AT END OF CONTEST)

**ENTER
TODAY**

A new daily contest each day from January 22nd to March 1st, except Saturdays and Sundays, with 7 daily \$100.00 cash prizes. Plus weekly grand prize of \$1,000.00 cash—and \$5,000.00 Giant Grand Prize at end of contest! Enter now—get your entry in the first day's contest.

IT'S EASY - HERE'S ALL YOU DO

JUST FINISH THIS SENTENCE

"I like Oxydol because....."

(Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less)
Use free entry blank below

PURPOSE OF CONTEST:

To Induce More Canadian Women to Try This Amazing New "No-Scrub" Laundry Soap—That's Really SAFE.

Here's a golden opportunity, knocking right at your door! Seven crisp new \$100.00 bills given EVERY DAY for six weeks. And \$1,000.00 extra in cash EVERY WEEK! Plus a \$5,000.00 "Pot of Gold" as a Giant Grand Prize at the Carnival's close.

What you do is so simple it won't take five minutes of your time! Just finish the sentence, "I like OXYDOL because..." in 25 additional words or less!

And note—flowery words or fancy phrases do not count extra. Just give your own honest opinion of Oxydol—as you'd say it to a friend. A plain, simple statement that pops into your mind while you're reading this announcement may win the big \$5,000.00 prize. (See examples below.)

In completing your sentence, remember that new Oxydol is a revolutionary "new-type" granulated soap. It contains a new ingredient, and does many amazing things.

For example: (1) Soaks out dirt in 10 minutes! No scrubbing, no boiling—a few quick rubs for "extra-dirty" spots, douse, rinse and you're through. (2) Gets white clothes as much as 9 to 11 shades whiter! Actual Tintometer shades, proved by our laboratory tests against many popular bar and package soaps. (3) Yet is SAFE for washable colors, fabrics, hands. So safe that even cotton prints given the equivalent of a full year's washing, came out looking bright as new! (4) And so economical, each cup goes up to 1/4 again as far as less efficient soaps.

So enter now! Remember, there's a new contest every twenty-four hours (except Saturdays and Sundays), for six weeks. Seven chances every day to win a crisp \$100.00 bill. A \$1,000.00 grand prize every week besides—AND a breath-taking \$5,000.00 giant grand prize at the Carnival's close. Which means you stand to win \$6,100.00 in all! Get busy now—and enter as many times as you wish. Read easy rules at left.

Ask for OXYDOL at your dealer's. Mail the free entry blank today! Procter & Gamble.

MADE IN CANADA

HINTS ON HOW TO WIN!

To write a winning sentence, first decide what you like best about OXYDOL. Then simply complete the sentence. For example, if you like the way OXYDOL gets clothes whiter, with safety, you might say something like:—"I like OXYDOL because it gets my clothes so nice and white and washable colored things bright, and doesn't make my hands red or rough."

Or, if you like the way OXYDOL soaks out dirt and saves work, you might say:—"I like OXYDOL because it saves me all that awful scrubbing that made my back ache—and my clothes

last a lot longer, too." Remember, simple original statements are wanted. Flowery words or fancy phrases don't count extra. Just write your own honest opinion of OXYDOL—as you'd tell it to a friend.

The above statements are merely examples. You've probably thought of better ones already! For additional hints, read descriptive matter on the OXYDOL package.

And don't lose out just because you think your statement isn't good enough! Send it in—let the judges decide! It may win you \$6,100.00 in cash.

1940 JANUARY 1940

Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

1940 FEBRUARY 1940

Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29					

1940 MARCH 1940

Sa.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



In which six oddly assorted young people, their lives interweaving into a strange and stirring pattern, gather before their doctor's confessional to justify their gift of life... a novel to appear later in book form

Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff



wouldn't you just know it would be a fresh young one like that you'd pick out of a hat! Never a civil word from him. They say he makes that woman's life a hell on earth."

"What woman, Annie?"

"Why, his father's new wife, of course—as if you didn't know! She'd have been better off if she'd stayed where she belonged, teachin' music in the schools, and bein' independent. She's a nice girl. Pity she has to put up with that young scamp. He won't be no addition to your party, Doctor Mart."

"The name was in the hat, Annie."

"Well, then, fate ain't so smart, I'd say." Annie had a way of closing one eye and nodding sharply to indicate emphasis. "Oh, doctor!" She gazed at the last slip sadly. "Do you think you ought to ask poor Tommy Crawford here—even if his name was in the hat?"

"Why not?"

"Well, in the first place, he's never sober any more when he's home from sailing in the winter time. Ever since Jane Lowry went East that summer with her sister Miriam to wait table down at that summer resort, and got into trouble—Tommy Crawford's been a changed man."

A silence had greeted her words, a brooding, unhappy silence.

"A girl like Jane Lowry has got a lot to answer for," Annie had declared. "When I think of it—Jane Lowry engaged to Tommy Crawford, one of the cleanest, finest boys in this town. And then goin' off and gettin' herself

into trouble and havin' a baby—with no weddin' ring on her finger, and none yet, either! And the baby over a year old. She's wise enough not to show her face around here any more. It's no wonder poor Tommy is drinkin' himself to death—and him with a fine engineer's job on that big lake boat, and climbin' right up the ladder to success."

THE PROLONGED silence had not encouraged her. But Annie's hard virtue had recoiled at such an appalling circumstance. "It wasn't as if she was the youngest and prettiest, and exposed to the greatest temptation—like Miriam. With their mother dead, and she the oldest, Jane Lowry should have been an example to her sister instead of shamin' her that way. Thank the lord she had sense enough not to come back here and try to spoil Miriam's life. And when I think of her innocent baby starting life without a father—"

"Is it quite fair to judge so harshly," Doctor Mart had wondered, "when we know only what we gather from the surface?"

"Is it fair to send a lad like Tommy Crawford to the dogs?" she had countered bitterly. "Is it fair to cast a cloud over the life of a girl like Miriam—a girl with an angel's heart? You can't tell me that that Seaver boy didn't get wind of Jane Lowry's reputation. That's why he didn't go through with his marriage to Miriam."

"If his love for Miriam was founded on her sister's reputation," Doctor Mart had put in grimly, "he would have made

Continued on page 57



house for over twenty-five years. A frank sixty-two, she seemed a formidable person. Her code was stern, and her virtue, but her heart knew a furtive tenderness. She was a mountain of strength in the starched white uniforms that she wore because she loved their rustle and immaculateness.

"Well, I've practiced medicine for thirty years," Doctor Mart had continued. "My anniversary falls just before Christmas. I've brought a lot of people into the world, and I'm curious about them." He had filled his pipe thoughtfully. "What has it all amounted to, I wonder? Has it been worth while? Have they—have I . . . ?"

"Are you feelin' well, Doctor Mart?" Annie had asked anxiously.

"And so I played a game with myself tonight." He had disregarded her question. "I looked back over the years, and began to count up the folks I've brought into the world. One by one, I wrote down the names on some slips of paper. Then I flung the lot of them into my hat, shook 'em up—and drew out six. Here they are."

"And now what?" she had demanded, mystified.

"I'll give a party on my anniversary," he had decided. "It's the night before Christmas Eve. I'll have these six to dinner. Then we'll sit around the fire and talk. I'll see what they've done with themselves, and what life has done with them."

"If it's many a one I know of," Annie had remarked sourly, "it would be better if they paid what they owe you, instead of you spendin' your hard-earned money for victuals for them."

"I'll take the fun I get out of it, Annie, in lieu of fee . . ."

"And you ought to be used to that, too," she had sniffed. "Now would it be too much to ask what six they are?"

"Help yourself." He had gestured toward the slips.

"Shiela O'Connor, is it?" She had glanced down at him sceptically. "Are you forgettin' that she ain't livin' here in the country any more since summer, but in the city—sellin' cigarettes in some big hotel?"

"No, I'm not forgetting . . . Shiela O'Connor," he had mused aloud dreamily. "She came into the world on a wild night, Annie—a wicked night in November, long about 1920, I'd say. It was her mother's worrying that brought her into the world ahead of time. Tim O'Connor was lost the day before with his crew in a storm on Lake Michigan, and he never saw his little daughter. Lucy O'Connor has done well for her children and Tim's. It takes a brave woman to meet such tragedy without defeat."

"Too bad she didn't keep that girl home with her, instead of lettin' her go to live in the city and sell cigarettes to drinkin' people all hours of the night in that hotel. It's no place for a girl. She'll get into trouble yet."

"There's good stuff in Shiela," Doctor Mart had maintained. "Give her time."



"I put all the names into a hat," said the doctor, "and drew out six. I was curious about them."

ANNIE HAD stiffened as she glanced at the next slip. "Gail Chisholm, is it? And what makes you think she'll give up any of her valuable time comin' to dinner in this house? It ain't excitin' enough here for the likes of her who has all the money in the world to spend, keepin' herself amused. She's too busy ruinin' the lives of good young fellows like Dermot O'Connor. Wild as a hawk, that's what she is, Doctor Mart. And you well know it."

"Consider her start, Annie."

"Her start, is it! Well, if she wasn't born with a gold spoon in her mouth, I'd just like to know!"

"I remember that night," he had said slowly. But he had not reminisced aloud. She did not know that on that night he had seen old Walter Chisholm, the lumber king, give his wife a substantial cheque in payment for bearing a child that should have been a son; nor did she know that on that night he had heard Gail's healthy, shallow, pretty young mother declare in outrage that not for a million dollars would she endure this torture again . . .

"Warren Blodgett!" Annie's eyes had actually bulged at the name that met her gaze now. "Surely you ain't askin' him!"

"His name was in the hat." Doctor Mart had seemed to find a grim fascination in the flames.

"Well, I wouldn't be so proud of havin' brought the likes of him into the world, I must say. He's just plain evil. A woman ain't safe in the same room with him. He thinks his grandfather's money can buy his way straight through life and into heaven."

"What is it they say about charity, Annie?" He had poked absently at the logs.

"And don't be tellin' me he was a beautiful baby—or anything like that!" She had ignored the quiet question.

"I don't remember that point in particular. But he had a beautiful mother . . . Agatha Blodgett had great plans for her son. It wasn't her fault that his grandfather ruined him with too much money and too little discipline."

"Well, I must say I never thought I'd be asked to set food down before Warren Blodgett—the rogue!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to register your complaints with fate, Annie."

Her smoldering gaze had fallen next on the name of Estelle Randolph. "Mrs. William Randolph, is it?" Her voice had been thin with shock. "Doctor, have you gone and lost your mind entirely? Mean to tell me you don't know that Estelle Randolph has been playin' around most of the year with Warren Blodgett—and her nice young husband away on the lakes earnin' the money she squanders on liquor and cigarettes and clothes she don't need?"

"You don't tell me!" Doctor Mart had glanced up innocently with a pained frown.

"If you don't know it, you're the only person in Pine Harbor that ain't heard."

"I don't have time to listen to gossip," he had reminded her. "I'm a busy man, Annie."

"It's a mixed crew you'll have, all right. Let's see now, who's this one—Buddy Harper? Well, now,

Affect our Fashions?

favorite for resort wear today. Watch out for a big spread in its sphere of influence!

Then, you'll probably go in for homemades, and hand-dones to quite a degree. Don't think you won't feel repercussions of the mass movement of Canadian women back to the sewing machine and the knitting needles. You'll wear less leather, more handmades. Factories, in wartime, are often kept busy turning out things for soldiers. Even New York is taking to long hand-knit woollen stockings. Smart knitting bags are among the big style items of the season. Those quaint little imported touches you used to get will be farther apart and fewer. You'll look with new eyes on the brilliant cross-stitch of our Slav, the lovely lace work and fine needlecraft of people who have come to live

with us from the Scandinavian countries, and of our own French Canadians.

Women Dress As They Feel.

There's a lovely legend woven about the brilliant French designer, Chanel. It's said that when someone dear to her died, she vowed that the women of every land should mourn his passing. And so she made black the hallmark of the well-dressed feminine world. Maybe it's true. At any event, so long as the French couturier sets the fashions, women's clothes will echo the triumphs and the heartaches of France. Soldiers march through the streets of Paris again . . . and again our styles are designed with dashing capes, brass buttons, swagger backs, epaulettes, officers' caps and

French shakos. There is a sudden resurgence of khaki and all shades of grey and fawn, touched off with sparks of clear red, white and blue. European women must wander blindly through nightly blackouts, and so we feel the echo in glowing white accessories with our dark dresses. (For such things are a protection to them against the passing traffic.) Our shoes become sensible . . . don't France's smartest women wear low heels for new hard-working days? Evening clothes are less formal, shorter, more enveloping. For in Europe's style marts one needs skirts that won't catch under heel if the siren blows, frocks that will look right with the ungarnished military uniforms of this war . . . covered backs, for even at formal parties, soldiers are ungloved.

Suzy and Molyneux and Patou have no heart for silly headgear. So they make (and we wear) hats that can go anywhere, from a Red Cross canteen to a hotel supper party. Gay scarves and hoods (useful for air-raid calls) add color. Skirts for daytime remain short and easy to get about in. You'll notice that tricky pleats and gathers are replaced by the unpressed, simple variety. Easy, swing styles. Comfortable coat dresses. Too many workmen have been called to service to allow for hours of fussing over a single tuck or gusset.

Perhaps—one wonders—the United States will win its long-sought supremacy over fashions. Native designers there have tried ☆ Continued on page 23

Europe's gas masks won't fit over elaborate coiffures . . . London women haven't time to grab their hand bags when they make for air raid shelters . . . Paris has no heart for silly head gear . . . and so the war begins to affect and change our fashion ideas

By LOTTA DEMPSEY



Will War



PARIS women haven't time to grab their handbags as they make for shelter in the face of an air-raid siren's urgent whining. So you and I in Canada are going to wear the biggest pockets we've ever seen in our spring clothes. And it's chilly in English houses, with wartime rationing of fuel and petrol. So, many of our dinner dresses will be wool, with long sleeves and snug necklines. Europe's gas masks won't fit over elaborate coiffures. Presto! Into simple hairdresses we go, without a murmur. The day of coquetry has died in Helsinki, in Warsaw, in Vienna, in Prague. And on the streets of Toronto and Vancouver and Montreal, women are beginning to wear simple and quiet clothes. The cockeyed hats, the kittenish bustles, the mincing fancy footwear are beginning to look outmoded.

Will war affect our Fashions?

Decidedly!—with the first soldier. For the clothes women wear are—and have been for generations—the barometer of the times.

In the first place, there's a whole new setup in the fabric situation. Secondly, women dress to express their feelings as well as to cover themselves. Finally, the new woman is an individualist, and goes into service, according to her lights, as definitely as her menfolk go to fighting.

Why Our Fabrics Change.

Rayon was the stepchild of the last war. It came in through the back door as a rather timid substitute for silk. But today rayon is fashion's brightest glamour girl. And you'll see her leading a whole troupe of new synthetics as time goes on. Already it's possible to go to tea in rubber, dine in coal and tar, dance in spun glass. For fabrics are being made of these substances, experimentally. And if it's hard to get silk from the Orient, or wool and linen from England (as it was in the last war, what with shipping and labor problems), they'll zoom ahead. Cotton, too. Next door, down south, they raise plenty. But it's harder to send out and about now. So we may be in for a cotton renaissance. Remember how cotton was suddenly accepted everywhere in the fighting days of yore? The summer evening frock, gaily patterned, smartly made and easily launderable, is a

From left to right:—

There's a military precision to this costume from Paris, with a green top and black skirt. Courtesy Robt. Simpson Co., Toronto.

"The last war took women out of corsets. This one will put them into trousers," says one style authority.

A dashing use of astrakhan fur on this coat in black wool is typical of the way the uniforms are affecting women's clothes.

As jaunty as any soldier, this girl wears a tailored suit in grey wool with grey astrakhan. A French model worn with black hat and gloves.





They both heard someone opening the door with a latchkey. Duncan came in, and stopped, staring at them in astonishment.

to keep up that little flare of anger. Trying not to be worried, or miserable.

"Hello," said a slow, amiable voice. "Hello, Peter," she said. "May I speak to Duncan, please?"

"Well, Carla, he's not around," said the slow voice. "Has he gone out?" she asked. "Hasn't come home yet," said Pete.

I don't exactly know what to do, she thought. I'm certainly not going home, with Bess and that boy there. And I'm not going to a restaurant alone, all dressed up. "Pete," she said, "would you mind if I came up there to wait? I—someone's giving me a lift uptown." "Sure!" said Pete. "Come right ahead, Carla."

SHE PUT up the hood of her wrap and ran outside and stopped a taxi. Duncan's been kept at the office, she thought. That's happened before. That could happen to anyone. By this time, of course, he's telephoned me at home. I'm sure of that. If Bess was still there, she'd tell him I'd gone uptown to meet him. If she'd gone out, he wouldn't get any answer, and that would worry him. Well, it wouldn't hurt him to do a little worrying.

But if he hadn't been worrying? If he had forgotten all about their date? Then this will be the last time, she thought. This will be the end. If he tried to be offhand and high-and-mighty about forgetting, this will be the end. He's changed. I might as well face that. He's late half the time now. He criticizes me.

Well, who's fault is that? My fault. He was darling in the beginning. He was ready to do anything I wanted. And I spoiled it all by letting him see. That's the most fatal mistake you can make with a man. To let him see how much you care. I—this time I'm going to be different. Very different. I'm going to be the one who's offhand and high-and-mighty, this time.

The taxi stopped; she paid the driver, ran across the pavement in the rain. She had been here twice before, to Duncan's parties. Wonderful parties; actors and writers, well-known names, two colored maids to look after the guests; an atmosphere.

She went toward the elevator, but the boy wouldn't take her up unannounced. "I'm expected," she said. "Well, Mr. Adams gave strict orders there wasn't anyone to be let up without phoning, miss," the boy said. You couldn't make a scene about that, but it was hateful, to hear her name being announced on the telephone. As if she were one of the many nuisances Duncan had to protect himself against.

PETE WAS standing in the open doorway of the apartment, tall and lanky and weather-beaten, with little grey eyes and sandy hair, and a long upper lip. He was nice, friendly and good-natured; but you just didn't notice him much when Duncan was around. He



was just someone Duncan had found to share expenses with him. He minds his own business, Duncan had said, never gets in the way.

"I'll take your wrap, Carla," "Never mind, thanks, Pete." "It's sort of damp," he said. "I'll hang it up for you." She let him take it; she went into the sitting room, he came in after her, sitting down on the arm of a chair facing her.

I'm sitting here waiting for Duncan, she thought. Running after him. What's the matter with me? I never ran after a man before. Dad used to be so tickled because I was so independent about boys. When I first met Duncan, I was independent with him. And then I spoiled it all.

"Have you got a date with Duncan?" asked Pete. She was surprised and not much pleased with this direct question. "Well," she said with a little laugh, "I'm not exactly sure—if our date was for tonight, or tomorrow. I got—rather mixed up about it, and I thought I'd ask Duncan."

Telling a lie now. I hate telling lies. I—sort of hate—myself. I wish I hadn't come. Oh, I wish I hadn't come! Duncan will come in and find me here all dressed up—

"If you're wrong about that date," said Pete, "will you have dinner with me, Carla?"

She glanced up, and found his grey eyes fixed upon her in a steady unsmiling. *Continued on page 38*

THE TELEPHONE rang. If that's Duncan, she thought. If he's going to say he can't come. He's been late before; but he's never broken a date. If he does. She took up the instrument. "I want to speak to Mr. Kaufman!" said a stern voice. "Sorry, you've got the wrong number," said Carla. But that's an idea, she thought. I can pretend that it was Duncan who rang up. Because maybe he isn't coming.

She put on her long black velvet wrap in a hurry, and went into the sitting room. Bess and her boy were looking at an atlas, and talking about the Dnieper River. It gave her a little stab of pain. When I'm with Duncan, she thought, we're always fencing. We're never like that, just friendly. "I'm going to meet Duncan uptown," she said. "Good night, people!"

She went into the hall and rang for the elevator. I wish I hadn't told Bess a lie. It makes you feel hateful and cheap. And suppose Duncan comes when I'm not there? Then she'll know, and she'll despise me. No, she won't. She's not like that. But she couldn't help thinking it was pretty cheap.

She was dismayed to find a quiet steady rain falling. But I've got to go on with this now, she thought, and ran down the steps and along the street to the drugstore on the corner. He's forgotten all about our date. All right, I'll remind him. I'm not going to be nice about it, either. He's just—a little bit too offhand. She shut herself into a booth, and dialled his number. Trying

The Fatal Mistake

By

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

HOLD everything, Carla said to herself. You've got half an hour. That's plenty of time if you'll just be quick and stop jittering. Only, you are jittering.

She turned off the bath and took the bottle of pine crystals from the shelf. And dropped it on the tiled floor with a crash. Two-dollar bottle . . . She felt like crying—or yelling. There was a knock on the door. "Anything serious?" asked Bess.

"It's nothing," said Carla. Why doesn't Bess go out? She said she had a date. I don't want her here when Duncan comes. It spoils everything. I wanted to light the candles in the sitting room, and leave him in there alone for a while, so he'd get the effect. I wanted it to seem like my place. It'll spoil everything, if Bess comes pottering in and out.

She whisked the broken glass into a corner with a towel. About five minutes for a bath. Not very relaxing. She stepped on some pine crystals, and they were sharp as glass under her bare foot. I feel like crying—or yelling . . . Being in love doesn't seem to improve my disposition much . . .

She put on her long black taffeta slip and looked at herself in the mirror. I hate my looks. Haggard—sort of brittle. A blonde in black . . . Tawdry. My mouth's too big . . .

She came out into the bedroom, and Bess was there, sitting on her bed, with a hand inside a stocking, inspecting it. Still in her taffeta housecoat. "I thought you had a date, Bess." "I have," said Bess. "Tommy's coming at six." "It's nearly six now," said Carla. "Oh, Tommy can wait," said Bess.

If Tommy's there when Duncan comes . . . Two suitors . . . That's comic. That's—hateful! I wish I had a place of my own. I'd have flowers all the time. I wanted to get flowers today, but Bess would have



Anyone who's been through it will tell you that the worst mistake a girl can make is to love a man more than he loves her. Yet what can a girl do when she finds that she doesn't mind?

Illustrated by Kay Avery

noticed. I don't want her to know what a fool I am.

SHE PUT on her long black skirt and her filmy orchid blouse and turned toward Bess. Really beautiful, Bess was; tall and strong, with a calm brow, and deep-blue eyes, and smooth brown hair. "You seem to be able to train your beaux," said Carla. "Easy," said Bess, with her usual candor. "Men just never lose their heads about me. They're too darn respectful." "That's not so bad," said Carla briefly. "It's not very exciting," said Bess.

This Duncan thing is a little bit too exciting, thought Carla. Being in love isn't much fun. She started to brush her hair, and stopped, overcome by that miserable doubt and hesitation. I never used to be like this. Only Duncan notices everything. Maybe he won't like the new hair-do. Well, why do I care? It's my hair, isn't it? After all, I've got a certain amount of taste.

That didn't work. No use pretending to be proud and independent. Everything's done for Duncan, and what he thinks is all that matters. I'm just a fool about him—and he knows it. "Do I look all right, Bess?"

"You look sweet."

Looking "sweet" wouldn't get you anywhere with Duncan. You had to be smooth, you had to be interesting and subtle. He thinks it's funny for me to come from Moose Jaw. Well, just the same, I've got a pretty good job in Montreal, and I could get plenty of other dates if I wanted to.

Bess was dressing now, in her own leisurely fashion. She wasn't trying to please someone else. She just put on a lavender sweater and a purple skirt, ran a comb through her hair, and she was really beautiful and perfect. And exactly at six the doorbell rang. Bess' date, of course. A new boy, tall and thin, in spectacles, a good-humored, clever face. He had brought a portfolio of photographs to show Bess,

and they sat down on the sofa together. They looked so cosy in the lamplight . . .

There's nothing cosy about Duncan. We'll go to some restaurant that's "right." Where the right people go. People he'll recognize. If I didn't look right, he wouldn't take me. I mustn't do this. Mustn't work myself into a rage against Duncan—when I love him. He's late again . . . But only ten minutes.

She stayed in the bedroom, waiting. If only Bess and her boy would go! If I could be here alone when Duncan comes, it would be different. If I lived by myself, I'd have everything so different. I'd serve coffee and have nice little canapés. I'd have a hostess gown. But if I got a hostess gown, Bess would know it was for Duncan—I'd just about die if she knew how I felt about Duncan. Fifteen minutes late now. Well, he wouldn't think anything of it if I were late.

Bess and her boy, sitting there, so cheerful, so cosy. There's nothing cosy about Duncan. It's always—so exciting to go out with him. He said to be ready at six, and we'd go to a new place for dinner. He always finds such interesting places, where well-known people go. It's so wonderful to go out with anybody like Duncan. I love the way he talks: "You're beautiful tonight, Carla — and very troubling . . ." Of course, I don't take all that so seriously. Only, he must be pretty interested, or he wouldn't take me around. "You're dangerous," he said. I'm not an idiot. I know that's probably a line. But if he wasn't pretty interested, he wouldn't bother to use his line.

Over half an hour late now. I'm glad I didn't tell Bess what time he was coming. All her dates are so darn good. If they're going to be late, they ring her up. Duncan used to do that, in the beginning . . . Well, all right! I'll admit that he's changed a little bit. And I'll admit it's my fault. I've been—too eager. Accepting all his invitations. I've been stupid. But I'll be different from now on. I'll—



W. V. Chambers illustrated this story of

A Store-window Cinderella

you think. By means of the new Graduated Obligation Plan you can dine every night as graciously and charmingly as do the Mr. and Mrs. Smith you are now watching. Observe—

"I'd give a lot to be in Henrietta's right now," exclaimed George gloomily, with a humorous lift of his right eyebrow, the one the crowd could see, "with a plate of fried chicken."

If the food was bad, drink was worse. They were obliged to down two different kinds of wine—white with the fish course, red with the meat. Mrs. Jane Lyons, Social Adviser, each night announced that while the red wine was served at room temperature, the white was fifteen degrees cooler. As a matter of fact, both were warm; and though they came out of imposing bottles, one was a sour *vin blanc*, the other a notably contemptible example of a cheap wine. The onlookers did not know the difference; but Mr. and Mrs. Elegant did. Yet each night he must make a connoisseur's fuss over the four bottles proffered by the maid, at last selecting that one which had been previously

"The Smiths tonight are having that favorite of all *bons vivants* of the *ancien régime*—rich, ruby-red Chateau Lalite-Rothschild. It is unquestionably one of the greatest of clarets. Fifty years ago there was no king but would give his very crown for a sip of this rare and radiant vintage."

Mr. Smith, having stalled as long as he dared, swallowed some of the rare and radiant vintage. He did not smack his lips afterward, for that would have been vulgar, but he spread his fingers and somewhat Frenchly rolled his eyes.

"Oh, what awful stuff!"

He smiled brightly at her, and she smiled back.

EACH NIGHT he wore different studs and links, a different style of collar, a different tie, which Mrs. Jane Lyons called a cravat, and each night he flourished a different cigarette case; but one tuxedo, referred to by Mrs. Lyons as a dinner coat, carried through. Hazel Carse, on the other hand, was attired or garbed in a fresh creation (to Mrs. Lyons no woman wore merely a gown) at every dinner. Each of these was described in rapt detail, and in each, George thought, she looked a little sweeter. He told her so.

"I wish you wouldn't disappear every night," he complained.

"I have to go to work."

"I never knew a woman to change clothes so rapidly."

She smiled, lifting a demitasse cup. Her hooked little finger stood far out from the others, as commanded by Mrs. Lyons. He hoisted his own cup in more manly fashion.

"I'd make even better speed," she said, and smiled, "if it wasn't for my maid."

"Missus Elegant! A maid?"

"Oh, she's not there to help me. She's there to see that I don't tear the gown when I'm getting it on and off. Still, it's the nearest I've ever come to having one at all."

"Well, anyway, you certainly look marvellous."

"Cinderella stuff," she murmured, and her smile was sadder than it should have been, considering the size of the crowd. "Any woman would look wonderful in gowns like these."

Hands on the edge of the table, he stared at her as a young husband should not do. Certainly she seemed familiar. Yet that was a characteristic of models, most of whom indeed were familiar, having posed in advertisements of cigarettes, underwear, cold cream, laxatives, perfumery, breakfast cereals, bath salts. Total strangers often approached George with "Haven't I met you somewhere?" obliging him to explain that they had probably only seen his likeness on the back of some magazine. He didn't like this. It would be bad when he set up his law practice, for a lawyer needs at least dignity of appearance: a judge or juror either consciously or unconsciously reminded of certain toothpastes, dandruff cures, rubber heels or deodorants, is not the best possible person before whom to plead.

"Sometimes I think you're actually trying to avoid me. It isn't natural, clearing out so promptly every night."

She blushed a little, and George felt his chest grow tight.

"No, I'm not trying to avoid you. Why should I? But I have to work."

"Every night?"

"Every night."

It was his belief that if he — Continued on page 21

posed with many pretty girls. But this one, Hazel Carse, had something more than mere looks. Also she seemed somehow familiar.

He mentioned this fact the second night.

"I don't mean to flirt or anything," he protested, leaning across the table and touching her hand tenderly, as though she were his bride, "but haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

She beamed, making no answer. Nobody outside could hear what they said.

"Do you model much?"

"No. This is only the third time." She smiled brightly. "It's an awful way to make a living, isn't it?"

"It certainly is!"

"I have another job, a regular job." Diamonds flashed as she toyed with a salad which looked excellent but wasn't. "I'm only doing this on the side."

"I suppose that's the way with most of us. Me, I'm a lawyer. At least I'm going to be one as soon as I can afford to set myself up. I've just passed my bar examinations. What I'm worried about now is whether I'll survive a whole week of eating stuff like this."

"It is terrible," she agreed, and twinkled at him.

"Last night, after I was able to face food again, I went to Henrietta's little place out on Browning Avenue, and polished off an honest-to-goodness T-bone with fresh lima beans."

"It must have been a relief."

"It was heaven. I'll take you there tonight, if you care to come. I'm hoping that they'll have O'Brien potatoes."

"I'm afraid I have to go to work as soon as I change."

"Observe especially the table covering and the napkins," Mrs. Lyons urged via the loud-speaker. "Nothing finer has ever been offered by the Levinson Store linen department. And yet this costs less than

selected by Mrs. Lyons.

"Can't we have at least *hot* food?" George, nodding amiably, growled at the maid.

"You're lucky," she replied with an obsequious smile. "I don't get anything at all to eat."

"You're the lucky one! What do they do—bring this stuff from some Greasy Spoon three or four blocks away?"

"Comes from the cafeteria up on the sixth floor, but the freight elevator's the only one that works after hours like this."

"What a life!" George snorted.

He lifted a glass of the cheap wine and held it up to the light, squinting fondly at it, smiling with pride.

"I want you to notice the claret glass Mr. Smith has just raised, a glass not only lovely in itself but indisputably proper, marking its possessor as a person of refinement and distinction. Available in sets of eight or a dozen, this glass is only one of the many entrancing and original models obtainable under the Levinson Graduated Obligation Plan. Each of these is a thing perfect in itself and correct to the last detail. Even if you should happen to be entertaining royalty, you need not fear that your glassware will excite unfavorable comment if you have taken the precaution of buying at Levinson's."

It was not likely that any of those on the sidewalk would ever happen to be entertaining royalty. But they listened. And with an even greater interest, they watched. Most of them probably knew Mrs. Jane Lyons from her radio talks and her Social Hints in the Levinson Store News, but to have two society people actually eating dinner right in front of you—

They saw the exquisite Mr. Smith hold his glass under his nose and sniff delicately. They saw ecstasy slide over his face.



Mr. & Mrs. Elegant



"Old
Mattress-
Bosom."

By DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

GEORGE DRANK the tomato cocktail in two exact draughts, neither sipping nor gulping, and then he smiled brightly.

"Swell start. Watered tomato juice. No Worcestershire. And warm, too. I'm George Laidlaw. What's your name?"

"Hazel Carse," she replied, smiling brightly.

She rang a little silver bell.

Somebody out of sight whispered, "Not so fast! Mrs. Lyons hasn't finished describing the layout yet!"

Nevertheless, since everybody had seen the bell rung, a negro maid appeared, took away the glasses, served the soup. The soup was out of a can, and lukewarm.

They could not see Mrs. Jane Lyons, but they could hear her voice transmitted through a loud-speaker to the crowd outside.

"You will observe that while Mr. Smith wears a conventional dinner coat with the latest and smartest accessories fresh from the Men's Shoppe on the ground floor, Mrs. Smith is attired in an exclusive Levinson creation of stiffened celanese satin, a rich royal purple in color, the deep décolletage of which—"

"Smith, eh? Original. They ought to call us Mr. and Mrs. Elegant. I hope it doesn't keep up like this. The food, I mean."

He smiled at her, his eyes dancing. She leaned back with a rippling laugh.

THAT FIRST night she got into her own clothes and disappeared before he could offer to see her home. He felt like a walk, too. He needed to get the taste of that food out of his mouth before going to Henrietta's for a real meal.

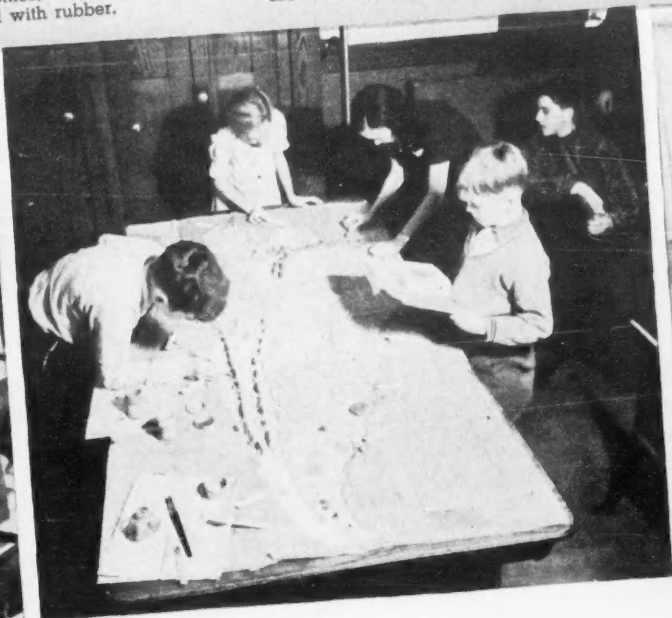
A pretty girl, of course. All of them were. He had

Believe it or not! Children are enjoying school hours . . . They like to study . . . and want to talk about their work. What's happened?

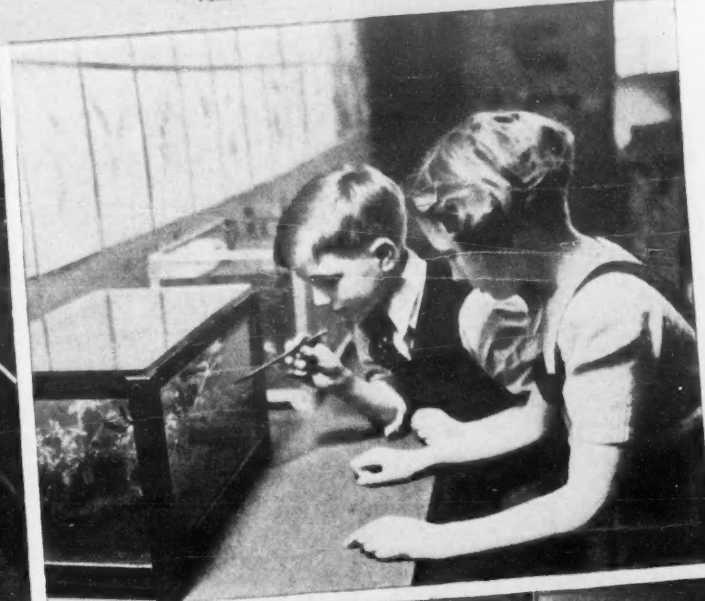
What are the notes of scale? These boys make them with water bottles, and learn rhythm on cans covered with rubber.



Groups of children selected in turn from a large class, have made this map. "Imports" are written on the paper boats.



Searching for the living evidence of what they've read about, becomes a vital adventure to boys and girls today.



for Old



by MARY LOWREY ROSS

theory of education in Normal School, have been able to adapt themselves to the new curriculum without great difficulty. But the older teachers, trained in the former inflexible methods of drill and routine, often find the new system a very real hardship. "It was hard work persuading them that the new method was an improvement," the principal said to me. "But I usually find that once they have given it a fair trial they are ready to admit that children learn more, and learn more easily and enjoyably in today's schools than they ever did under the old forcing system."

In this principal's school you will see children sitting at their desks through the entire recess period, too absorbed in their work to take time off for play. They are still there long after school, reading in the library, or busy in modelling classes or mechanical construction groups or dramatic clubs. The school in fact has become a sort of community in which work and play are organized rather than regimented, and work itself becomes at times an absorbing form of play.

In other words, the school child of today is playing a positive role in his own education. By comparison, the pupil of a generation ago was a passive receptacle into which knowledge was poured until it overflowed the brim. It was always the same quantity of knowledge, regardless of the child's capacity. What wouldn't go in was wasted; and a great deal that went in was wasted as well. Still, the process went on, for it is possible to teach a child against his will, if you have the law behind you and enough doggedness of purpose in your own soul. It went on and it brought certain rewards. It was "character-building," as any hard process is bound to be for anyone with enough character to take advantage of it. For the teacher there was the occasional brilliant pupil who learned without effort and enjoyed schooling for its own sake. For the competitive there was the fun

and excitement of beating the slower pupils in the class. But for the average or less-than-average pupil it was a dull and meaningless grind that had nothing to do with his real world.

It took the educationalists a long time—a hundred years in this country—to discover what the child's world really was. His world was the streets and the playground and the stores, and the policeman on the corner and the fire-engine that went past the school window while he stayed chained to his desk. It was the farm in summer and the factory in the next block, and the movies and the fall fair and the garage around the corner, and glimpses of strange countries that he sometimes found in books but never in his school geography. And cars and airplanes and radios, and the rumors of wars and distant terrors. It was a fascinating world and he never got enough time for it. Every morning at nine o'clock he had to surrender it and devote himself for seven mortal hours to meaningless learning.

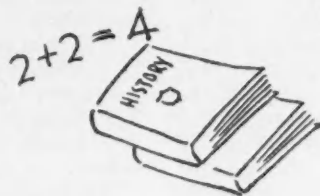
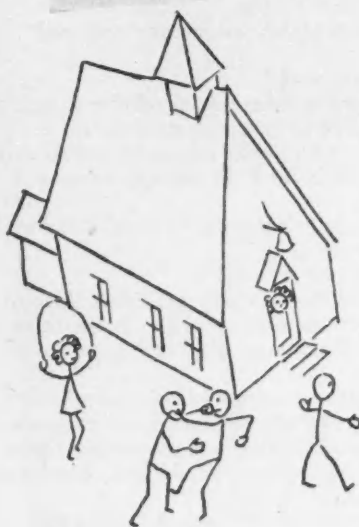
IN CANADA compulsory education was first undertaken a century ago. It devoted itself to teaching pupils simply to read, write and compute. As society grew and diversified, other subjects were added; but these were merely accretions to the original curriculum. The theory of education behind the curriculum remained unchanged. Education was, in the most literal sense of the word, "compulsory." In the meantime the educators in the United States had been making ☆ Continued on page 30



In the two photographs above, children study projects they have made themselves—one a primitive settlement, and the other a farm scene.



Girls learn to keep house, to set a table, to arrange furniture, and to buy wisely, in modern Domestic Science classes.



New Schools

FOR YEARS the big public school in our neighborhood ran, literally, like clockwork. At a quarter to nine there would be the warning bell. Then an increasing uproar till the schoolbell in the yard brought sudden convulsive silence. Then the shuffle of feet, the downstairs gong, the silence, the drone of class recitation, the roar of recess at a quarter to eleven, the bell and the silence once more and the recitations beginning again. We didn't need clocks in our neighborhood. We could tell the time with reasonable accuracy, just by the recurrent clamors, murmurs and silences from the school and playground.

Recently I visited a modern school. It didn't look like a modern school. It looked exactly like the schools of twenty years ago, except that there were now two buildings instead of one, with a playground in between. The interior, too, was familiar—the long corridors set with closed doors, the scuffed stairs, the air of deadly seemliness, the remembered smell of chalk and ink.

I found the principal's office. And it was there I began to detect the first difference. The office was large and bright, and a brown paper mural of vigorous childish drawings ran right round the room. Presently the principal himself came in. He was a young man

with an alert and pleasantly informal manner. I explained that I had two children almost ready for school and that I was anxious to find out something about modern school methods before starting them off.

So we sat opposite each other and began to talk about schools and children and the new curriculum. I had a luncheon appointment downtown and I suppose I had figured, out of familiar habit, that the school itself would give me warning when it was time to leave. When I glanced at my watch, I found it was a quarter to one. We had been sitting there over an hour and a half, and in the meantime the entire school of several thousand children had emptied itself without a sound.

The principal drove me to my belated appointment. And on the way he told me about one of his early experiments in liberating school children from the chain-gang routine of a generation ago. He decided that instead of regimenting the children into line with police squads of teachers to keep order, he would simply let them find their way at nine o'clock into their own classrooms.

"The first morning," he said, "was absolute pandemonium. The teachers came to me afterward and told me that if we kept it up some of the children were going to break the necks, or each other's, on the stairs. As a matter of fact I was pretty scared myself. However, I persuaded the staff to try it out for a week. At the end of the week the children were coming into school in the morning like an orderly crowd coming into a theatre or a church. Except for fire drill we've never had a school line-up since."

This is, to a large extent, the theory on which the new philosophy of education works. Discipline, imposed arbitrarily and often harshly from without, has given way to the order that comes voluntarily from the child's understanding of his own best interests. Children are

not "made" to behave and to learn, by the sheer force of the teacher's will. They learn and behave because when learning becomes an adventure behavior takes care of itself.

THIS THEN is the aim of the New Curriculum. The new curriculum in Ontario—which is fairly typical of all the new curricula across the Dominion—came into force in 1938. The Program of Studies in Grades I to VI comprises Health, English, Social Studies, Natural Science, Arithmetic, Music, Art and Enterprises. But you will not find under any of these headings a rigid program to be carried out. You will find simply suggestions and ideas which the teacher herself is supposed to develop. Thus under Social Studies, which cover geography, history and citizenship, all under a single heading, there are such suggested topics as:

Stories of daily life in primitive times—invention of weapons, the wheel and the boat.

Stories of ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Palestine, illustrating the improvement in means of travel, invention of money, of writing.

Stories of ancient Greece.

Movements of races—Goths, Anglo-Saxons, Vandals, Huns.

Birth of New Races—England, France, Normandy. Feudalism. The Crusades.

Thus the children learn how, and where, civilization developed through the centuries. And they do not learn any of it by rote. They learn it by reading for themselves, through dramatizing the material in plays and pageants, and through open discussion in class, in which reading and knowledge are shared. The curriculum, in other words, is no longer a crutch to the teacher, but a guide.

Younger teachers, already familiarized with the new



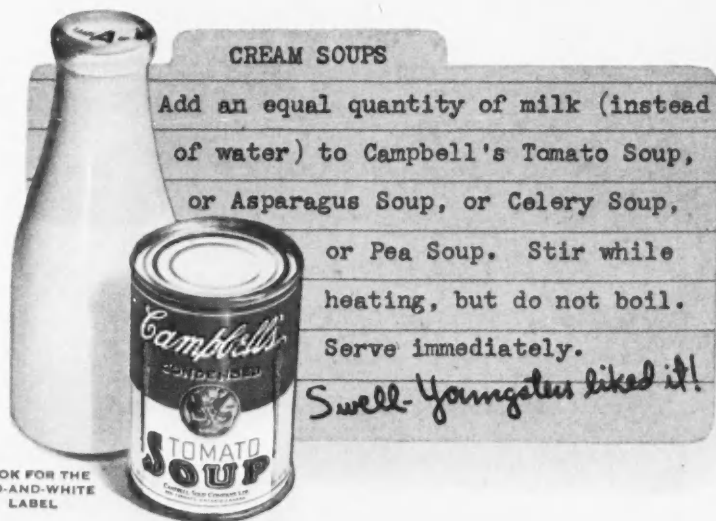
Four tempting ways to give your child

More Milk

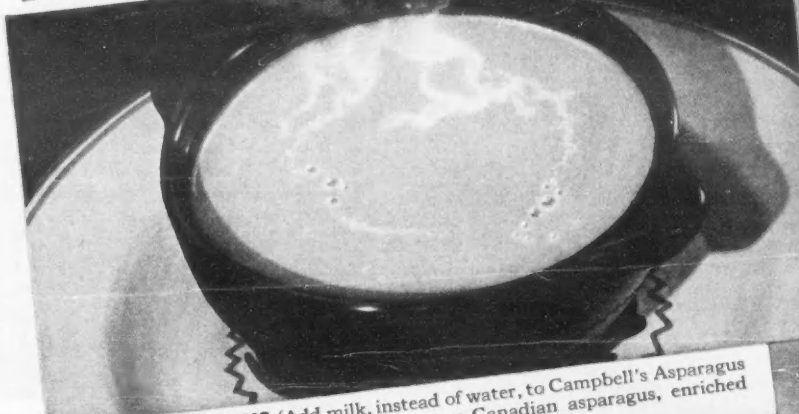
YOUR youngster needs milk—*plenty* of it! Doctors agree that every boy or girl should have at least a quart a day. For romping or studying, or simply growing, young bodies call insistently for the food elements that milk supplies so generously.

And here's an easy way to make sure your children get all the milk they need. Nearly every child is fond of soup. (The four Campbell's Soups at the right are especial favorites.) Simply make these soups extra nourishing, by adding milk instead of water! It will be an actual pleasure to see how the children go for any one of them! And your pleasure will be doubled when you realize that, in this way, they are getting a most healthful combination—the nourishing benefits of good soup and the high nutritional value of milk.

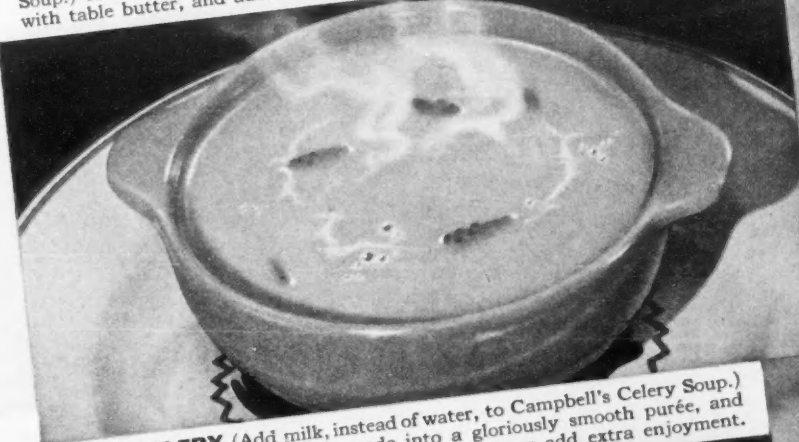
Remember these four easily made, easily digested, cream soups. Let the youngsters enjoy them often. Incidentally, why not make it a point to have them frequently yourself, and to serve them to the whole family? And another thing to keep in mind: Any one of them makes a delightful party soup. Won't you put at least one of these soups on your next grocery order?



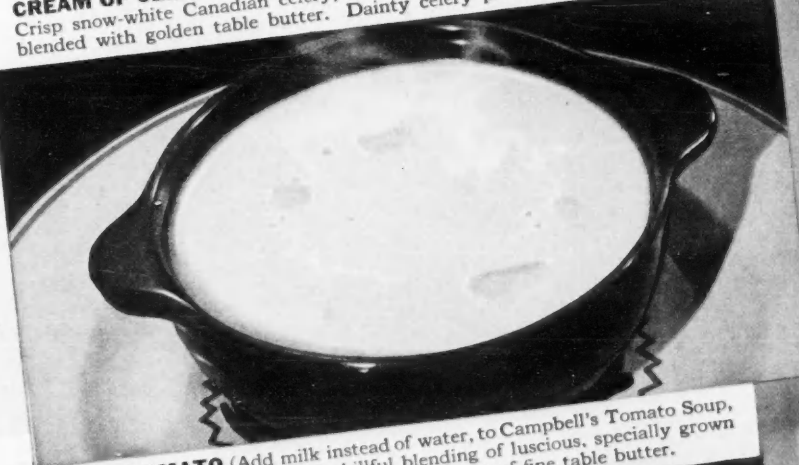
CREAM OF PEA (Add an equal quantity of milk, instead of water, to Campbell's Pea Soup.) A thick, delightful purée of fine, plump peas, gently seasoned, and made even richer and more tempting with nourishing table butter.



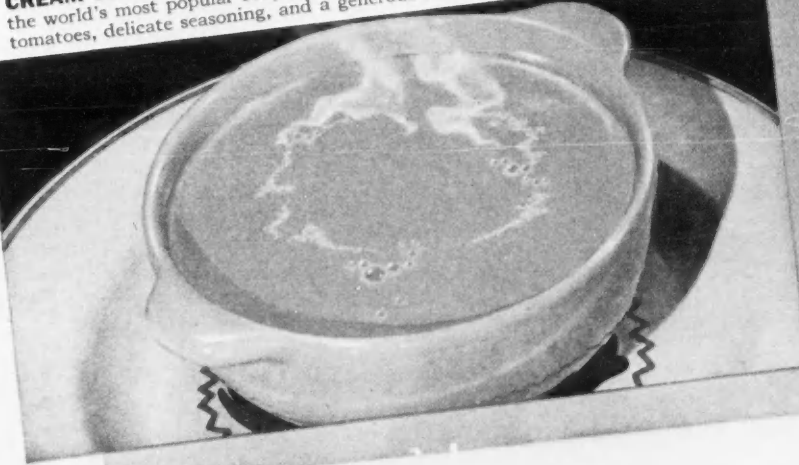
CREAM OF ASPARAGUS (Add milk, instead of water, to Campbell's Asparagus Soup.) A velvety-smooth purée of fresh, young Canadian asparagus, enriched with table butter, and adorned with tender asparagus tips.



CREAM OF CELERY (Add milk, instead of water, to Campbell's Celery Soup.) Crisp snow-white Canadian celery, made into a gloriously smooth purée, and blended with golden table butter. Dainty celery pieces add extra enjoyment.



CREAM OF TOMATO (Add milk instead of water, to Campbell's Tomato Soup, the world's most popular soup.) A skillful blending of luscious, specially grown tomatoes, delicate seasoning, and a generous amount of fine table butter.



Campbell's SOUPS

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Conclusion

Nothing Begins Today

By J. A. R. Wylie



The crowd almost got out of hand when Biff-Janey stepped out of the taxi. A sergeant took her arm.

BIFF-JANEY looked past herself in the glass and smiled at them both. The sight of the two of them together was becoming familiar. But Ma herself wore a look of faintly disapproving incredulity, as though she did not quite believe what had happened to her. Sam, undeniably, had worked fast. He must have ransacked Bond Street for those clothes and incited some expensive beauty specialist to do her darndest. As a result, Ma was not beautiful. But she was very smart.

Biff-Janey's eyes returned to her own reflection. She looked, she thought rather grimly, a perfect lady—a rather expensive lady perhaps, but one who had learned to be expensive with the utmost discretion. She wasn't beautiful either. But she knew from experience that once people looked at her they went on looking. They liked what they saw a little more each time they saw it. Not that she cared much what anyone thought. But she wanted David Gretorex to know that she was there, standing by, as it were, in spite of the fact that they weren't on speaking terms. And she did not want him to think, "Thank goodness, I escaped that!"

"I'm almost ready," she said.

But at that moment the telephone bell rang again. She had already had a call from Frank. He had said

the sale of Longspere had been a feather in his cap and he thought he ought to thank her. Yes, he was going to be married before Christmas. He sounded still rather aggrieved but very gentlemanly. She could almost see the smart morning coat and grey striped trousers. Dear old Frank. Whatever he did he did thoroughly. And now he was going to be a capitalist and marry a nice girl.

But at the last moment he'd broken.

"Bless thee, Janey. Thee's a gradely lass."

She'd retorted not very steadily either:

"Thee's champion, Frank."

This time it was Bill Scoffield calling. She knew by the peculiar quality of his voice—at once hectoring and cajoling—that he wanted something.

"Janey—I was out in front last night. Seemed to me the show had slipped a bit. Not quite enough Biff to it, eh? What about a rehearsal, darling?"

"When?"

"This morning. Ten sharp."

"Can't be done."

"Look here, what d'you think I pay you for?"

"I've told you—I don't know."

"Why can't you?"

"I've got another date."

"Where?"

"At the Old Bailey."

"Oh," Mr. Scoffield said. There was a moment's awkward silence. "All right," he said. "I'll let you off if you'll let me off. I mean—do we have to go on with this business? I mean—this darn-fool engagement? I've never really liked it."

"The engagement between Miss Jane Janeway and Mr. William Scoffield is herewith broken off by mutual consent," she said. "I never really liked it either. But it was useful whilst it lasted."

"Always ready to oblige a lady."

She knew he grinned. And she laughed back at him. Then she stood up briskly.

"Let's go, darlings."

THERE was a big crowd outside the grey stony-faced building. A friendly, good-natured crowd. It took the curse off the place, so that in a dignified way it seemed to be friendly too. Limousines and taxis drove up in rapid succession. Celebrities were recognized and welcomed with varying degrees of enthusiasm. Mere people were passed over in disappointed silence. The celebrities did not seem quite certain whether they should respond gaily or with ☆ Continued on page 40

...ever pack a suitcase?



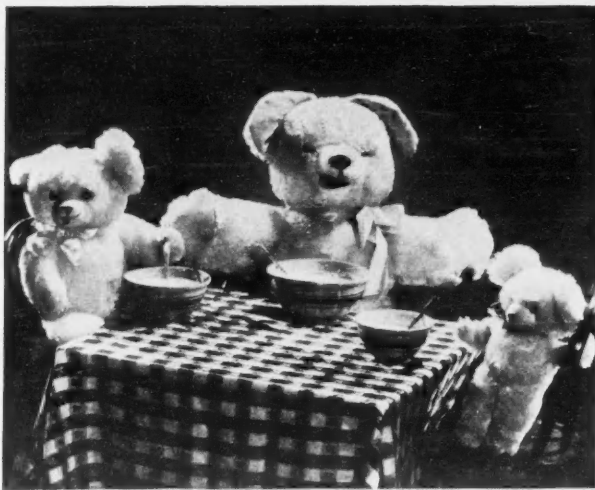
How much more you can get in a suitcase if things are folded nicely than if they're wadded up! And this same principle makes a Kotex* sanitary napkin less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers...

Kotex has a soft, carefully *folded* center (with more material where you need it... less in the non-effective portions of the pad). So naturally—it's less bulky! Less apt to chafe, too... for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton before it's wrapped in gauze!



Why be self-conscious! With Kotex your secret is safe! Pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make embarrassing, tell-tale outlines... the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

And—for complete peace of mind—remember this. Between the soft folds of Kotex there's a moisture-resistant panel! A special safeguard... newly developed by the Kotex Laboratories!



Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers... flat, tapered ends... and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!



**FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW
FLATTER ENDS**

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

The Enchanted Castle

Pictured by
W. Heath
Robinson

SO PETER and Mary and Robert went down into the kitchens of the Enchanted Castle to get the food ready for their rescue trip to the Africans. They had to rescue the Africans because Robert had fallen on the storm machine in the Weather Man's tower, and had sent out a terrible storm, with thunder and lightning and torrents of rain, so that the Africans were flooded out. Those of you who read the first story of all will remember that the three children had come to the Enchanted Castle on the advice of a black cat, so that they could make a magic wish for their mother, who was so poor that she worried all the time about getting enough food for them to eat. The children wanted to make a wish that she needn't worry any more. Remember?

Now we start the new part of the story.

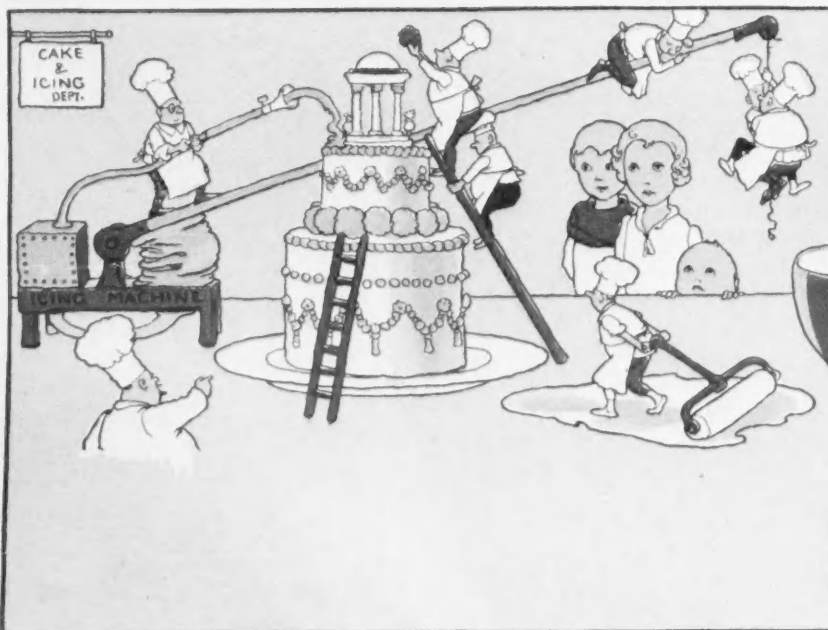
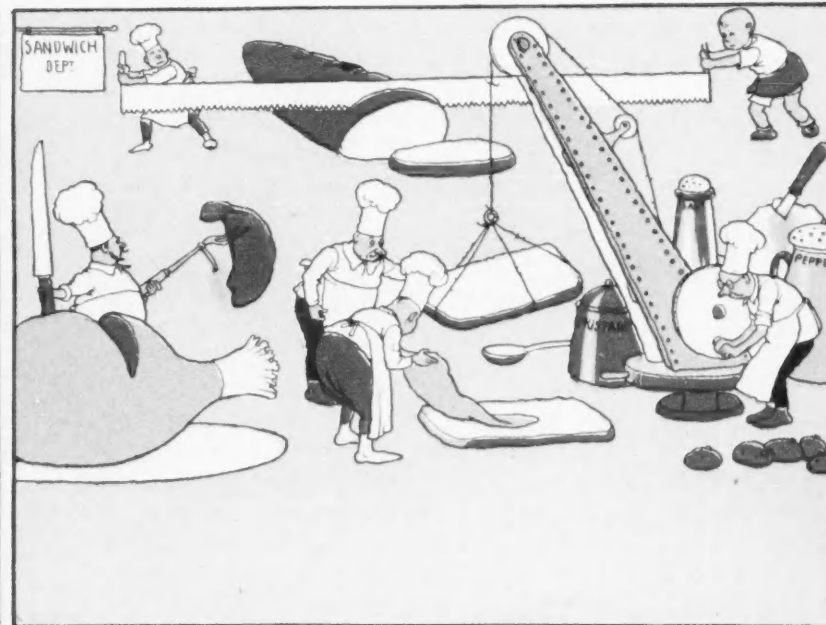
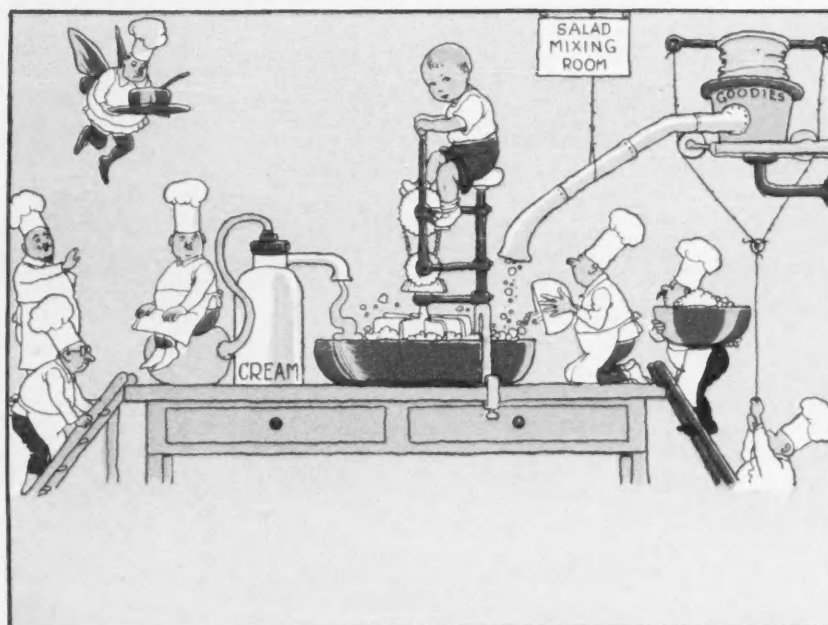
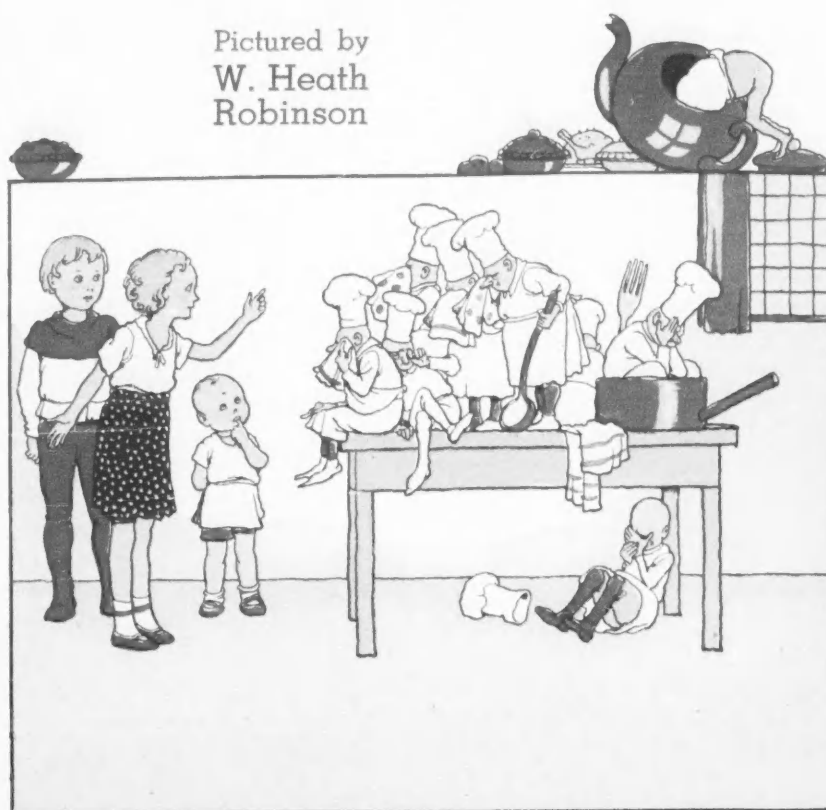
When the three children walked into the kitchens they saw the fairy cooks, all dressed in white uniforms, crowded on a large kitchen table, crying and sobbing. The children watched them in bewilderment for a moment. Then Mary said, "Whatever is the matter?"

"It's the poor Africans," sobbed one of the cooks. "They've been flooded out. They'll have nothing to eat!"

"But how do you know about them?" asked Peter.

A glum-looking cook who was sitting in the frying pan, turned his head. "Silly!" he said crossly. "This is a magic kitchen, of course. Or it wouldn't be in the Enchanted Castle. We know everything that's going on. We saw that little boy fall on the storm machine. We saw it rain cats and dogs on the poor little Africans." And he started to sob again.

"But you don't know it all!" said Mary. "I bet you all started crying so quickly you didn't wait to see what happened after!" ☆ Continued on inside back cover



Mr. & Mrs. Elegant

Continued from page 13

caught her on the way out she would permit him to walk with her to the place of her employment. He walked at that hour each night anyway, in an effort to live down the effects of the store window dinner, and he would like to know more about this girl. He would like to talk with her when it was not necessary for them to smirk at one another across an impeccably set table. He even thought wildly of following her. He felt panic when he contemplated the end of the week, which would be the end of their professional association.

Prince Charming was given only one night—but Prince Charming had a glass slipper to work with, and plenty of money and pull with which to organize a search.

The trouble was, she was gone each night before George could reach the only street door left unlocked. George had to walk several hundred yards between closed counters to the Men's Shoppe, whereas her dressing compartment was within a few feet of that door.

On the Friday night when he saw her, and blinked at the sight, he supposed with a burst of gladness that at last he would be able to catch her. For though he knew little enough of the mechanics of Levinson creations—and Mrs. Lyons' descriptions, to which he listened with less than half an ear, told him little more—nevertheless even his masculine eye could perceive that getting into and out of this particular gown would require much time. It was an elaborate black affair, rigid with brocade, and against it she wore breath-snatching rubies.

She was unusually quiet that night, though whether this was because of her private thoughts or because the gown itself discouraged loquacity, George did not know. It was a mature thing, very grand. A less lovely woman, or one not authentically blond, would never have dared to wear it.

"Smelly fare, Mrs. E. If they were going to permit this fish to hang around so many days before they cooked it, they might at least have put it into an icebox. Have some of this delicious Barsac. It's as bad as ever."

She smiled gravely.

"Was Henrietta's up to snuff last night?" she asked.

"Better than ever. Great place. I went there originally a month or so ago because I'd heard it was cheap and good too. I always used to have a book with me then. I was boning up for bar examinations. But lately, since I've been subjected to these publicized torturings, I've begun to really appreciate Henrietta's cooking. Last night I had wiener schnitzel and cabbage boiled the way cabbage should be boiled. Just what I'd been pining for."

"I remember you mentioned at dinner that you hadn't had wiener schnitzel for a long time."

"And there was apfelstrudel which must have been made by an angel. And I finished up with two cups of the best coffee I have ever tasted."

Later he said anxiously, "You must have formed an opinion of me that I'm all coarse materialism. Think of

nothing but eat, eat, eat." He spread his hands in a gesture which caused women on the sidewalk to shiver in delight. "But after all, say what you will, your stomach is the centre of you. It's the organ all the other organs are built around. I'd like to think of higher things, but it's pretty hard to do when you're chained to this swill. The only thing that makes it endurable is being able to look at you and talk to you. If I'd had to work here with anybody else I'd have chucked the job after the first night, contract or no contract."

She stared at her plate.

"It must be hard," she murmured. "Women can stand it, but it must be hard on a man. Good food means so much to men."

"It does to this one anyway! I've had to go without lunch every day in order to get up enough appetite to consume this stuff without bursting into roars of rage."

At the conclusion of dinner he went to her side of the table, offered his arm, and as always escorted her out of sight, while a silk curtain stuttered down over the window. He whispered, "I'll see you soon," and scurried across those dim acres toward the Men's Shoppe.

In a matter of minutes he was in street clothes, his only suit. He would see her tonight! This Cinderella stuff was going too far.

But outside the dressing room a great obstacle loomed.

Mrs. Jane Lyons was large and determined to get ahead. This whole idea was hers. She'd had to fight for the appropriation, and she was going to prove she was right. Anybody who got in her way—

Mrs. Jane Lyons, in her capacity of Social Adviser, talked and wrote about the value of good manners. A smile, she contended, would accomplish more than any bawling-out; and that person who had developed his or her natural charm to the utmost, and was soft-spoken, diplomatic, considerate of the feelings of others, had every advantage, not only socially but also in the business world, over the blustering uncouth. However, with those working under her, and especially if she thought she was being crossed, Mrs. Lyons did not always behave in this manner.

Now she levelled a forefinger at George. It was fat.

"You're not eating enough!"

"Are you," George asked bitterly, "worried about my health?"

"Don't get flip, young man! I'm putting this thing over and I'm going to see that it goes over right. The first few times you weren't bad, but last night and again tonight you hardly touched your food. That's one thing for Miss Carse—she's a lady and she ought to have a delicate appetite—but it's another thing for you!"

"Does it occur to you," he asked coldly, "that if you gave us food at least fit for pigs, we might both get rid of more of it?"

Properly, this should have ended the conversation, but Mrs. Lyons had more to say. It was fully five minutes later when George broke free. He all but ran across the floor,

Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.

The younger set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.



QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to a debut take special care of her complexion?

ANSWER:

"Oh, a good beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day, and I always give my skin a Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:

Doesn't skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER:

"No—you see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going out—when I come in I use it again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

Prominent Sub-Deb

BOTH Young Moderns
CHEER THE SAME
Thorough SKIN CARE

Popular Senior

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

What does a good complexion mean to a high school girl, Miss Boarman?

ANSWER:

"Plenty! No inferiority complex—loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in condition! Pond's 2 creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh, Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:

Your make-up looks as fresh now as if you were just starting out for a dance, how do you do it?

ANSWER:

"Before even touching a powder puff. I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then powder goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"



Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated high school senior. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!



POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
Dept. C, 2, 92 Brock Ave., Toronto.

Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing-cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

PROV. _____

(This offer expires May 1, 1940)

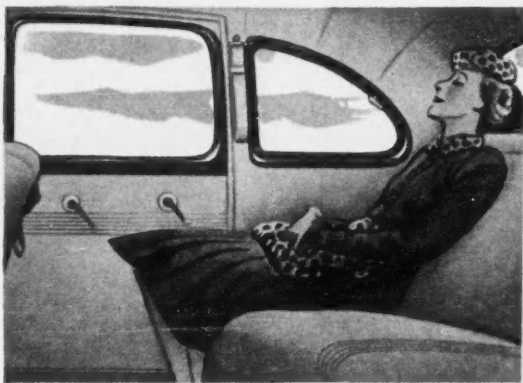
"Who says a woman doesn't know her own mind?"



I've known mine ever since I saw the new Ford V-8"

"Joe started it. He came home last night and made some cracks at our old car. So I said, 'Out with it, my man, just which new car have you been looking at?' And he said, 'Oh, not any, really. Might look around a bit. But I did watch a swell new Ford go by downtown today.'

"So this afternoon I took a long look at the new Ford myself. That's easy to do! And the salesman was grand. Never mentioned fan belts or fuel pumps or anything like that. He just let me look around and open things and ask questions. Pretty soon, I began to get as excited as Joe was. . . . Then we went for a ride.



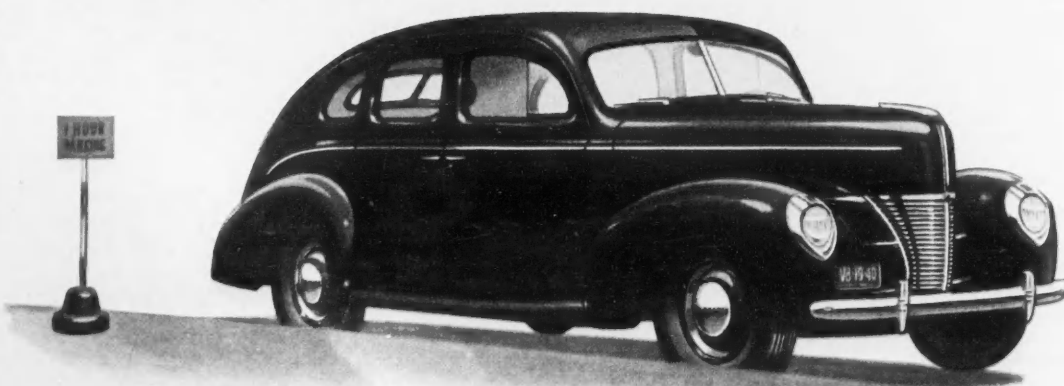
"FIRST I SAT IN BACK It's simply marvelous how they've put so much downright comfort and roominess in that car! The cushions are deep and soft, with lovely upholstery. There's more room for your legs — four inches, the salesman said—and more elbow room. So quiet, too. I couldn't hear a sound!



"THEN I TOOK THE WHEEL—a clever two-spoke wheel with the Finger-Tip Gearshift right under it. I was amazed at how nicely it shifted. There's nothing tricky about it at all. It's just the regular shift turned on its side. And there's nothing in the way when three ride in front and I have to sit in the middle!



"IT'S FUN TO FEEL THE POWER of that 8-cylinder engine. It sweeps you ahead so smoothly. . . . That new ventilating system is simple and sensible. . . . Wish you'd seen me park. I eased right into a tight place the first try. . . . The Ford is certainly easy to handle. . . . And Joe will be, too, when I tell him that I've made up our minds!"



IF YOUR JOE IS TALKING about a new car, do something. You know a good buy when you see one, so go see the new Ford cars. Take a ride. Take the wheel. Then take your choice of nine different models and six lovely colors. Prices are low, and probably your present car will more than cover the down-payment.

FORD V-8 for 1940

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED:
FORD, MERCURY AND LINCOLN-ZEPHYR CARS

The crowd was thrilled. Old Mattress-Bosom, though doubtless in a rage, kept her head. Her voice in the loud-speaker became honeyed. Not good at improvising, she was yet no coward.

"But even in such beautiful surroundings as the Levinson Store furnishes, the course of true love is not always smooth. Even such darlings as our Mr. and Mrs. Smith must have their lovers' quarrels. But they'll make up. Oh, they'll make up," she added with heavy significance.

George went around the table. He had ceased to look as though he wanted to smash a platter over the head. He was letting himself look the way he felt, which perfectly fitted the part.

SHE ROSE to meet him. A smile trembled at her lips.

"I—I couldn't believe you did want to see me outside," she whispered. "I waited on you every night for weeks, and you never even looked at me. You were always studying some law book. You never looked at me until you saw me here, in an expensive evening gown."

"You waited on me?" Flabbergasted, he held her at arm's length. "I'd been boning for my bar exams

every night until this week, yes, but what in the world are you talking about?"

"At Henrietta's. Henrietta Carse's. She's my mother, and we run that place together. That's why I had to hurry away each night. There's only the two of us. I used to wait on the table, but when you really had a look at me here—And that night, it was Monday night, you didn't bring a book. I was afraid to have you see me when I wasn't dressed up like this. I was afraid you'd—" She swallowed, moving closer to him. Her head was low. "So I stayed in the kitchen every night this week. I did the work there, and I got mother to serve you instead. I—I felt sorry for you, having to eat this awful stuff in the store window here."

Now his arms went around her, and no stage director could possibly have found fault.

"You mean to tell me that you're the one who's been cooking all that wonderful stuff? Why—why—"

"Observe the tenderness in the face of each of them as they come at last to their sweet reconciliation," advised Mrs. Jane Lyons, Social Adviser.

"—Why, now I *know* I love you!"

The crowd outside went wild when they kissed. Absolutely wild. ✱

Will War Affect Our Fashions?

Continued from page 9

hard. During the last war Paris was bombed, and long-range German guns spat at the gates. Yet the Government released men and women with the style strings of the world in their hands, to keep on making clothes. Create . . . create . . . create! was their watchword. Here in a little room, there in a forgotten old building, designers plied their needles. And the French Government is doing everything in its power today to keep its needles stitching. For it cannot afford to lose either the trade of the world at its notion counter, or the services of its couturiers as unconscious propagandists.

Already in the furor of bringing out their new designs American creators show a tendency to jump in every direction at once. It has taken centuries of artistic surety to give the French designers enough confidence to say, "This shall *not* be," as well as "Wear that." Will America be able to discriminate? To choose? To be authoritative as well as creative?

France will hold the reins as long as she can get one ship across the dangerous Atlantic to New York. For even if fabrics shrink and workmen dwindle, it will carry designs . . . dicta . . . ideas.

But here we stand in Canada, a warring people away from the war. Europe dresses in clothes suitable for women who may at any moment need shelter from bombing attacks, who work with soldiers close to lines of battle. The United States is at the height of its frothiest and most festive peacetime season. For the first time Canada evolves a clothes philosophy all her own. She will follow the allied sisters in choosing conservative clothes. Yet there is another, different problem.

Men are sent thousands of miles

away with a picture of women as they saw them last. On a station platform . . . in the bare corridors of an improvised barracks . . . in the doorway of a simple house on a quiet Canadian street. Remember how many Canadians came back from the last war with English and French wives? *Prenez garde!*

Woman Goes to War, Too.

To a New York designer has been credited the statement that the last war took women out of corsets . . . and this one will get them into trousers. English women, able conscripts for duty relative to wartime, have leapt at the chance to do away with skirts for working hours. Certainly women everywhere are taking a new interest in slacks, smartly tailored. It's still a moot question whether they'll ever become an official working garb. French women will have none of them. They cling to skirts as essential to femininity. As to Canada? The tailored suit, the simple well-made dress, become the regalia of the hour. For duty here, to date, consists of going to first-aid classes, working for the Red Cross, knitting, sewing, lending a hand wherever needed. For many, it means spending many hours away from home. Smart, simple hats, coiffures that will stand up under them, walkable shoes, clothes that won't crush or soil easily, are part of the program.

Good wearable clothes for travel, which will be mostly on land or by air now. But definitely glamorous, feminine, subtly alluring things for evening.

Does fashion go to war? For the women of Canada, it fights with their men.

And for them. ✱

Lady Esther says "You can't win New Luck with an Old Shade of Powder!"



Is the shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you now!

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you checked up on your face powder? Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today*. For skin tones change with the seasons—and the right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering. And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder . . . but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

Find Your Lucky Shade! Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you free. Perhaps my new Champagne

Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. I urge you to compare—compare—compare! Try all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the *one right shade* for you.

Make the "Bite Test." When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Now, make the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Then, you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for 4 full hours.

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier you!



Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
Toronto 12, Ontario

(2-33)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

Fighting Another Plague

AS A RESULT of a great educational movement, countless people today have enlisted in the fight against a great plague—syphilis. They have learned that syphilis can be *cured* and syphilis in the new-born *prevented*—by prompt, proper treatment.

More people now than ever before realize that, while syphilis may be acquired innocently, no one need remain in doubt as to whether he or she has syphilis. They have learned that a thorough medical check-up, including blood test and microscopic examination, reveals the truth to the skilled physician.

Every thoughtful citizen, naturally interested in stamping out this menace, should know and help to make known the following cardinal principles concerning syphilis:

1. Prompt recognition of the disease is vital.
2. There is as yet no practical short-cut treatment.

Many a victim of syphilis is deceived into neglecting medical attention — while the disease slowly entrenches itself in one or more vital organs.

Self-treatment, non-professional treatment, quack remedies are

worse than useless. The guidance of a reputable physician is the first dependable step toward real cure. Proper treatment consists of a systematic series of injections given by a competent doctor over a period of many weeks.

In progressive communities throughout the country, examinations, blood tests, and treatments are being made available to those unable to pay for private care. Names of doctors and locations of public health centres and clinics offering these services are readily supplied by local health departments or medical societies.

So that you may better understand the syphilis problem and be better equipped to help your community solve it, let us give you additional information about this disease. Send for the free Metropolitan booklet, "The Great Imitator."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company,
Dept. 2-L-40, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.
Please send me a copy of your booklet,
"The Great Imitator."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... Province.....

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER
Chairman of the Board



LEROY A. LINCOLN
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

"Miss Carse? She went out just a few minutes ago."

THEY WERE a success. Even the advertising manager, who habitually begrudged praise to Mrs. Lyons, conceded this. He had said that one night of it might not be such a bad idea, but a week, six nights, was preposterous. Mrs. Jane Lyons had been obliged to carry her plea right up to the two aged Levinsons themselves; and incidentally she had been careful to forestall any attempt on the part of the advertising manager to claim full credit when the business fooled him by going over big, as she was sure it would do, and sure *he* would do, and as in fact they both did do.

Each night Mrs. Jane Lyons' voice reached a larger audience, and by the middle of the week it had been found not necessary, but anyway excusable, to call in special duty cops. Mr. and Mrs. Smith fascinated. Stepping gallantly around in front of the maid, he pushed Mrs. Smith's chair under her at 5.10 o'clock, and in spite of an air of leisure he was offering her his arm at exactly 5.45. This being winter, it was dark enough then to get the full effect of the candles, yet not so late that passers were obliged to hurry home. Practically all those who watched were women. An occasional man would stop, but only to stare a moment in amazement, and sniff, and walk on. Salesgirls and female office workers, late shoppers too, remained fixed on the sidewalk, admiring while they critically appraised this model couple. They learned how the elite eats, and they enjoyed it. When demitasse and liqueur were finished and the exponents of graceful living had strolled off-window, the women outside had a strange light in their eyes as they went home to open cans of food for their husbands' dinners.

For Hazel Carse and George Laidlaw looked well together, acted well together too. Mrs. Lyons, no fool, had selected them from among many. "You fit one another," she'd said.

Mrs. Lyons, through the loud-speaker, wove a little romance about them. They were the ideal couple. He was desperate that last night.

"Listen, can't I at least know your address? I don't make passes, ordinarily, but this is different. I want to know you better. I want—"

"Mr. Laidlaw!" They could not see Mrs. Lyons, only hear her. "You're supposed to be dining with your bride, not trying to make a date! Please remember that! I don't care what you say, but show a happy expression!"

Then she must have switched to the microphone, for the voice, dulcet again, sounded outside.

"I want to call your attention

particularly to the Wedgwood service our dear young couple are using. The Levinson Store, the Store of Smiling Service, carries a truly astounding stock of this historical china, and by means of the Graduated Obligation Plan—"

"I'm sorry I embarrassed you," muttered George.

After this final performance tonight his finery would be checked. The cigarette case, each stud and cuff link, would have to be accounted for. The shirt, collar, tie, shoes, socks, coat, waistcoat, trousers, all would be examined for possible damage. "At least I brought my own underwear," he thought savagely.

And by the time he got free, Hazel would be gone.

THIS JOB would probably be his last as a model, for he had saved enough to set himself up in an office. He would not again be forced to eat beastly food for the edification of morons casually foregathered. But Hazel? She alone had made those meals endurable. Mrs. Elegant. Locally she was famous, for hundreds had studied her features, and the way she held a fork, buttered bread, used a fingerbowl, were imitated all over the city; but who was she? It was not absurd to suppose that George would never see her again. It was, he knew in agony, altogether possible. He might of course encounter her fortuitously, but he could not count upon that. She would be accessible by telephone—every model seeking employment, like every actor, must have the use of a telephone—but he had searched the book in vain for her name. The agency would not help. It had a strict rule against giving out the address or telephone number of any model, even to a fellow model.

Suddenly George slammed his palm upon the table, violating its flawlessness of arrangement.

"No, I take that back! I'm not sorry I embarrassed you!"

There was a stir behind the pasteboard wall. Mr. and Mrs. Elegant were allowed to say pretty much whatever they pleased, always provided that they looked their parts and carried out their pantomime; but this business of walloping the table was not a part of the routine.

"See here, you'll either tell me where you live, or where I can get hold of you afterward, or else I'll stage a scene right here and now! That's what the woman usually does, isn't it? Threatens to stage a scene. Well, this time the man's threatening it."

He slapped the table no longer. He pounded it with his fist.

"And I don't care what old Mat-tress-Bosom back there thinks or says either, or any of the rest of them!"

FOR THE GENTLEMAN HOUSEKEEPER



Chatelaine sympathizes heartily with the man who has to "batch it" and offers practical help in "Man-Made Meals." This Institute bulletin gives useful pointers about meal preparation, suggests menus and dandy "he-man" recipes. Send five cents to Service Bulletin Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Number 2204.

BEAUTY CULTURE



A DEPARTMENT OF
STYLE, HEALTH
AND PERSONALITY



Ten commandments that will help you to sell your most valuable asset—yourself—in whatever job you're after

by CAROLYN DAMON

Put Your Personality Over!

pass a sparrow off as a canary. You've got to be able to do the job you're after—and do it well. The new place may have all sorts of fancy frills and fitters of its own you have to acquire, but the basic three R's of your training must be so well grounded that you can forget about them and concentrate on the more superficial aspects of the job hunt.

HUNTING for a job?

Maybe you want work as a secretary, clerk or schoolteacher. Or perhaps you're running for office in your club, or would like to register as permanent heart- and house-keeper for one man. Whatever you're after in these competitive days, your possibilities are being rated with a thoroughness that would amaze you. So you'd better put your best foot forward—and see that it's well shined, to boot.

Your kind of job hunt may not take you to an employment office to sit and wait. But if you could study the girls and women there, you would get some pretty striking ideas of what to do—and what not to—when you want to present your best self for an all-important interview. I went to see some big-time employment managers, and talked to a lot of stylists about it. And out of their findings grew the ten commandments of job hunting. Here they are:

(1) Want the Job

Don't amble in with a "just looking around, thank you" air about you. Your desire to fill the particular post you're after more than to do anything else in the world, is the first thing that will convey itself to your interviewer. Even if it's scrubbing floors. It's just as bad to give the impression that you're too big for the job as that it's too big for you. But there's a fine distinction between "wanting" and "needing." Of course you need it, but don't fall into anybody's lap in your eagerness to get it, and don't try to get by on your widowed mother or three hungry children. The employer wants a worker, not a new problem, for his staff. One employment manager told me the reason older women often fail to click is because they are so overanxious.

(2) Be Well Trained

No amount of slick grooming or presentation will

(3) Fit Into the Setting

At this point you start to sort yourself out from the crowd. Every business, every institution, every office, has its own particular rhythm. The prospective employer is subconsciously fitting you into that rhythm, as he talks to you. Quite aside from being adaptable, you can acquire some of the flavor of the place before you even go. Find out all you can about office routine, customs, taboos. If you can get a description of the girl whose place you are to take, and find out whether or not she was satisfactory, so much the better. If the employees all wear dark clothes, I wouldn't apply in a South Sea Island print. If their nails are pale or colorless, it would be inadvisable to knock the boss dead with a scarlet polish. If the place has an air of dignified quiet, don't come in with a clatter. On the other hand, if it hums and vibrates don't be too mouse-like. Size up as much as ☆ Continued on page 28



THE DEB SAID

"NO!"

Was I lucky to find Martha Steele in the dressing room away from the crowd! She's "news." She photographs like a dream. A picture of Martha at the bazaar would give me an "in" with any fashion magazine. And we used to go to school together, so I was sure she'd give me a break. But when I asked her if I could shoot, she turned me down—*flat!*



"Not today, Janet!" she moaned. "I feel just miserable and I'm so chafed I could scream!" Well—I wanted that picture, so I blurted. "Good grief, Martha, why be tortured when Miracle Modess now brings you 'Moisture Zoning'?"



And I quickly rounded up some Modess and showed her why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest napkin improvement in years—because it acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving the sides dry and comfortable longer than ever before!



Martha was amazed, but I wasn't through. "Look," I rushed on as I opened a Modess pad. "This is why Modess is *softer*. It's made of fluff—entirely different from layer-type napkins."



Then I got some water — poured it on Modess' moisture-resistant backing — and proved that not a drop went through. "See? Modess means greater safety against accidents, too," I crowed. Well . . .



I certainly got my reward! Five beautiful shots of Martha, and the nicest little note: "You can take more pictures any day you want," she wrote. "Believe me, I never knew what real comfort and peace of mind were till you told me about Miracle Modess."

New Miracle Modess with "Moisture Zoning"

Don't Throw It Out!

There may be a skirt for daughter in daddy's old trousers . . . or a suit for junior in your discarded woollen outfit, if you know how to make over



by CAROLYN DAMON

MAYBE THERE'S the nucleus of a wardrobe for the children—and some odds and ends for yourself—right in that old clothes bag you were going to clean out. As a wife and parent, the able maker-over just can't be beaten. The secret of her success is a willingness to rip . . . seam . . . and press. Add to that an imagination, and she may turn out some pretty amazing little numbers.

Daddy's old clothes are your treasure trove. Trousers, for instance. Ripped up, washed, pressed and turned, they can be made into four-piece skirts for girls. Put a kick pleat in with the extra length. The coat of the suit could be made into a smart tailored jacket to match the skirt. Or, if it's pretty badly worn, you could get a bolero out of it rather than a jacket. If the coat is just too far gone for use, make a skirt with suspender tops, and a blouse from an old dress of your own, carefully choosing the best parts of the material.

DID YOU ever try using a man's shirts to make aprons? The tail part in the back will make the body of the apron, and ties and a bib can be cut out of the sleeves and front, taking the pieces that show the least wear.

Then—take that worn-out underwear in your collection of rag-bag souvenirs. A man's union suit can be used for aprons, too—grand soft ones for your heavy household cleaning work. Take out the worn part. Use the legs, narrowed with felled seams, and cut the arms at the elbow, where they have probably worn through.

Slim the sleeves with the same felled seam used in the leg. To seam together, put the wrong sides together, leaving the raw edges on the right side, press open flat and use a soft cotton material, pressing edges back and stitching on both sides, on the right side, to cover the seam. This will give a flat appearance around the waist, be strong, and avoid bulk.

Get one of your star knitter friends to show you how to reknit the feet in your children's socks.

IS THERE an old fur coat in the house? It can be cut down and the good parts used to make a smart, warm coat for daughter. The lining must be ripped, washed and pressed. Rip the seams in the coat, and discard all the worn parts. All seams in the fur must be ripped with a razor blade, taking care to rip the seams only and not cut the fur. Replace the worn parts with pieces taken from the extra length not needed. Be careful to match skins as closely as possible. If a fur machine is not available, skins must be sewn with an overhand stitch, using coarse thread, and being careful to keep the fur from becoming entangled with the thread. Then block out the pattern with chalk on the skin, and cut from the inside with a razor blade. Finish the side seam in the same manner as skins were joined together. To make a collar with satin lining, cut the pattern in the same manner and take the edge, inserting padding of sheet wadding which is first tacked to the fur. Buttonholes are made of heavy braid. In sewing

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!



WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...



COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

COLGATE'S special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath. In addition, Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle with natural brilliance! Always use Colgate's Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it.

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY-- I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!



NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!



For those who prefer it, Colgate's Tooth Powder will give the same Colgate results. Large tin 20c.

"Tell Me, Doctor



... what is meant by a 'modern' antiseptic
... for personal uses?"

Fastidious women are now using 'DETTOL', the Modern Antiseptic, in their health-and-daintiness routine because, while so highly effective, it is *pleasant* to use and non-poisonous. 'DETTOL' is a clean, clear liquid which has an agreeable odour, will not even stain the finest linen, and is an excellent deodorant. Although several times as strong as pure carbolic acid it cannot harm even the delicate skin of a child and is safe to use.

'DETTOL' has been used for years by British doctors and in British homes. It is now in use in the maternity and surgical wards of leading Canadian hospitals. Keep 'DETTOL' handy in the home not only for personal uses, but also to prevent infection on cuts, bruises, and bites, for the bath and as a gargle for sore throats.

'DETTOL' Antiseptic Offers You ALL These Qualities:

Non-Poisonous! Non-Staining! Does Not Hurt!
Several Times as Strong as Pure Carbolic Acid!
Pleasant Odour! Gentle to Human Tissue!

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS
'DETTOL'
(TRADE MARK)
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
RECKITTS (OVER SEA) LIMITED
Pharmaceutical Dept.
MONTREAL



Mail Coupon
for a
FREE SAMPLE

Reckitts (Over Sea) Limited,
Pharmaceutical Dept.,
1000, Amherst Street, Montreal, P.Q.
Please send me FREE trial bottle of 'DETTOL'
Antiseptic with instruction booklet.

NAME
(PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS

Fashion Shorts

Kay Murphy Says :

Wear patent leather pockets
Put gardenias on floppy velvet hats
Combine rosy shades and grey at fifty
Give your ears a fashion hearing

TAKE OUT those dark dresses of yours and dazzle 'em up with the newest "clown" or harlequin collars. Make them of filmy chiffon, in white or a pastel color, and let them ripple right out to your shoulders. Add cuffs for good measure—smooth flattery, take my word.

And another spring fad. Patent leather pockets on dresses, coats and jackets. Cut them out in tulip or leaf figures—all the better. Schiaparelli had the idea. I'm passing it on to you agile-minded gals who have a couple of patent handbags that may be outmoded as purses, but probably not as pockets!

Prints and taffetas are stepping out all over. So many lovely little prints. And the big news in patterns from New York is tiny regiments of soldiers walking all over the background. Taffetas are either plain or printed, and many of them are very slim-bodied with sweeping skirts, either gores or flared.

If at the moment you insist on having a new, dressy hat (for afternoon affairs and "Little Evenings"), may I suggest the New York midwinter fad of floppy black velvet hats, with streamer ties and white gardenias either on the crown or under the brim?

Longing for a slim new wool dress but don't want to strain the budget? Paris comes through with a honey of an idea (oh, yes, styles continue to slip through). Over there, women are having their late winter dresses made of wool, very streamlined, and then when spring comes along these very dresses start out again as spring coats. Most of them are in wrap-around coat styles, although many boast those full-length zippers.

And patent leather belts, in any width you wish, are another Frenchy idea for those earlier spring frocks in pastel colors.

Combined colors are excellent on the southern resorts this winter. Watch out for them in our fashions next summer. Two colors are daringly, and frequently, combined. Red and yellow—to rhyme with, "Catch a fellow."

A brimmed hat that needs a tonic may find it best to swathe itself in twin chiffon scarves, bi-colored—that may be draped around the hat, or flung around the neck flirtatiously.

Another new hat? See those dashing caps the naval officers wear? Now we are wearing them, with high crown and tiny peak. Awfully good, made of flat fur such as Persian lamb.

I LOVE black and grey on women whose hair has turned graciously white. But have you ever tried rose? Saw a rose-colored dress, with a grey redingote. The combination was so charming I felt I must tell you. If you are in the graceful fifties, think about rosy shades. You'll find them a lovely complement to your greying locks.

Blouses have remained in the mid-winter scheme with unusual persistence. So little material is needed for a blouse—yet it is one of the smartest town fashions. The long-sleeved blouses are the newest, for either afternoon or evening wear. Velvets, metallics, striped satins are all good, and how they do dress up older skirts or maybe skirts snatched from dresses whose bodices have lost their flavor.

Making new nighties? A very swank idea is to have the bodice a different color from the skirt. Toppers of lace exceptionally good tied in with satin.

Spring comes to handbags, in a bigger and better way. Yes, the fashion is for larger bags. Those that may be slung from the shoulder on a strap are extra special. Very good looking with our first spring suits and untrimmed coats. I've known gals who had the local shoemaker shoulder-strap bags that would otherwise be unwisely dated. Do you?

If you covet crown jewels, there is a "Princess Royal" sweater fancy you'll like. Tight-fitting sweaters, for afternoon or evening wear, are being embroidered with colored sequins, stones and beads at the throat, forming a brilliant necklace effect. For further brilliance, thread matching bracelets of the same trimming for each slender wrist.

How are your ears? I don't mean the hearing part (which I hope is good). But I mean their appearance. Did you know that men prefer to see women's ears, if they can stand inspection. Ona Munson, who takes the part of Belle Watling in the fabulous movie, "Gone With the Wind," is a great believer in a gal showing her ears. A touch of rouge on the earflaps may help their appearance. And if your ears are small and close to your head, bring out this beauty with little eardrops or long rings. Give your ears a fashion hearing!

tidy, hands immaculate. Most employers accept colored polish now, but unless you're a receptionist or a beauty shop employee, it's better to wear the paler shades. If your hands are in the least grubby, the shop manager is going to fear for his precious merchandise. So do be careful there. Hairs or lint on the shoulders of your dress or sweater will lessen your chances of employment amazingly. A ripped hem, a transgressing petticoat line, a soiled or rumpled appearance in any respect will bar you from the magic portals of the job you want to win.

(6) Be Dressed Suitably

And therein lies a whole volume that will read you in or out of meeting like a shot. One stylist tells me she has to exercise all the control in her power when she goes into the employment office of her organization. She wants to go from girl to girl and clutch off all the cluttering junk she sees marring the appearance of the eager applicants. Too many flowers, brooches, scarves, earrings and bracelets are disastrous. A good rule of thumb is: leave them all off.

If it's a clerk's post you're trying for, and the shop likes its girls to dress in dark colors, do you likewise. All you need to do is look around the counters. If you're at a model agency, wear high heels instead of the sensible three-quarter ones you would otherwise. It gives you a better stance. But do dress simply. The shop wants to picture its clothes on you, rather than any elaborate getups of your own. If it's a school board, you'll adjust your clothes to those parents think their children ought to see you in.

The ideal frock for a stenographer, according to a woman who gets jobs for hundreds of them, is a smartly tailored frock of wool or crepe. And a vital point she suggests is: don't wear the inevitable black if you don't look well in it! You can be conservative without being drab. And woe betide you if you give the employer an impression that he's hanging a bit of crepe over one of his desks. Suits are ideal for office workers, particularly as the jacket is often useful on chilly days. A single flower or clip is a good idea. But here's a point many girls forget. They dress smartly and suitably—and then, particularly in winter, are interviewed in a heavy coat and never seen in the frock at all! So in order to counteract the effect of dull bulk, wear a gay scarf or belt or flower, or see that your hat has color. It will give your employer an idea that you're not a doleful Dora. The dark frock with white lingerie touches is the favorite of many employers.

(7) Make Up in Good Taste

I heard of a nice girl the other day who lost a possible job because her lips were too pale and her hair was

untidy. Sounds surprising, doesn't it? But one of the leading woman employers of a big Canadian city tells me it's almost impossible for a girl to get a job without make-up. She looks so completely out of touch with the modern business world. The square peg again. Make-up must be cleverly done and certainly not overdone. And it's wiser to use a foundation that won't rub off, particularly if you're "going the rounds" and likely to be fagged before you're through. Never let an employer hear the whisper of a powder puff. He will imagine you setting up business on your typewriter when there's a client in, or during a sale in the lingerie department. Make-up should be felt but not seen. A neck clip, by the way, is important. And a hair style that is smart but simple. Have it done the day before you apply for your job, so it will be good but not too set looking.

(8) Have a Pleasing Personality

Maybe they should change it to "Even your best friend won't hire you." In order to please your boss—and his public—you must be clean, delightful to be with. Deodorants hold a large place in the training department of many big organizations. Your employer will be more interested in your smile and your pleasant, healthy, sound appearance than in your Schiaparelli model. And if you look sullen or grouchy to him, you wouldn't have a chance in his firm.

(9) Stand Out From the Crowd

Something has to make him choose you, from among a group of other smart, well-groomed women. Maybe it's the fact that you stand a little more erectly. That you have one bright touch somewhere to give your outfit character.

That there's a little more animation about the way you talk. Figure that one out yourself. But point up your best feature to make you stand out in the crowd.

(10) Be Well Mannered

You'd probably never dream of sitting down while your interviewer is standing; but you'd be amazed at the number of young girls who do. Or who come in chewing gum and say something like: "Anything doing around here?" One woman employer holds bad manners as the biggest black mark against the new young crowd of girls looking for their first jobs. It is bad enough to carry over the sloppy, free and easy clothes of school into the business world. But the free and easy manners just won't go down.

Recently a big Canadian organization took a survey of one thousand of its best employees. Only ten of them didn't pass the looks-and-manners tests with flying colors. I have an idea those ten jobs will be open shortly.

So how about you? ☆

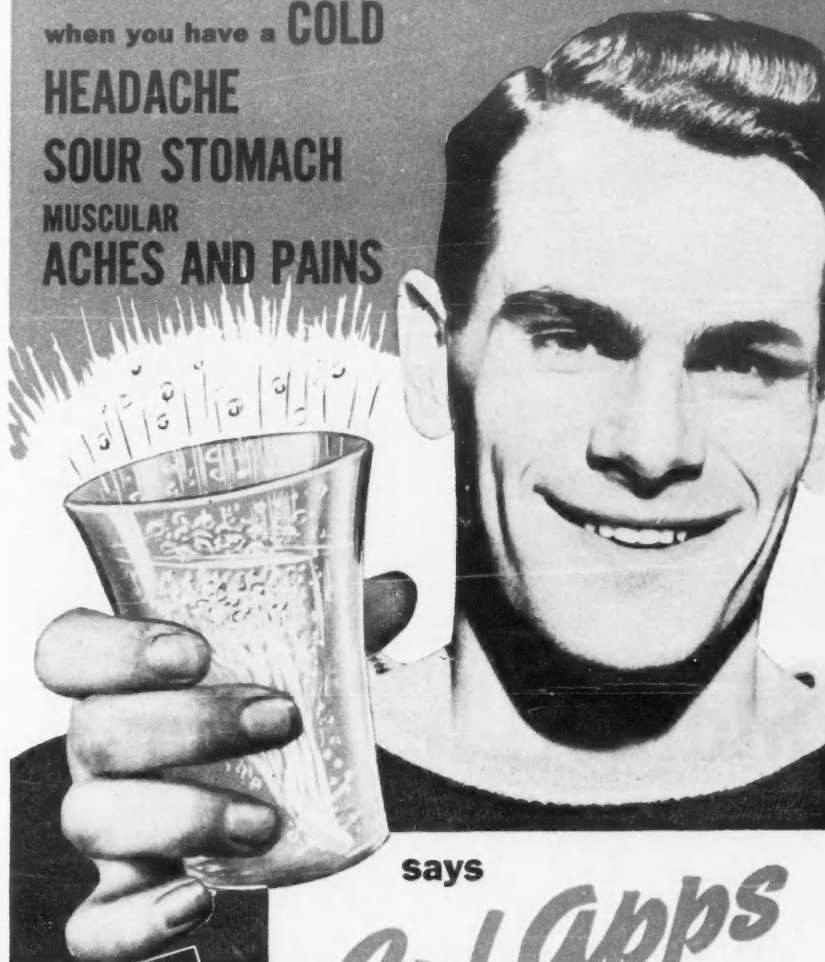


A Lovely Skin

If your skin is normal, oily, dry or sallow you'll be interested in **Service Bulletin** Number 18—priced at ten cents. It will help you correct complexion faults. **Service Bulletin Department**, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Try My way-

when you have a **COLD**
HEADACHE
SOUR STOMACH
MUSCULAR
ACHES AND PAINS



says

Syl Apps

one of hockey's greatest players

Here is an important message from none other than Syl Apps of Toronto Maple Leafs to every member of your family. Read every word of it:—

"I recommend Alka-Seltzer without hesitation to anyone suffering from a cold, headaches, upset stomach or muscular fatigue. The thing that appeals to me most in addition to the speed with which it works, is the fact that Alka-Seltzer doesn't taste like medicine at all—it is more like a drink of sparkling water."

Alka-Seltzer contains the analgesic, sodium acetyl salicylate, which relieves the pain of headaches and the discomfort of colds quickly. In addition the alkalizing ingredients neutralize excess acidity usually the immediate cause of the distress of acid indigestion, heartburn, gas on stomach. Used daily by millions. Try Alka-Seltzer yourself—you'll say there is nothing just quite like it.

• At all drug counters 30c and 60c. Three times the quantity in the large package.



Alka-Seltzer

EFFERVESCENT ANALGESIC ALKALIZING TABLETS



Every statement and claim made for Alka-Seltzer is backed by thorough clinical and laboratory research.



"LOVE is your friend
when your HANDS
are endearingly soft,"
says **Nancy Kelly** *
(20th Century-Fox Star)

*NANCY KELLY and JOEL MCCREA in the 20th Century-Fox hit "He Married His Wife". Her hands are delightful! Cultivate romantic softness in your hands—so easily—by using the famous Jergens Lotion.

Your Hands need not get wretchedly Rough and Chapped. How Other Girls help Prevent this . . .

OH, POOR GIRLS with harsh, rough hands! If you'd only use Jergens Lotion!

You'll hardly know your hands after just a few applications of Jergens—they're so much lovelier! More desirably soft to touch.

Jergens supplies beautifying moisture most girls' hand skin needs, especially in winter. Gives your skin the benefit of 2 fine ingredients many doctors use to help harsh skin to satin-smoothness. Regular use helps prevent sad roughness and chapping. No stickiness! Easy to apply after every handwashing. No wonder more women use Jergens than

any other lotion. Have romantic, smooth "Hollywood" hands. Start now to use this famous Jergens Lotion. Smooth plentifully on your wrists, fingertips and elbows, when you use it on your hands. Smooth, white wrists are enchanting! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters everywhere. Get Jergens Lotion today, sure.



CUPID'S HINT

Rough, red hands are so disillusioning! Jergens Lotion furnishes beauty-giving softening moisture for your skin. Helps keep your hands lovably smooth!

**JERGENS
LOTION**
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

New—for satin-smooth complexion—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against dull dry skin. Try it! 25¢, 15¢.



FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. Mail this coupon today to:
The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 4312 Sherbrooke St.,
Perth, Ontario.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov _____

(MADE IN CANADA)

buttons on, be sure to leave a fairly long rope of thread between button and coat to avoid wear on the fur when buttoning. A parka could be made with the fur left, instead of a collar, if you like. It will serve as both hooded collar and hat. Put a zipper around the bottom.

When sweaters get worn at the elbow, rip the sleeves out and crochet around the armholes. Crochet a bit of trim at the neck to match, and they will make attractive sleeveless sweaters to be worn with blouses (made out of mother's old frocks) for a girl, or shirts for a small boy.

Old knitted suits can be cut down and sewn in the same manner as cloth. But be careful to zigzag or overcast your seams.

IF YOU'RE making a coat for daughter, and have a worn-out plaid skirt, use it to line a hood of the coat fabric. It will give her winter outfit a gay lift.

Snow suits for the pre-school brigade are often turned out from mother's old suits which have been ripped, washed and turned. If there's not enough material for a whole suit, make a contrasting top with something else. This is a day of color and fabric combinations.

When big brother outgrows his overcoat, cut the bottom off and make a windbreaker of the coat, using the bottom for a band around the waist. Other extra material can be used for cuffs. ☆

Put Your Personality Over

Continued from page 25

you can on the spot. But whatever you can get beforehand is so much to the good.

(4) Be Alert

Engaging girls for a modern beauty salon has made one woman employer I know a keen judge of workers. "Awareness and eagerness are the first qualities I look for," she said. "Give me those and I'll teach her all she needs to know." Dopey made a grand Walt Disney character, but he wouldn't get to first base with the modern employer. You're not required to turn the business upside down, it's true. But you ought to be able to recognize an idea when you see one, and move with the times in the modern business world. And they travel, believe me.

If you seem bored to the employer, you may be sure he'll picture you as bored with his customers or clients.

(5) Be Well Groomed

"A clothesbrush is the best job-getter I know," one woman employer told me. "It's grooming—that ability to keep oneself well cared for from head to foot—that rates far more than the actual clothes you wear. Your employer knows circumstance may change those. But it won't change your way of wearing them."

If you're looking for a job in which you'll be before the public, your hair and hands are of utmost importance. They're the key spot with most department store and other shop managers. Hair must be brushed and

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 15 cent and 59 cent jars)

POSITIVELY YOURS

when marked
with
Cash's
WOVEN NAMES

Having trouble assorting your clothes?
Here's the way to forget all your woes.
Once you've "Cash'd" 'em you'll find
That you'll have peace of mind.
Take a tip from a user who knows.

Attractive - Economical - Durable - Neat

TRIAL OFFER: Send 15¢ for one dozen at your own
first name woven on fine cambric tape, and sample
of No-So Cement.

From your dealer or direct from

CASH'S 10 GRIER STREET
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

CASH'S: 3 doz. \$1.50, 6 doz. \$2.00 NO-SO Cement
NAMES: 9 doz. \$2.50, 12 doz. \$3.00 per tube 25¢



There is welcome comfort in Murine. It thoroughly but gently removes dust particles, leaves the delicate membranes soothed, refreshed. Use Murine after glare, wind, reading, knitting, fine work. Free dropper with each bottle.



MURINE
FOR
YOUR EYES
AT ALL DRUG STORES

**BILL WON'T
BE IN TODAY,
MR. SMITH—
HE'S IN BED
WITH A BAD
COLD**



Yesterday Bill felt chilled and headachy. He didn't pay much attention to it. Today he's home in bed. Result - lost time, expense and a general lowering of his resistance to other ills.

When you feel a cold coming on, don't take any chances with it. A slight cold today can be something altogether different tomorrow. Take Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets at the first sign of a cold.

Grove's Bromo Quinine Tablets go right to work on a cold by relieving the headache and other pains which go with a cold. They help reduce the fever. They help rid the system of poisonous waste matter by laxation. They lift that heavy and depressed feeling caused by colds.

If you're wise you will get a box of Grove's Bromo Quinine Tablets today and keep them handy where you can use them the minute you feel a cold coming on.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

You get 20% more for your money when you buy the large size box.

G 403

**GROVE'S Laxative
BROMO QUININE**

STOP Scratching *Relieve Itch Fast or Money Back*

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.



Brush Away
**GRAY
HAIR**
...AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 25 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed; active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. Get BROWNATONE today.

Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today. 50c at all drug stores—on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
126 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover, partly, cost of packing and mailing.

Check shade wanted:
☐ Blonde to Medium Brown ☐ Dark Brown to Black

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov _____

Print Your Name and Address

books from the school or public library, or they have brought books of travel from home. What do they eat in that strange country? What do they wear? What are their houses like and their furniture and pictures? How does one get there, by boat and rail? They are eager to ask and answer all these questions and to trace routes and journeys on the map. On the brown paper fresco running about the wall, they are drawing pictures in colored chalk of the life and people of that faraway land. The drawings are crude and violent, but they are very real to the artists themselves. At the moment life in the remote Orient is as vivid and actual as their own. Twenty years from now they may not be able to draw an accurate map of the country or list its imports and exports (but could you or I with all our drilling and memorizing do any better?). What they will always retain, however, is a lingering understanding of the life of an alien people.

OR COMPARE an old-fashioned class in "Reading" with a modern class in English. In the classroom of a generation ago, each child rose in turn to recite from memory a stanza from a poem in the prescribed Reader. "The boy stood on the burning deck" (yes, it is true, we did recite "Casablanca"). They had read it a hundred times and had long since lost interest in the central problem: Why did the boy do such a preposterous thing, simply because his father told him to? In any case, only smart-alecs asked such questions; and any such speculation would be suppressed by the teacher since the "subject" had to do with inflections and emphasis, and not with considerations of ethical conduct.

In the modern classroom they are reciting poems or stories of their own selection, sometimes of their own creating. Or they are dramatizing some story they have heard or read, with action, pantomime and costumes devised by themselves. Or perhaps they are listening to a story read or told by the teacher; and at the end they are eager to discuss it with her and with each other. They are acquiring skill in the use of literate English by employing it in their own ways. And they are learning how the language of literature is written and spoken, by reading it and speaking it and not by taking sentences apart and analyzing and parsing them, regardless of their meaning.

Then there is Natural Science. Science in any form was once reserved almost entirely for older pupils and high-school students. But now the babies out of kindergarten are introduced to Natural Science in the First Grade. And here as everywhere else their natural interest and curiosity are brought into the schoolroom. They learn the names of the trees and flowers in the school gardens and their own. They study the migration of birds and the changes in the seasons and the moon. They grow plants from bulbs, and they collect and dry and save the seeds of garden plants. They arrange paper stars to represent the constellations, they keep a class weather chart, they watch butterflies and moths emerging from cocoons.

All these modern courses of study—English, Art, Music, Arithmetic,

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

NO EXCUSE FOR A RED, SORE NOSE DURING COLDS WHEN YOU USE SOFT KLEENEX TISSUES THAT DON'T WAD OR SHRED.

(from a letter by G. B.)



**"Tell me
Another"
says KLEENEX**

AND WIN \$500 FOR EVERY
"KLEENEX TRUE CONFESSION"
PUBLISHED! MAIL TO KLEENEX
AT 330 UNIVERSITY AVE.
TORONTO, ONT.



BOY, DID SHE BEEF
WHEN SHE CAUGHT ME CLEANING-
MY PIPES WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.
"KLEENEX OR ELSE," SHE SAYS. AND
WAS I SURPRISED WHEN KLEENEX
DID THE JOB BETTER.

(from a letter by L. T. B.)



**PRESTO!
CHANGE-O!**

KLEENEX IS BOXED SO CLEVERLY
...ONE HAND REMOVES A TISSUE
...AND UP POPS ANOTHER....
ORDINARY KINDS CAN'T COMPARE.

(from a letter by S. C. S.)



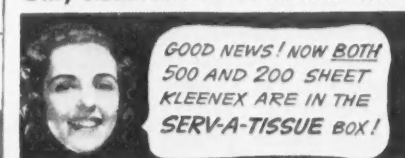
I HAVE 45 CHILDREN
YOU SEE, I TEACH SCHOOL—HAVE
45 PUPILS—AND I WOULDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITHOUT KLEENEX
WHEN SNIFFLES START.

(from a letter by E. M.)

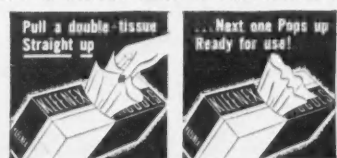
DID YOU KNOW?..

DURING COLDS ESPECIALLY,
KLEENEX TISSUES SOOTHE
YOUR NOSE, SAVE MONEY,
REDUCE HANDKERCHIEF
WASHING. YOU USE EACH
TISSUE ONCE—THEN DESTROY,
GERMS AND ALL. KEEP THE
KLEENEX SERV-A-TISSUE
BOX IN EVERY ROOM IN THE
HOUSE—KITCHEN, NURSERY,
BATHROOM AND BEDROOM.
AS WELL AS IN THE CAR!

Only KLEENEX TISSUES have the Serv-a-Tissue Box to end waste!



GOOD NEWS! NOW BOTH
500 AND 200 SHEET
KLEENEX ARE IN THE
SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!



ADOPT THE KLEENEX HABIT!

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES (*Trade Mark Reg. Can. Pat. Off.)



Mother! It's a Crime to "Grope"

when your child catches cold

WHEN COLDS STRIKE and spread misery—stuffiness, coughing, muscular soreness or tightness—it's no time to "grope." It's no time to experiment with untried remedies or risk upsetting the stomach with constant internal dosing. Most mothers realize this.

So to relieve discomfort they use the external poultice-vapor treatment developed specially for children... **VICKS VAPORUB.**



Massage throat, chest and back thoroughly with VapoRub at bedtime—then notice how this home-approved treatment works! You will like it, and so will your child.

Relieves Misery 2 Ways

Almost before you have finished applying VapoRub, it starts to relieve colds misery two ways at once. It acts on chest and back like a good old-fashioned warming poultice. And at the same time its pleasant—helpful—medicinal vapors are released by body heat and are breathed into the cold-irritated upper air passages.

On into the night VapoRub's poultice-vapor action keeps on bringing relief. It invites refreshing sleep as it soothes away misery. And by morning you will probably understand why Vicks VapoRub is a family standby in homes all over Canada.

Ideal for Children

Just as Good for Adults

VICKS
VAPORUB

SENSATIONAL RESULTS IN CLINICAL TESTS

VapoRub is an important medication in Vicks Plan which was tested in a clinic of 2,650 children. Look at the results! Reports from supervising doctors show sickness from colds cut 54.95%; school absences due to colds cut 77.99% among the children following the Plan—who were instructed to obey specified health rules, use Vicks Va-tro-nol (nasal medication) when colds threatened, and use VapoRub if a cold developed. Look in your VapoRub package for story of these tests and directions for following Vicks Plan in your own home.

New Schools for Old

Continued from page 15

frequent and drastic changes in theory, and the authorities in England had worked out the new educational philosophy embodied in the Hadow Reports.

The Hadow Reports are the work of Consultative Committee of the English Board of Education. Under the chairmanship of Sir William Hadow this group issued its first report in 1920. It is still at work, and over the past twenty years has done an immense amount of research in every field of modern education—curriculum construction, textbooks, psychological tests, nursery, primary and secondary school programs, and the school activity known in this country as "enterprises," and in the United States as "projects;" group activities such as plays, pageants, exhibits, classroom newspapers, all undertaken by the children themselves for a purpose that appeals to them.

Thus when the various provinces in Canada came to revise their curricula, they had an enormous field of experiment, mistakes and triumphs from which to draw their own conclusions. Saskatchewan started the educational reform in this country by a complete revision of the curriculum in 1929. Nova Scotia came next and was followed by Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba and Ontario. And if you examine the reports on any of these new curricula you will find they are all based on the same theory. In the words of the Hadow report: "No good can come of teaching children things which have no immediate value for them, however highly their potential or prospective value may be estimated . . . The curriculum is to be thought

of in terms of activity and experience rather than of knowledge to be gained or facts to be stored."

It all works out something like this:

1. The child must learn through aroused interest and curiosity, not through dead compulsion.
2. He must not be taken out of his real world and shut up in a classroom. The classroom must become an actual part of his own world.
3. He must learn, not "subjects," but the art and practice of living.

TO ILLUSTRATE how this works out in actual practice, it is interesting to compare an old-fashioned schoolroom in which, say, geography is being taught, with a modern class that is engaged in "Social Studies."

In the classroom of a generation ago, the children sat each in solitary confinement at his own desk, forbidden to speak or even exchange signs with his neighbor. At the blackboard, the teacher, vigilant even with her back turned, wrote out lists of Exports and Imports to be committed to memory and later recited in class. The children copied maps in lead pencil, later to be traced in ink and "marked." Every sound was muted to drill and discipline, and every ear was cocked to the recess bell in the lower hall.

In the modern classroom they are also studying a point on the map—say a province in China. But the pupils this time are learning for themselves. At the back of the room is a table on which they have constructed a miniature landscape from sand and plasticene and cardboard. They have read at the teacher's suggestion certain



*Color
Against
the Snow*



The ski pants are brown and the sweater's bright green . . . and the trimming's in three or four bright shades. Nobody's going to ski into you if you wear a suit like this one. It's warm and practical too. And if you hike on dazzling days in below-

zero weather, you'll make a jolly snowbird in this gay green and scarlet plaid skirt and jacket of green heavy wool. The cap's green too—caught with a handy chin strap—and the gloves are scarlet suede. It's a Patou model. ☆

his capacity altogether, but this doesn't matter as long as he is kept stimulated and striving.

THUS A great deal, it will be seen, depends on the teacher. "With good teachers, practically any program can be put through," an educator has pointed out. "With poor ones, the best course of study in the world will prove a failure." The new courses of studies in Canadian schools demand far more from the teacher than did the educational system of a generation ago. She can no longer fall back on the textbooks and the rigidly devised curriculum—so much knowledge to be imparted on a certain subject, so much within a certain time. She must to a large extent devise her own curriculum, she must constantly initiate, direct and stimulate. From being almost as much a bond servant to learning as her pupils, she is suddenly free, and dependent largely on her own resources. So it isn't much wonder that some of the older teachers,

fixed in the habits of years, are bewildered and upset by the responsibility of freedom suddenly thrust upon them.

"It may be fifteen years before the new system works properly," an experienced Ontario teacher said to me recently. "There will be a number of older teachers who will resist it or co-operate unwillingly; as well as a number of younger ones who will co-operate too far and give the children more freedom than they know how to use. We may even have to wait for a new generation of teachers—until the children now at school grow up and become teachers themselves."

So far we can only watch the process and wait for the results. But the process itself is a wonderfully inspiring one. I doubt if the most recalcitrant parent could spend a day in one of our modern schools without coming away impressed, in spite of herself, by the new and a little shaken in her faith in the old. ☆

How to be a Good Wife

Continued from page 2



law isn't everything. But he has certain rights which you should respect.

He has a right to his dignity, and you should not insist on a kiss in public before dark. You should not expect him to do your matchmaking for you, or to change things in stores that you do not want to return yourself.

He also has a right to reasonable freedom about the house and, once in a while, to an hour of fun in the kitchen. Some men are quite good cooks and with a little encouragement will concoct the most remarkable sandwiches.

Certainly he has a right to his hobbies. So never lend his best saw to the neighbors, or let the children pull the prize cucumbers. And there is no need to accuse him of spending money foolishly on such nonsense. It may be money of his own that he has earned himself.

Lesson III. How to Avoid His Scorn.

Men are habitually proud of the things they pick up for themselves, like neckties and funny stories and wives.

But you should remember that your husband cannot discard you like a worn-out necktie. Nor can he forget you the way he will forget a funny story if given time enough. You are his for keeps.

So avoid his scorn. Probably he

would never reveal so detestable an emotion. But you can never be too careful.

Don't be a supper-time tattle-tale, greeting him each evening with weary stories of naughty children and leaking taps and noisy neighbors. (The strain of modern working life has already cut the average man's life two year's shorter than the average woman's. Don't add to the strain at home.)

Don't be proud of being silly. Don't be one of those creatures who bleat with an enticing smile, "Oh, I'm so terribly inefficient." It is only once in a while a man can stand a silly woman. You can make him feel like a great big wonderful man without being a fool yourself.

And don't be a machinery maniac. Too many women are allergic to screw drivers. With one in hand they lose control of themselves, wandering about tampering with the radio, the washing machine and the screen door; and too, too often losing the screws.

You know, perhaps, that eighty-four per cent of the country's manpower distrusts the woman car driver. It is not because she is a poor driver, but because she looks as though she is. It is the sleepy, glassy look in her eyes, and the lazy languid movements of her arms. A good wife is as alert and definite in her handling of tools and machinery as she is in her baking or her house cleaning.

Lesson IV. How to Cherish.

In your dictionary, under the letter C, you will find the definition of that seven-letter word from the marriage service spelled "Cherish." "To treat with tenderness, to take care of, to foster," it reads.

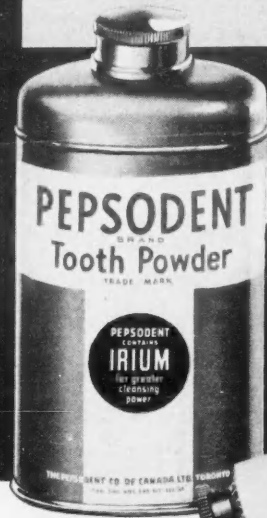
Do you take care of your husband?

Do your meals agree with him? Does he purr with contentment in the evenings? Is his home environment healthy?

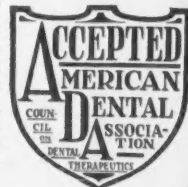
Is there at least one comfortable chair that is all his, that even you refuse when he is at home?

☆ Continued on page 36

Of All Leading Dentifrices.. Pepsodent Alone Now Has Dental Association Seal of Acceptance!

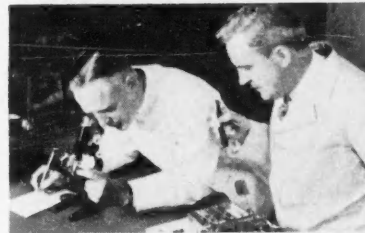


43,000 dentists stand back of this "Seal of Acceptance" awarded by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association. In a recent survey of representative Canadian dentists over 94% believe it is conclusive proof that Pepsodent dentifrices are Safe, Effective, and Truthfully Advertised.

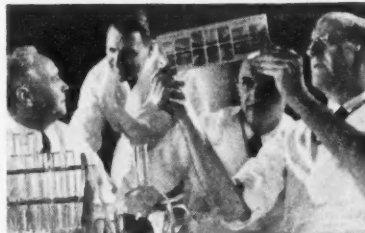


THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
SPECIAL FIRM REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

LOOK WHAT WENT ON BEHIND THE SCENES BEFORE PEPSODENT GOT THE PRIZED A. D. A. SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!



OVER \$1,000,000 SPENT TO DEVELOP PEPSODENT—The abrasiveness of every ingredient is tested to keep Pepsodent among the *least* abrasive of dentifrices.



OUTSIDE INDEPENDENT LABORATORIES DOUBLE-CHECKED... These tests proved all Pepsodent claims are conservative—and sound.



PEPSODENT MADE THOUSANDS OF CLINICAL TESTS—Dental schools co-operated... reports proved Pepsodent dentifrices remarkably effective—and safe.



THE PUBLIC PASSES ON PEPSODENT—Folks like you—thousands of them—checked and proved both Pepsodent formulas effective.

Both Forms of Pepsodent get A.D.A. Seal of Acceptance

■ The A. D. A. Council on Dental Therapeutics checked every formula, every test, every claim made in advertising. PEPSODENT PASSED ON ALL COUNTS... and was then awarded the prized Seal of Acceptance by the Council representing 43,000 dentists! That's why we believe that SAFE PEPSODENT is the kind of dentifrice that dentists want you to use... whether you prefer tooth paste or tooth powder.

SAFETY FIRST...

Demand Pepsodent!

1. Pepsodent Tooth Paste and Tooth Powder are SAFE—the *only* Council-accepted dentifrices among the leading sellers.

2. Only PEPSODENT among Tooth Pastes and Tooth Powders contains IRIUM—Pepsodent's patented, *more* effective ingredient.

3. Your dentist knows how effective IRIUM is—it is known to him by its scientific name, PURIFIED ALKYL SULFATE.

4. Pepsodent makes no exaggerated advertising claims.

5. Pepsodent contains NO BLEACH, NO GRIT, NO DRUGS.

6. Pepsodent is unsurpassed in EFFECTIVENESS.

BOTH ARE SAFE
...BOTH CONTAIN IRIUM
So take your choice!





Did you ever hear of the Girl who slept her way to Loveliness and Romance? . . . well, I did and here's how



At bedtime . . . she cleanses her skin hygienically, with Woodbury Germ-free Cold Cream. She leaves on a thin film of this softening, invigorating cream . . . to work for beauty and perhaps for romance . . . while she sleeps!

By JANET PARKER
Woodbury Beauty Consultant

You, too, can gain new loveliness while you slumber. Thousands of women report glamorous results from overnight use of Woodbury Cold Cream.

Your skin is attacked by enemies *all day long*. Wind, sun, fatigue rob your cheeks of bloom; leave your skin dull, dry. So nighttime is when Nature and the right cold cream have their best chance to repair your beauty, after the day's wear and tear.

Woodbury Cold Cream gives you **ALL THREE** of the following special virtues,

WOODBURY 3-WAY BEAUTY CREAM

CLEANSES safely
Smooths as it LUBRICATES
INVIGORATES



(MADE IN CANADA)

vitality needed for bedtime beauty care. (1) It cleanses *hygienically*—stays germ-free; (2) It smooths as it lubricates—liquefies at skin-contact; (3) It invigorates—contains a skin-invigorating Vitamin.

Use Woodbury for ordinary cleansing, of course. But to get its extra benefits, leave on a thin film when you go to bed. Get it today! Only 50c, 25c, 15c.

MAIL NOW FOR GENEROUS TUBE . . . FREE!
(Just Paste on Penny Postcard)

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 6911, Perth, Ontario.
Please send me, *free and postpaid*, a generous-size tube of Woodbury 3-Way Beauty Cream, enough for several "Beauty Nightcap" treatments. Also 8 fashion-tested shades of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Prov. _____

Social Studies, Natural Science—are skillfully and sympathetically adapted to the child's needs and understanding. Indeed those of us who got our education the hard way may sometimes wonder if things aren't being made too easy for our children. Old-fashioned education may have been a pretty blunt instrument, and some of us may have felt at times as though we had been hit over the head with it. But we survived and were able to make our way in a world that is certainly not notable for its consideration for the individual. We survived and were all the harder because we learned to accept the humiliations of class defeat and the drudgery of drill and homework. If we were bright, we got along, and if the dunce's cap fitted we wore it—we weren't tenderly eased into vocational classes or workshops where our disabilities would pass unnoticed. More than that, we were writing a good hand at an age when our children are still childishly printing their letters. We learned grammar, the formal structure of language. And though we may be a little vague now about the meaning of the past participle and the imperfect subjunctive, we are a little scandalized to think our children are going to grow up without encountering them at all. A great deal of the knowledge we acquired may have slipped away from us. But the practical part stuck. We can spell accurately and read and compute with a reasonable fluency. We doubt very much if our children will be able to do the same when they reach our age.

THAT IS one side of the story. The modern educationalist's side is a different and less dogmatic one. The education we received as children, they will point out, fitted us, though roughly, for the sort of life we were to lead as adults. But even the boldest and wisest of us can scarcely predict what sort of life our children will live when they reach maturity. We can't train them, specifically, to make a living in a world as shifting and unpredictable as our own. We can only train them to live; how to develop their own talents and resources, how to keep their minds and bodies healthy, their curiosity alive and their self-reliance unshaken. Then, since this is an increasingly technological universe, we want to teach them to use their hands. And since it is a world in which the mind of humanity is constantly played on by paid propagandists, both good and bad, we want them to learn to use their own insight and judgment. And, finally, we hope that by working together in groups where each is dependent on all the rest, they will learn to live acceptably and tolerantly with their fellow-creatures.

This is, briefly, the ideal program laid down by the modern educationalists. They believe that a pupil learns best through effort and activity that he enjoys, and that very little is gained in the end by humiliation and discouragement, however heroically borne. They think things should be made hard for the child, but hard in an interesting way. The wise teacher will always set her pupil tasks that will tax all his resourcefulness and skill. Sometimes the work will be beyond



Hair Charm

WOMAN'S HAIR in its highest perfection—high lights sparkling like jewels—waves and curls reflecting rich tones of colour—a fragrance which has a subtle charm all its own—this is the reward of the regular use of

**EVAN
WILLIAMS
SHAMPOO**

'ORDINARY' 10c. 'CAMOMILE' 15c.
FOR DARK HAIR EACH FOR FAIR HAIR

Keeps the hair Young.

MAKE YOUR OWN

Viyella
REGD.
SKIRT

BRITISH—UNSHRINKABLE—COLORFAST

36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St., Toronto

Smart Women

who seek a smart address in New York find it at this famous Club, which offers varied cultural and recreational facilities as well as full hotel service. Non-members welcome. No leases. From \$2.50 per day single for room with private bath; \$14 weekly.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S CLUB
353 West 57th St. - New York



After exposure to wind or weather, apply soothing, penetrating "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. Prevents cracking, chapping, chafing. Over 100 household uses. Look for the "Vaseline" trade-mark and be assured of unvarying high quality.

Jars 10c, 15c, 25c.
Handy tubes 25c.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

Young Ideas



Simplicity
3297



Simplicity
3293



Simplicity
3290



Simplicity
3307



Simplicity
3291



Simplicity
3307

Don't think because they're under ten they haven't any fashion sense. Attractive clothes mean as much to their happiness as to grownups. And think of the pleasure you get out of seeing them look their best!

Plaids like No. 3297, or checks made into a frock as enchanting as No. 3293, will give them that too enchanting quaint look. As for the new coat or dress for the graceful young daughter, No. 3307, it is guaranteed to make her eyes sparkle as she goes off to school. Play schedules call for No. 3291 for baby brother and No. 3290 for sister.

Pattern descriptions on page 36.

First Flight into Dressmaking



Simplicity
3220

Think of it — smart dresses made from only **THREE** pattern pieces! Here's a remarkable new Simplicity Trick for beginners — and experts too.

You don't have to begin with one of those straight-cut gingham for house wear, you know. Not when you can get as simple patterns as these two to work from. Because each one has only **three** pieces.

Smart tailored lines belie the fact that No. 3218 is very simple to make. Choose spun rayon, or a dress weight woollen in one of the stunning clan plaids that are so smart this season — and enjoy the thrill and economy of wearing something you have made yourself.

Darts at the waistline of No. 3220 give it the hourglass silhouette. Rayon crepe or sheer wool are style-right fabrics for this type of frock, and subtle shades of wine or blue would add a stimulating note of color to your winter wardrobe.

Pattern descriptions on page 36.



Simplicity
3218

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

And when your husband flies off the handle, remain calm yourself. Smile and gently wave your fan from side to side. If he is in the wrong, be generous. It is hard enough for him, without your saying, "I told you so."

And if you are in the wrong, just put your arms about his neck and tell him so. He will forgive you and feel like a brute himself. If he is sometimes right—and stranger things will happen—give him his moment of triumph. Let him crow.

Lesson VII. How to be an Illusion.

When he married you, your husband had his illusions.

Men, you should know, still think they are the go-getters in the marriage game—choosing their mate, chasing her down, and carrying her off.

It does sound silly, doesn't it? But a man is funny that way. He lives in a sort of dream world. In youth he pieced together an ideal woman of the mind, from all sorts of romantic fragments.

Then he met you and fitted you into the frame of his dream ideal. Now he expects you to live up to that. And why shouldn't you? It is a most complimentary frame.

Lesson VIII. How to Handle a Critic.

Your husband is your best critic. Always listen carefully to what he has to say.

Remember, too, that many a husband has wished for a dumb wife, but never a man yet has wanted a deaf wife. So be a listener.

If he criticizes your clothes, rejoice. Give thanks that he cares enough to have an opinion.

You see, my dear, men are terribly unfortunate. Alone among the male creatures of the world, man is less beautiful than his mate. Among the ani-

mals and the birds and even the butterflies, the males are more beautiful, and dress better, and sing sweeter than the females.

And if you want to be a really good wife, permit him to take you out some day, and choose a new outfit for you, dress and coat and hat and all the trimmings. If he chooses it all himself, and if he pays for it too, you can depend on it he will never criticize that costume.

Lesson IX. How to Stretch His Pennies.

First make sure he earns some pennies.

Most men need employment insurance against wives with bad manners. Or did you know that jobs are endangered when wives wander into business places, stand idly around, park in hubby's office while his stenographer takes dictation, or drag out their dear one to go shopping, fifteen minutes before quitting time.

It is even dangerous to phone during business hours and ask, "Are you busy, dear?" And of course you never phone him when he is working evenings, to see if he is really there.

Rather than worry your working husband, set your mind to stretching the pennies he does earn. That is a task worthy of your natural intelligence.

Stop turning up your nose at home-making, a job even your husband is beginning to respect.

Penny stretching is just another name for Canada's most scientifically managed industry, "Home Maintenance and Improvement." Universities teach it. Hundreds of industrial research laboratories study its problems. National magazines (like this one) exist for it.

If you are a good wife, always remember the importance of your own job. ☆



For "Crow's Feet" and Eye Wrinkles

Be very gentle—but persistent. For the fine lines that ray out from the eyes, use the first and second fingers to open out the small lines, and massage with the first finger of your other hand—in light circular movements . . . For the circular lines round your eyes rotate the second fingers firmly around pressing lightly. Use a good cream and use it every night. You'll be surprised at the effectiveness of these exercises. Only you must be gentle!

"But mother... nobody's insulting you!"

John W— shows his mother the new way to raise a baby.



1. SON: Take it easy, mother . . . I only said that Sally had a right to raise the baby in her own way.

MOTHER: Oh well, if my own son thinks I'm wrong—



2. SON: Mother, please! MOTHER: All right, I won't say another word. If you two won't listen to me with all my experience, well—



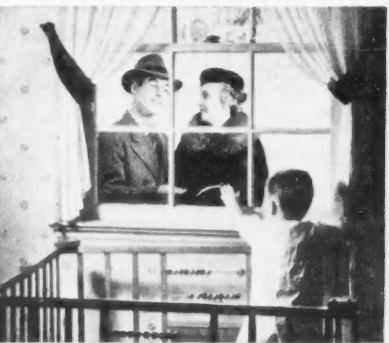
3. SON: But mother, we've been over all that a million times. The doctor told Sally and me how to raise the baby. And we're going to listen to him.

MOTHER: What did he say that I don't know?



4. SON: He said that babies today should get special care. Their vegetables should be specially prepared . . . their milk formulas specially worked out, even their laxative should be made specially for them!

MOTHER: Special laxative? Just name me one!



5. SON: Certainly! It's called CASTORIA. And it's designed ONLY for children. It's mild . . . as a child's laxative should be. Yet it works thoroughly. And it's SAFE. You'll never find a harsh drug in Castoria.



6. MOTHER: Well-I . . . it does sound sensible. But how does he like the taste?

SON: He loves it! I never knew a baby could take a medicine and think it fun at the same time!

CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children



for **SOFTER** skin



—CANADA'S ORIGINAL SKIN SOFTENER

1. Italian Balm is different from anything you've ever used—it's a "skin softener": rich and concentrated, not thin and watery.
2. Softens and smooths skin. Helps hands appear youthful by supplying beautifying moisture; soothing and softening agents that protect your skin against chapping, redness and roughness caused by cold weather, hard water and housework.
3. Less than 5% alcohol. Cannot dry the skin. Contains **COSTLIER INGREDIENTS** than any other popular, nationally-advertised brand—yet **saves you money** because only one drop is needed for application to both hands.
4. Accepted for advertising in the Journal of American Medical Association.

NEW LOW PRICES NOW AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS
25¢ 35¢ 50¢ and \$1.00

OVER 90 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD

And the lights? Remember that you are not a cat and cannot see in the dark. Neither can your husband. Avoid those little blue and rose and orange bulbs in your principal lighting fixtures.

It has long been recognized that successful man-feeding is a tough job made worse by the persistent mannish craving for dangerous foods. But it is not only his food you must watch.

Mouthfuls of the best breakfast sandwiched between earfuls of family problems, almost always equal indigestion. Peace before breakfast is the rule if you want him to tackle the earning of your daily bread with a smile.

Daily attention to the care and feeding of husband is the only way to avoid the development of a dyspeptic, middle-aged grouch, who will scold your frivolous remarks and mock your serious moods.

Lesson V. How to be a Whole Wife.

You are doubtless a lady and polite to your friends, gentle and understanding with your children, and civil to all the world.

But are you a whole wife or half a wife?

Are you patiently attentive all day with others; and then when your husband asks you a question in the evening, do you snap, "Now what is it?"

Do you sigh with annoyance if his presence interrupts the consideration of important things like a telephone gossip or a neighborhood scandal?

Is he the man of the house or a useful domestic animal? When he returns from work, does your spirit light up and sing, "He's home!" Or do you turn back to the bridge table and say, "It's nothing. It's just my husband."

Do you line up wonderful gifts for the whole family, and then hurriedly pick up a pair of socks for father?

Do you know that half a wife is insulting?

Lesson VI. How to Quarrel.

You shouldn't, you know, you shouldn't be his bitter half. Are you? "The common scold," reads a health note with a typographical error, "is due to habitual carelessness."

How true.

Remember that the weepy waily voice of the woman with a grievance is as easy to catch as a cold and far harder to lose. So watch your sound effects. ☆ Continued on opposite page

Descriptions of patterns on pages 34 and 35.

No. 3297—Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 4 requires, Dress: 1½ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch fabric, 1½ yards ¾-inch width purchased frilling to trim, ¾ yard 35-inch, ¾ yard 39-inch fabric, for panties. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3307—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires, Coat with Cape: 4½ yards 35-inch, 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3293—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4. Size 2, 1½ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 39-inch fabric; 1½ yards 35-inch checked fabric, ½ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar. Panties: ¾ yard 35-inch; ¾ yard 39-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3291—Sizes ½, 1, 2 years. Size 1 for Shorts and Bib: ¾ yard 32-inch; ¾ yard 35-inch; ½ yard 54-inch fabric. Blouse: ¾ yard 32-inch; ¾ yard 35-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3290—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12, Blouse, Skirt and Shorts: 4¾ yards 35-inch; 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3307—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10, 2¼ yards 35-inch or 39-inch fabric for Dress with Short Sleeves; ¼ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3220—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 3¾ yards 39-inch; 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3218—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 4¾ yards 35-inch; 4¼ yards 39-inch; 3 yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

CRAVEN "A"
QUALITY is REALLY
OUTSTANDING



Craven 'A' bring you extra smoking enjoyment. They are so cool, so fresh, so kind to the throat.

WILL NOT AFFECT YOUR THROAT



ALSO IN THE
NEW
HANDY BOX
50c
Ideal for pocket
or handbag

CRAVEN PLAIN
without cork-tip—same
fine quality as
CRAVEN 'A'

CARRERAS LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND
150 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory
REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent
SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters

VITAMIN B-1 FOR PLANT GROWTH AN HORTICULTURAL SENSATION

5-inch Rose hicks, Daffodils as large as a salad plate, Hyacinth blooms over 1 foot long, Snapdragons nearly 2 feet high, seedlings maturing in half the usual time, plants in full bloom and growth transplanted without root-check or set back and sickly plants rejuvenated into strong and healthy growth. This is only part of the story. In October issue of "Better Homes & Gardens", that has electrified the horticultural world by its description of the marvelous results obtained through scientific study of the newly discovered effects of Vitamin B-1 on plant growth.

Vitamin B-1 gives new vigor to the whole plant

Not a plant food or fertilizer but imparts new vigor to the roots so that the plant obtains the maximum benefit from the soil in which it is growing. THESE ASTONISHING RESULTS IN SIZE AND RATE OF GROWTH.

Easy—Safe—Economical

FOR PLANTS INDOORS AND OUTDOORS. We supply Vitamin B-1 in a new convenient powder form, specially prepared for plant growth. No complicated weighing or measuring whatever. Using measuring spoon which we supply, just add a little powder to each gallon of water and pour on soil once a week. Package will prepare 2,000 gallons of solution (enough to last the average gardener a whole season). With directions. \$1.00 postpaid (special half package, 55c. postpaid).

FREE—Our Big 1940 Seed and Nursery Book. It is better than ever.
DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont.

Now Many Wear FALSE TEETH With More Comfort

FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooney, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor", (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.

TO WOMEN AFRAID TO DYE THEIR OWN HAIR!

FOR YEARS, many women have been afraid to dye their own hair. There have been many reasons—fear of dangerous dyes, fear that it is too difficult, fear that the dye will destroy your hair's natural lustre and sheen. And fear, most of all, that every one will know your hair is "dyed"!

How needless these fears! Today you can buy at your drug or department store a coloring preparation, with a money-back guarantee, that will give you beautiful results. Gradually it transforms gray, bleached or faded hair to the shade you desire. . . . does it so perfectly that your closest friends won't guess. Pronounced harmless as a hair dye, this preparation will not interfere with waving or the natural sheen of your hair. It's easy to use—if you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong!

Although Mary T. Goldman Hair Coloring Preparation has proved itself for forty years in millions of cases, we do not ask you to take our word.

Send us a 2 inch lock of your hair, containing both the gray and natural shade, if possible. We will color it for you without charge, and return it to you with a complete free test kit so that you can make the same test yourself and compare your results with ours. If you prefer, you need not send the lock of hair to obtain the free test kit.

MARY T. GOLDMAN GRAY HAIR COLORING PREPARATION

For sale at all leading drug and department stores

Mary T. Goldman Co.
1666 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send free test kit for color checked.

☐ Lock of hair enclosed.
☐ Lock of hair not enclosed.
☐ Black ☐ Light Brown ☐ Dark Brown
☐ Blonde ☐ Medium Brown ☐ Auburn

Name

Address

City Prov.

That's some other girl, thought Carla. Another girl running after him, and reproaching him, and he's trying to be nice. Trying to be patient; but you can see how he feels.

"Yes, I certainly will!" he said to that other girl. "I'll call you at noon, tomorrow . . . Well, yes, I am rather busy just now . . . Au revoir!"

He hung up the instrument and turned to Carla again.

"You'll like this new place," he said. "You'll see plenty of interesting people there."

Trying to be nice and patient to her, too.

"I'm sorry, Duncan," she said, "but Pete's ordered dinner sent in for us."

He didn't like that. And while he stood there, surprised and puzzled and completely taken aback, the doorbell rang and two waiters arrived with that magnificent dinner. They bustled around . . .

"Well, I'll be seeing you, Carla," said Duncan.

"Yes. Ring up some day!" she said, still so airy.

It was a triumph, all right. There she sat, wearing those orchids, eating the fruit cocktail from a silver chalice set in crushed ice. Duncan had gone out, all by himself, in the rain . . .

"I suppose Duncan's pretty popular, isn't he, Pete?" she asked very offhand.

"Sure!" said Pete. "Every reason to be so."

"I suppose—" she said, "that some girls run after him?"

"I reckon they do," said Pete.

"That's about the most fatal mistake a girl can make, isn't it?" she said. "To let a man see that—she cares about him."

"Well," said Pete, "it's a mistake, if the thing is just a game."

HE GOT up and took away the fruit cocktail, he served the turtle soup from a plated tureen. Such an expensive dinner, she thought. I just feel meaner and meaner . . . "This soup is—delicious, Pete. Everything's—delicious."

"I wanted the setup to be right," he said. "Flowers, music—everything you'd like."

"You're awfully nice, Pete."

"Well," he said, "I think you're the nicest girl in the world."

"I'm not, Pete."

"The first time I saw you, at that party," he said, "I thought that. I've met you three times now, and each time I liked you more. I talked to Bess about you at that party, and she thinks you're grand. That means a lot from the girl you live with. I knew I couldn't be wrong. You're just the way you look. Just sweet and lovely."

She took a long swallow of water, to steady herself.

"Pete, you don't know . . ." she said. "I've got to tell you something."

He waited. It was so hard to tell him . . .

"Pete, I've done the meanest thing . . ." Her lip trembled, she took another swallow of water. "Pete, I only stayed to dinner with you—to get even with Duncan," she said.

"I knew that," he said.

"You knew it?"

"Anybody'd have known it," he said. "You came in all upset."

"You knew it—and you got this dinner and these orchids . . ."



WHAT if you don't have hours of leisure to spend at the hairdresser's, or the patience to "fuss" with your hair at home? You can still keep it looking lustrous, lovely and well-groomed—simply by using Danderine daily!

Apply Danderine this way, and keep your scalp feeling more "alive," your hair free from ugly loose dandruff—looking its best and holding its wave longer. Just sprinkle a few drops of Danderine on

comb or brush before you arrange your hair—or apply it with fingertips. No tire-some massage or finger-cramping rubbing-in! Thanks to its active formula, Danderine alone does the work!

Get Danderine now. Any drugstore. A bottle costs very little; lasts many, many days.

DANDERINE

THOSE PAINS AGAIN

..... just at
the wrong time!



BLAME yourself, Betty, for those shattered plans—for letting functional periodic pain interfere with pleasure! Millions of modern women have banished such suffering from their calendars. By taking Midol, they find it easy to go through their dreaded days in comfort, without sacrificing even a moment of normal, active living!

Midol is made for this special purpose—to relieve the unnecessary functional pain of the natural periodic process. It soothes the pain, lessens discomfort, lets women go on when the calendar says "stop". Unless you have some organic disorder calling for medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your try-

ing days as carefree as others—with a few Midol tablets seeing you serenely through even the worst of them!

Surely such relief from suffering is worth trying! Ask for Midol at your nearest drugstore. Ten tablets in a trim aluminum case—enough for many days of comfort.

MIDOL

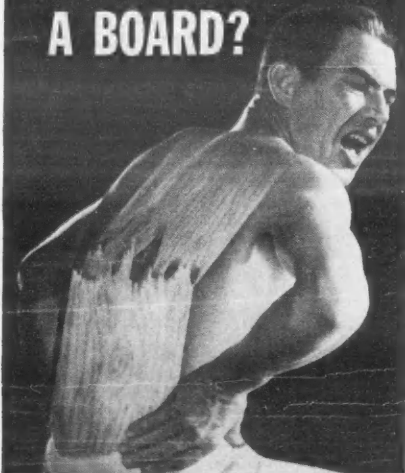


MADE IN CANADA

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

TO TRY MIDOL FREE
send your name and address to
General Drug Co., Dept. B-240,
Windsor, Ont. Trial box will be
mailed prepaid.

Too much Exercise? BACK STIFF AS A BOARD?



It's FATIGUE ACID in your muscles!

AFTER heavy exercise, fatigue acids form in your muscles . . . pains and aches follow!

The thing to do is increase your circulation. Rub Absorbine Jr. over the affected parts three or four times a day. Accepted laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the tissues, helps drive those acids out. Swelling goes down—pains ease. Millions like Absorbine Jr. because it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle

Free sample, address: W. F. Young, Lyman Building, Montreal, Canada.

ABSORBINE JR.

Bilious Headaches spoil your disposition



You don't have to be bilious—or let headaches, sick-spells or "nerves" make you irritable and unattractive if caused by constipation.

Nature's Remedy helps cleanse the system quickly and effectively of poisonous waste which may be the cause of so many ills.

Ask for a box of NR Tablets at your druggist's. If you are not delighted with the result, return the box to us. We will gladly refund the purchase price.



Nature's Remedy
NR-TABLETS-NR

Made by the makers of Tums for Acid Indigestion

The Fatal Mistake

Continued from page 11

look. And an idea came into her head. "No!" she said to herself. "That's mean." But the idea was still there. "Well, thanks, Pete," she said, "but I think I'd better wait a while."

"Sure. But if there's some mistake about the date and he doesn't come, then that's a lucky break for me," said Pete. He sat down and looked as if he were ready to sit there in good-humored patience for ever and ever. He was trying to be nice; she wanted to say something friendly.

"Where do you come from, Pete?" she asked. "Hamilton, Ontario," he answered. "Do you like it here?" she asked. "Sure!" he said. "I like any place I'm in." "You're easy to please," she said. "Well," he said, "I'm young and healthy." "That's not everything," said Carla. "It's a lot, though," said Pete.

There was a silence. A clock struck once. Half-past seven?

"Like some music?" asked Pete suddenly. He's trying to be nice. He is nice. "I'd love it," she said. She thought he was going to turn on the radio, but he went out of the room and came back with an accordion. He played, with his eyes raised to the ceiling and a dreamy smile; such a dismal and melancholy tune. "How's that?" he asked. "It's wonderful, Pete," she answered, wanting to laugh. He played again, another infinitely sad tune, still with that rapt look on his face, and Carla sat rigid. I won't laugh! He's trying to be nice . . . "How's that?" he asked. "It's fine!" she said, loudly.

His mouth stretched into a wide grin that made deep curves in his weather-beaten face, and lines at the corners of his eyes. "You can certainly take it," he said. "You're certainly polite. He began to play 'La Paloma,' like a virtuoso, and that was really grand. "I love that, Pete," she said. "Just about saved my life once," he said. "I was broke once in Mexico and I played in a sort of café there, and made enough to get where I wanted."

"You're an unusual sort of boy, Pete," she said. "Well," he said, "right now I'm trying to make myself seem attractive." "You're nice, Pete." A pause. "It's—what time is it, Pete?" "Eight," he said.

A COLD desolation came down upon her. She couldn't speak for a moment. Face it, she told herself. Duncan's just forgotten. Face what that means. He doesn't care any more. Remember how he used to be. Even ringing up to remind you about dates. "I was afraid you'd forgotten," he used to say. I've lost him, and it's my own fault. It's because I made—that fatal mistake. I let him see—how much I cared. I let him—feel sure of me . . . "Well, I think I'll be going along, Pete," she said. "I must have made a mistake about my date with Duncan." "How about coming out to dinner with me, Carla?" he asked. "Well, thanks a lot, Pete, but I'm a little bit tired." "If you're tired," he said, "I can get something sent in from the restaurant down the street."

She looked up at him quickly. Ashamed of the idea that had come



*Graceful & Free
in Runproofs*

Your grace and charm rely on perfect freedom. These flattering undies yield gently to every action . . . and snap back trimly into shape.

Simply made and cleanly tailored, Runproofs are the choice of smartest women. In plaster white or petal pink, Runproof fabric is absolutely guaranteed against runs in either direction.

Runproof Underwear includes:

Panties Bloomers Vests
Slips Pyjamas Gowns



**LOCKNIT
RUNPROOF
UNDERWEAR**

"Buy by the Label"

SKIN ANALYSIS FREE

The famous Hiscott Institute offers sufferers from eczema, blackheads, acne, rashes, muddy complexion and other illnesses of the skin, an individual analysis of the condition and a booklet which explains successful home methods of attaining skin health and clear complexion. Both are free. Simply detail the condition of your skin in a letter to THE HISCOTT INSTITUTE LIMITED, 63 College Street, Toronto.



**Hair
OFF** Face
Lips
Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, 93-95 Church Street, Dept. C-12, Toronto, Canada.



**HERE'S AMAZING
RELIEF FOR ACID
INDIGESTION**

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists.

Always Carry
FOR ACID
INDIGESTION



into her head. It's mean, she thought. But it was such a temptation . . .

"It would certainly mean a lot to me," he said. "The first time I met you, at the party here, I thought that I'd never seen anybody so pretty and so dainty as you."

"Dainty," she thought. Nobody's ever called me that before. It's rather sweet. It made her feel like that, made her feel little, and gentle and dainty. Such a temptation, to stay . . .

"I'll just run out and get the menu," he said. "Then we'll telephone for what we want."

Pete was back in a few minutes, and he had brought her a spray of purple orchids tied with silver ribbon.

"Why, Pete! How nice!" she said. "Never bought orchids before," he said, with a pleased look.

I WISH you hadn't, she thought. It makes me feel so mean . . . She pinned them on her dress, and she thought about the flowers Duncan had given her. In the beginning. But not lately. Not for weeks.

"Now, here's the menu," said Pete, sitting down beside her. "Pete!" she said. "It's terribly expensive!" "Well," he said, "nothing's too good for you." She studied the menu. "I think just a fruit salad, Pete," she said, "and some coffee." "All right," he said, and went to the telephone and dialed a number. He began to order fruit cocktails, green turtle soup, broiled chicken, asparagus hollandaise . . . "Oh, Pete!" she protested.

When he left the telephone he went to the radio. "They're broadcasting from The Roof, now," he said. "That's nice music for dinner."

Pete straightened up and turned his head, and she did too; they both heard someone opening the door with a latchkey. Duncan came in.

HE STOPPED short, staring at her, his soft hat pulled low over his lean, dark face, his overcoat collar turned up. He looked so handsome and somehow so dramatic, like someone in a play. "Carla!" he said.

"Hello, Duncan," she said airily. He took off his hat, not smiling. "Carla?" he said again. Certainly not pleased to see her, only worried. He came toward her, and Pete went off into his bedroom.

"I didn't expect to find you here," said Duncan.

"Well," she said, "I waited and waited . . . I'd told Bess you were coming; and I didn't feel like hanging around there."

"Our date was for Friday, Carla," he said. But that firm tone was entirely unconvincing. "You know it was for tonight," she said. "You just forgot, that's all."

"If I've made a mistake," he said, "I'm sorry, Carla. I apologize."

He looked sorry and anxious. "Well, it's not too late," he said. "There's a very good little place, just opened. They have a show there—"

The telephone rang. "Excuse me just a moment," he said, and went to answer it.

"Oh!" he said. "Oh, hello . . . Yes. Yes. I know, but I've just got in. No, just now. Haven't had time to get my coat off . . . Yes, I know I said I'd ring up at seven-thirty, but I couldn't . . . I'm sorry but I've just got in . . . No, I didn't forget . . ."

Choose from this
FREE BOOK
of
Hand Knitted Designs
WITH LATEST KNITTING NEWS



Wool KNITTEDS

The above is Leaflet
No. 676 from "Knitting
News"



LAVENDA
Super Botany
FINGERING

Instructions for all designs
pictured in "Knitting News" are
available at your favourite Wool
Counter, price 5 cents each.

* **LAVENDA**
* **NURSERY**
* **POPLAR**
*(Non-Shrink)

MADE IN ENGLAND
Sole agents
HENDERSON & SMYTH LTD., MONTREAL

LISTER WOOLS
Dept. 6,
P.O. Box 1, Station B, Montreal.
Please send me FREE my personal copy of "Knitting
News" together with samples of Lister Wools.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

saved His Majesty's courts an immense amount of trouble and expense. On the whole, under the circumstances and after due consideration—

He went on in well-rounded periods for some time.

Mr. Findlater nudged Biff-Janey. "You don't happen to see Miss Elinor anywhere abouts, do you?" he asked.

She shook her head. She hadn't dared look for her. She hadn't even looked at David. But she knew where he was sitting. She felt him as a blind man feels the warmth of a fire. Now she glanced across the court at him. He was sitting with Lady Flavia, who bore herself with a sort of inconspicuous pride and confidence. From time to time she and Hedgy had exchanged glances—little affectionate signals of reassurance. They had weathered bad times before. They would weather this too.

"No—I don't," Biff-Janey said.

"Did you expect to see her?"

"Of course, I did. They're engaged, aren't they?"

"Sure. But she's not here. And I knew she wouldn't be. I made a bet with Ma about it—"

"You mean—" Suddenly Biff-Janey flared up. "Why, if she's that sort—"

"Sure, she is. And her father too. I'll tell you something, my girl—"

"Order in court!" an usher said.

And now Biff-Janey kept her eyes on David. His were fixed on a point just above her head. His arms were folded. He was defying her. But it was no good. She was too strong for him. His eyes dropped. They stared at each other bleakly. But she saw the blood rise. She knew how he hated himself for blushing. She looked generously away from him. She was half-blind anyway. For she'd seen what all this meant to him. He had lost everything. Or he thought he had. He thought he had to begin all over again—right from the very start. But it wasn't true. Nothing began today. It began way back—on the terrace of a Chinese monastery.

"—an old and honored name," his lordship was saying.

"If these two didn't turn up," Findlater hissed, "I promised Ma I'd tell you. It was her father put Lord John into this rotten business. He wanted a ducal son-in-law, but on a good cash basis. You'll see—"

"The sentence of the court," his lordship concluded, "—is six months in the First Division."

Lord John made a bewildered gesture.

"Of course—how to your lordship's decision. But consider the sentence—quite inadequate."

"The prisoner," his lordship remarked coldly, "is not expected to make a speech."

The warder touched Hedgy on the arm. Lady Flavia stood up and waved a scarf at him. Suddenly all the spectators were on their feet waving and cheering. Even the sharp-faced gentlemen at counsel's table looked on amiably. The police pretended to be indignant, and Lord John disappeared hastily into the depths again. The cheering spread like wildfire to the street. But by the time Biff-Janey found herself outside the crowd had disappeared. It had surged round to

☆ Continued on page 50

"Dainty girls win out"



says
**DOROTHY
LAMOUR**

PARAMOUNT STAR

**DAINTINESS IS A
CHARM THAT
ALWAYS WINS. NO
SMART GIRL
NEGLECTS IT**



**A LUX TOILET SOAP
BEAUTY BATH IS
THE BEST WAY I
KNOW TO INSURE
DAINTINESS**



**ACTIVE LATHER
MAKES YOU SURE
— LEAVES SKIN
REALLY SWEET
— DELICATELY
FRAGRANT!**

Hollywood's beauty bath makes you sure of daintiness. Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather carries away from the pores stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Other lovely screen stars such as Bette Davis, Irene Dunne, Joan Blondell tell you that they use Lux Toilet Soap as a bath soap, too, because it leaves skin smooth and fragrant. You'll love this way of insuring daintiness! You'll love Lux Toilet Soap's Whipped Cream Lather, too.



The Soap with the
Whipped Cream Lather

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Do they say of you....

"She's 40 and looks it"

or—"She's 40 and looks 25!"



Don't let your skin make you look older than you are...give it a new chance with these Milk of Magnesia creams... the Milk of Magnesia acts on the excess acid accumulations.

HOW to help ward off premature age signs... how to keep skin fresh, supple, younger-looking. Women have discovered a convincing new answer to this old question.

It's Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams!

How they act. You know, of course, how Milk of Magnesia helps an internal condition of excess gastric acidity. In just the same way, these remarkable Milk of Magnesia Creams act on the external acid accumulations on the skin.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM. Does your skin seem "acid" to you? Is it losing its firmness, its smoothness? Are blemishes developing—enlarged pores, oily shine, blackheads, or dry, scaly rough-

ness? Help it resist these faults through the beneficial action of this Milk of Magnesia cream!

In addition to Milk of Magnesia, Phillips' Texture Cream also contains cholesterol which retains moisture and so helps to keep your skin youthfully soft, supple, pliable.

A unique foundation. Because the Milk of Magnesia prepares the skin—smoothing away roughness and freeing it from oiliness, your powder and rouge go on as smooth as silk and last for hours.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM. This is a different kind of cleansing cream, too! The Milk of Magnesia not only removes surface dirt, but penetrates the pores, neutralizing excess fatty acid accumulations as it cleans.

PHILLIPS' milk of Magnesia CREAMS

Cleansing Cream **Only 75¢ a jar**

Texture Cream

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER!

CHAS. H. PHILLIPS, 1019 Elliott St. W., Windsor, Ont.
I enclose 10¢ for a postpaid trial jar of each of your two creams. A-210

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

"Well you see," he said, "this isn't a game with me. I don't want to hold out on you. I don't want to bluff. When you feel like I do, you don't mind showing your hand. I just want you to know I love you."

She was astounded, amazed, unable to speak. And she was beginning to cry. She squeezed her eyes shut, but that didn't stop the tears.

"Pete . . . I don't know what to say . . ."

"You don't have to say anything," he answered. "I just want you to know, that's all. Kind of nice to know when somebody thinks a lot of you."

"Pete, I'm so sorry . . ."

"Isn't a single thing to be sorry about," he said. "No strings to what I said. If you think maybe you'd like to see me again, any time, go around with me now and then, and sort of see how it works out, I'd be darn glad to take the chance. If it didn't work out, well . . ."

She pushed back her chair and rose, went over to the window and stood there, with tears running down her face.

"Want me to take you home, Carla?" he asked.

SHE COULDN'T answer. Don't be a fool! she told herself. Pete's practically

a stranger. You don't really know him. You thought, even a little while ago, that you were in love with Duncan, and you were wrong about that. Don't be a fool!

No! Be cautious and calculating, and play the game. Pete put all his cards on the table. He just said—he loved me—with no strings to it. If that's being a fool . . .

She turned to face him.

"I don't want to go home, Pete. I want to eat—this gorgeous dinner. I want to talk to you, Pete—and get to know you better."

He didn't try to hide the delight he felt. He was standing, with one hand on the back of his chair, looking at her as if she were a wonder, a marvel. And that made her feel like a sweet, lovely girl.

"Pete," she said, "I think I'm going to like you."

He gave a great sigh. "Well," he said, "I've certainly tried this evening to be attractive."

She laughed, and so did he. He brought her chair for her, and as she sat down, she took his big hand and gave it a squeeze.

"This is certainly cosy, Pete!" she said.

"It certainly is," he said. ☆

Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 16

the decorum suitable to a grave occasion. The mere people looked ashamed of themselves.

But when the Rolls-Royce drove up and disgorged Mr. and Mrs. Findlater, and then unexpectedly Biff-Janey, the crowd almost got out of hand. Several large policemen had to make way for her, saying, "Now then! Now then!" with paternal severity tempered by a vast toleration for human weakness. They knew Biff-Janey too. A sergeant who took her by the arm was an old friend of Sergeant Stokes and enquired after him and saw to it that she and Mr. and Mrs. Findlater found places in the already congested courtroom.

Lord John had just emerged from his subterranean quarters into the dock. A policeman who had come up with him offered him a chair, but he said politely he preferred to stand. He believed it was customary. The usher banged the floor with his wand and shouted an authoritative announcement, and everybody stood up. A little old gentleman in a magnificent red gown and a full-bottomed wig, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in full regalia, and two other gentlemen in morning dress, came in and took their places on the dais. The bewigged, black-gowned counsel who had been fluttering about the well of the court like nervous rather irascible birds came to rest. Everybody bowed. His lordship bowed. He glanced at the prisoner in the dock, who bowed too. His lordship made a faint inclination of the head which you could interpret any way you pleased. But everybody knew that he and Lord John hunted with the same pack.

Then the court sat down. His lordship sniffed delicately at the old-fashioned bouquet which had been placed in front of him. As quite a number of Lord John's friends and

neighbors had come up in their best clothes to lend him support, the proceedings took on the appearance of a rather formal gathering in his honor.

It had been a short trial. Since Lord John had pleaded guilty to everything the prosecution had been pleased to suggest, the prosecuting counsel, Mr. Aldous Avery, K.C., found himself in the unusual position of having very little to say. And even that much, in view of the jury's rather hostile attitude, had to be said more in sorrow than in anger. He had risen to something more like his normal style when dilating on men with influence and no brains allowing themselves to be used as bait to catch a guileless public. And Lord John said, "Hear! Hear!" so loudly that his lordship had to reprove him.

"Apologize, m' lud," Hedgway said. "But counsel's right. Absolutely."

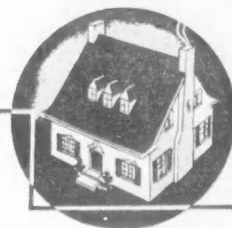
His own counsel was a newly fledged young barrister who, in his nervous amazement at figuring in an important case, dropped his brief under the table and stammered badly. But as he had no case worth talking about it didn't matter. The fact, however, that Lord John had refused expensive legal assistance, had made an enormous hit with the jury. As they trooped into their places they looked at the prisoner with shamefaced contrition. He held himself at attention.

"Guilty, m' lud, with strong recommendation to mercy. We feel—"

IT SEEMED that a jury had no business to feel anything. M' lud adjusted his wig and avoided the prisoner's eye. He was understood to say that he approved the verdict and had to add that much as he condemned and regretted the prisoner's incompetence and foolishness, he had behaved in a manly, forthright manner which had

YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

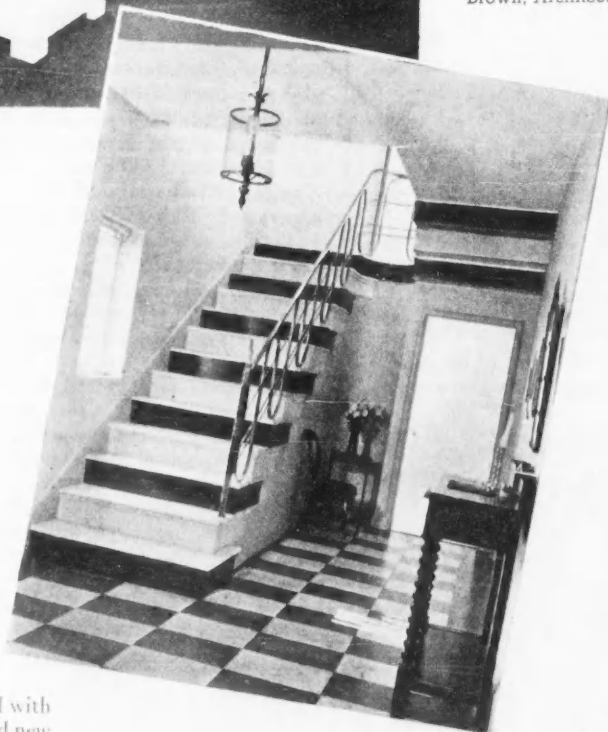


A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE
PLANNING, DECORATING
AND FURNISHING



The success of this room is built up by the clever placement of unit furniture. The inset mirror over fireplace is a clever architectural touch. (Allward and Gouinlock, Architects.)

This delightful staircase gains its distinction by black and white stairs and metal balustrading of modern design. (Murray Brown, Architect.)



1940 Is a Good Year To Build!

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

ARE YOU one of those who have been deluged with suggestions for making your long-anticipated new home a really practical yet inviting place in which to live and work? If so it is small wonder that you have become confused when deciding what you want. Sifting the many ideas and plans to suit individual requirements is, I know, a most trying experience for the best of us.

But have you ever thought that your own personality provides the key to the whole vexing problem of building a new home? Architects today are of the opinion that the home of tomorrow will mirror the personality of the owner. Why shouldn't it? The home is the only place that is definitely yours, where you may be as original as you please at all times.

Of course, good architecture alone cannot ensure successful home ownership. Well-designed houses can be jerry-built—just as well-built houses may be ugly—and consequently not worth their cost.

Nevertheless you can obtain greater values and advantages—such as materials, standard of construction and modern conveniences—in houses of today than in those which were built one or two decades ago. Previously, there was no air conditioning—no insulation—very little automatic equipment. Kitchens were poorly arranged with few cabinets and small storage space. Many houses rarely had more than one bathroom and had no lavatory basin.

Whereas today the home is packed with labor-saving, comfort-giving features. Kitchens are scientifically planned to contain the most modern equipment. There

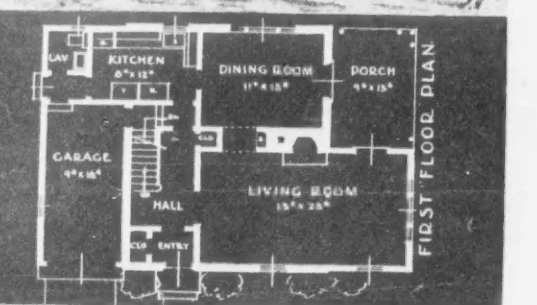
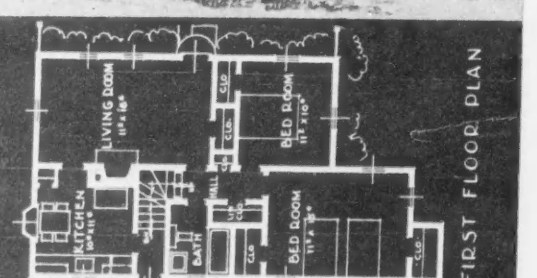
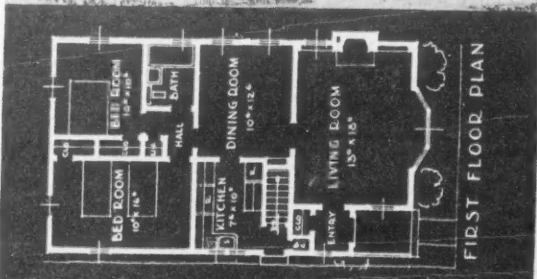
are enough bathrooms. Walls and roofs are insulated. Windows and doors are weather-stripped. Heating is automatic. Air conditioning is often included. All water pipes are of rust-resistant copper or brass. Floor space is conserved and maintenance costs have been greatly reduced.

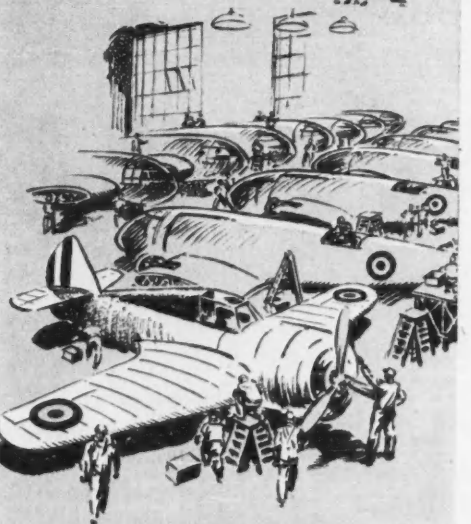
CONTRAST the old method of home financing with that of the National Housing Act which requires an original equity of only twenty to thirty per cent and guarantees 100 per cent equity within a period not exceeding twenty years.

In the case of low-cost homes, costing \$2,500 or less, the first mortgage loan may be for an amount as high as ninety per cent of valuation, which means that those who wish to own homes of a value of \$2,500 or less can do so by providing an amount equal to ten per cent.

I know that there are many readers who are considering building a new home. Therefore, it is opportune to call attention to some vital things well worth your serious consideration. The site or lot is the first thing to consider, and no house

The three houses and plans at right are excellent examples of homes designed for modern living. Architects: Miller, Martin and Lewis (top), Royal Barry Wills (centre), R. A. Gallimore (bottom). The second floor plans of the bottom house are shown on next page.





A Call TO SERVICE on the Economic Front

"Materials and money count for so much in this war that a resolute, loyal and enthusiastic economic front line may be the determining factor."

W. L. Mackenzie King
MINISTER OF FINANCE.

To your restless question "When can I help win this war?" — the answer is NOW. The Government of the Dominion of Canada has announced the First War Loan. The purpose of this Loan is to provide money to carry on the war, not only on the battlefields, but all along the Economic Front.

Let us explain what the Economic Front means. It means a war in which the entire natural, industrial and financial resources of the country are used to defeat the enemy. It means a "total war" in which every citizen takes a part, in which his personal resources must support those of the Nation.

In such a war, one of the chief weapons is money. Where is this money to come from? There is only one answer. It must come — and come voluntarily — from the savings of our people. The difference between us and the Germans is that we, of our own free will, *lend* our money — it is not ruthlessly taken away.

This is your opportunity to do your part in this struggle against Hitlerism. The eyes of the world are upon you, upon Canada, one of the strongest members of the British Commonwealth. Canadians must show that their strength, their courage and their resources are all in this fight against "brute force, bad faith, injustice, aggression and persecution."

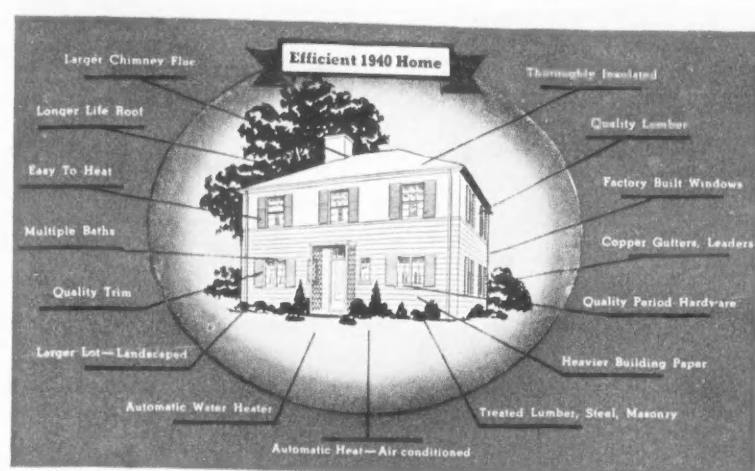
The news of the success of this Loan must go ringing round the world.

Buy War Loan Bonds. They have the proven safety and salability of Dominion of Canada obligations. Any Investment Dealer or Chartered Bank will take your subscription. The quicker the economic war is won, the greater will be the saving of human lives . . . the swifter the collapse of the enemy.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA



MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT FOR FREEDOM



Provision is necessary for gas or electrically operated equipment such as illuminated house number, range, refrigerator, washing machine, ironer and electric clock. Also, for sun lamp, electric razor, radio, lighting fixtures, toaster, percolator, water and unit heaters, kitchen ventilating fan, and anything else that you may think of.

Night lighting in the baseboard of bedrooms and the strings of stairs prevents accidents.

Telephone service in rooms where needed should be provided with the necessary outlets.

Fire-resisting shingles could be of asbestos; lightweight sheet copper is also being used.

THE HEATING system should be capable of providing an inside temperature of seventy degrees Fahrenheit. The equipment can be of an oil-burning type which circulates hot water by means of a small electric pump and is

fitted with thermostatic control. Air-conditioning units also could be installed. As an alternative, a gas-burning hot air furnace equipped with fan, filter and humidifying device can be used. This equipment eliminates the danger of drawing gas from the furnace in case of leakage.

Copper tubing for hot and cold water services, and copper silicon manganese alloy hot water tank and heaters, are essential for prevention of rust corrosion.

The bath should have a flat bottom to ensure non-slipping, wide outside rim to sit on, and a raised guard to prevent water seeping between wall and bath. The lavatory basin is better with a single control panel and the toilet of the quiet operating type.

For the kitchen, equipment should be streamlined—no open plumbing pipes. Cupboards and cabinets built so that they can be reached without tearing one's arm out of its socket, and good lighting and ventilation provided.

Painters for the Home

Two coats of a quick-drying varnish, the kind made of synthetic resin, will give a durable water-resistant finish.

☆☆

If you are contemplating building a closet for the storage of clothes, do not overlook the fact that the door should be fitted with metal weatherstrips.

☆☆

Automatic water heaters enable you to draw a tubful of water at any temperature you wish, any time you want it.

☆☆

Brown stains can be removed from baking dishes by soaking them in a strong solution of borax and water overnight.

☆☆

A good vinegar rinse helps rid the chopper of fish odors.

☆☆

Simplified Chippendale mirrors, in maple, pine or mahogany, are very appropriate and form harmonious backgrounds in the early colonial or Cape Cod cottage type of home.

☆☆

Where there is a space between two windows, a mirror will relieve the dull



Straightforward arrangement for a living room corner. (Saunders and Ryrie, Architects).

surface and give the illusion of greater space in the room. By placing a table under the mirror, with a bowl of flowers a decorative effect can be achieved.

☆☆

Paraffin, rubbed in the grooves of windows, will ease sashes that move with difficulty. When a window is badly stuck through tight fitting or warping, refit it by planing.

☆☆

Many furniture manufacturers today are guaranteeing veneers not to peel. These veneers are bonded with resin plastic in hot presses. The plastics are waterproof; and are good for modern round corners where the veneer needs a secure bond.

☆ More pointers on page 47

This 60-Page, 10¢ "BEST SELLER" tells all about...

Home Remodelling and Building



—with fireproof, wear-proof Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles outside... beautiful, modern J-M Insulating Board and Asbestos Wallboards inside

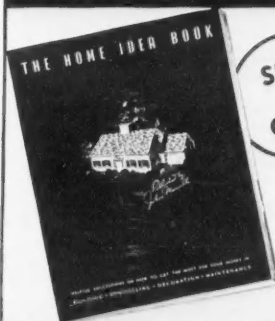
OVER 500,000 home-owners have sent for this 60-page Johns-Manville "Home Idea Book"! The reason is, it answers all the questions and problems that face the home-owner who is planning to remodel or build... tells how to protect against fire, weather and wear with J-M Asbestos Roofing and Siding Shingles... how to modernize the kitchen and bathroom with J-M Asbestos Flex-board and Wainscoting... how to "fix up" the basement and attic as attractive extra rooms with economical J-M Insulating Board products. In addition, the "Home Idea Book" explains the government-sponsored financing plans for building and remodeling; contains articles on room arrange-

ments, floor plans, color and decoration... and a "portfolio" of new house plans. Mail coupon for your copy today, enclosing 10¢ to cover cost of handling and postage.



THIS CHARMING ROOM was once a dingy basement. See what a difference Johns-Manville Insulating Board made when applied to walls and ceilings! The "Home Idea Book" tells how you can have a room like this at low cost.

Gives Complete Facts on Architectural Styles, Floor Plans, Interiors, Color and Decoration, Home Insulation, Modernization, and Low-Cost Government-Sponsored Financing Plans



SEND 10¢ ONLY

Dept. CH-402,
Canadian Johns-Manville,
Toronto 6, Ontario.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or coin for my copy of "The Home Idea Book." I am planning to ☐ build, ☐ remodel. I am especially interested in ☐ Home Insulation. ☐ Insulating Board for extra rooms, ☐ Asbestos Shingle Roof, ☐ Asbestos Siding Shingles.

Name.....
Address.....

JOHNS - MANVILLE

BUILDING MATERIALS





It made *angels* out of four dirty boys!



Here's help for mothers
whose children balk at cleaning
the bathtub.

"As you know four boys can bring in a great deal of dirt," writes Mrs. H. G. Smalling.* "I've taught the family that after every bath or washing—Bon Ami rubbed over the tub or sink keeps it always immaculate—it also keeps porcelain so smooth that no cracks are formed to catch and hold the dirt.

Nothing like it!

"I've been using Bon Ami for the past 16 years," Mrs. Smalling adds, "with an occasional try at 'something new,' but I haven't yet found a substitute for it."

*Her original letter is in our files.

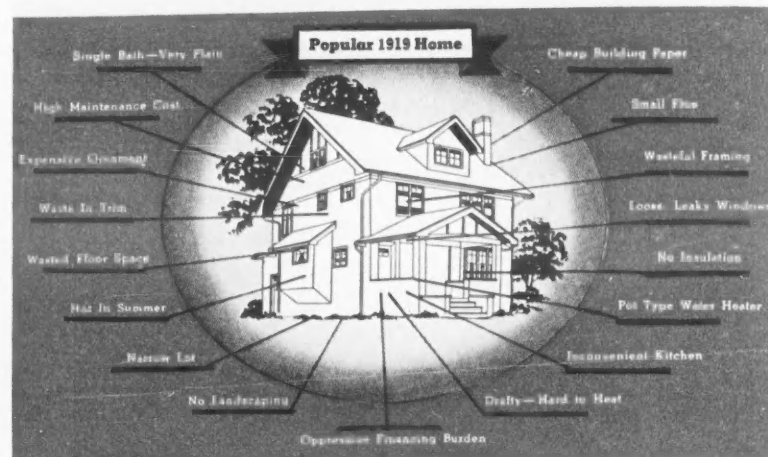
How to make bathtub cleaning easy!

1. Always keep Bon Ami in the bathroom.
2. Show your family how *quickly* anyone can clean up with it.
3. Make sure it's *Bon Ami*. Because Bon Ami cleans easily—gives a bright polish—never scratches—and rinses away completely.



Bon Ami

*saves time...lightens work
...doesn't redden hands!*



should be planned unless you have a definite lot in mind. A house that is beautiful in one setting may be uninteresting or impractical in another of different shape and character.

When you have made up your mind where you want to live, take into consideration the community and be assured that it is progressive, well maintained and reasonably restricted. A site in a settled community is generally free from future assessment for public utilities such as sewer, water, gas and electric services or other improvements. All of which means that you can study the trend of developments to avoid establishing your home in a neighborhood of depreciating character.

Transportation, local shopping, educational and recreational facilities should always be easily accessible.

PLANNING for new homes in the lower cost bracket, the regularly shaped plot and square-planned house is more economical than those of many quirks, angles and what not. Also the lay of the land should be taken into consideration, whether it is level or sloping, high and dry or low and wet, because it is costly to level and grade a sloping lot; that low wet ground usually means additional expense for waterproofing the foundation; and it costs more to excavate rocks than soft dirt.

The lot and house should be correlated, since the orientation determines not only the position of the house, but to a large extent the room arrangement as well.

When considering the plan of the house, remember that as the house

planning of a house is more than drawing lines on paper. It consists in "living" in the house in advance of its being built. The living room is for relaxation and entertainment, and there should be space for sufficient furniture grouped in a hospitable manner. The dining space, whether it be a separate room, alcove, or just part of the living room, should be directly accessible from the kitchen. The kitchen should be as compact and as efficient as possible and cross-ventilated to provide a change of air during cooking periods. Since the kitchen is the most highly concentrated room of the house, space and equipment should be provided for the receiving, storing, preparing, cooking and serving of food.

The upper hall should provide access to all bedrooms in the most direct manner possible. At least one bathroom should be directly accessible from the hall. Bedrooms should have cross-ventilation whenever possible. A generous amount of closet space should be provided throughout the house.

ECONOMIES can be effected by adopting the square, compact type of plan, with all hall and passage space reduced to a minimum. Long halls are always undesirable. Important savings in costs can be effected by ordering framing lumber in stock lengths and by establishing room sizes accordingly.

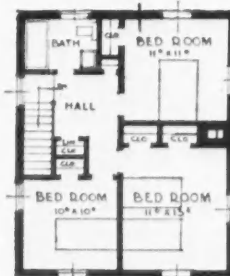
The foundation must be waterproof, either with asphalt, sheet copper or one of many waterproof compounds. Good quality texture and color for face brick for exterior walls should be used.

Floors of rooms must be sound-deadened and floors of basement and garage waterproofed.

Built-in cupboards of plywood and white pine make a good job.

Double glazed windows eliminate the necessity of storm windows. Copper weather stripping on windows and floors will prevent heated air leakage and cold air draughts, and copper mesh insect screens fixed on outside doors and windows, are essential for fly or mosquito control. Mineral wool, gypsum and insulation board are suitable for insulating walls and roof. Moisture-resistant finish for bathrooms and kitchens will save maintenance cost.

Paint for exterior work should be selected on the basis of protection against atmosphere and climatic conditions, and that for interior work to resist abrasive action of cleaning compounds.



Second-floor plan for house on previous page

grows smaller in size, variations in plan become fewer. However, variations can be made by orientation of the house, placing of the bedrooms, bathrooms, stairs and hall, and the varying of relative sizes of the main rooms.

Never lose sight of the fact that the

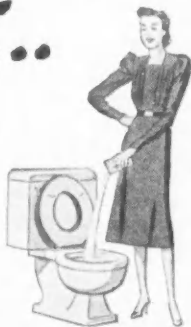


STYLES CHANGE

• When Sani-Flush was introduced, 28 years ago, dresses hung low, and hair was piled high. This odorless chemical compound freed women of a disagreeable task. It took all the work and muss out of cleaning toilets.

But...

• Although many things have changed, Sani-Flush has not. It is still the easiest and best known way to keep toilets clean and sanitary. Use it twice a week. Cannot injure plumbing connections. (Also effective for cleaning out automobile radiators.) See directions on the can. Sold everywhere. 15c and 30c sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS
WITHOUT SCOURING

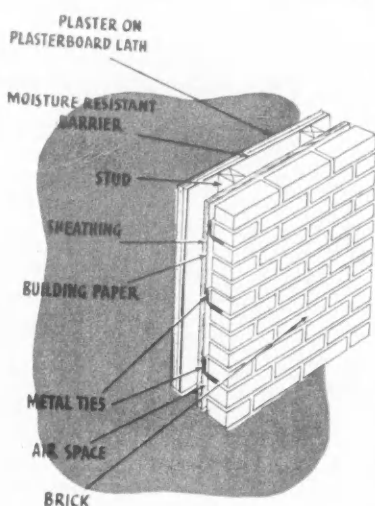


**But you must
clean it with "Goddard's"**

If you wish to keep the surface of your silverware perfect with the minimum of effort you must use "Goddard's" Plate Powder or Liquid Polish. It is surprising what little effort this smearless polish requires, and even more surprising the way in which "Goddard's" distinguishes between tarnish and the precious metal itself. You can use it with the utmost confidence.

"Goddard's"
Plate Powder or Liquid Polish
IN BOXES IN TINS
famous for 100 years

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
J. Goddard & Sons, Ltd., Leicester, England
AGENTS
W. G. Patrick & Co. Ltd., Toronto
Watson & Truesdale, Winnipeg



Detail of good construction for brick veneer.

prevent swelling and warping, which generally causes plaster cracks.

All kitchens, toilets, bathrooms and nurseries should be acoustically treated for deadening sound. If any reader wants to know how to do this, we shall be only too pleased to send a blueprint, showing full details. Incidentally, acoustic tile ceiling is a refinement worth while in any home.

Insulating board and gypsum lath lessen cost in labor and have many advantages over wood lath. Never apply wall paper over new plaster until it is dried out, unless the wall is first covered with cotton. Many of you have probably wondered, from time to time, why there are what is known in the trade as skin cracks in the plaster, and how they could be avoided. Cotton will do the trick.

Where structural glass, or plastic, is used for walls and fireplaces, it must be very carefully installed on mastic cement, and the base upon which it is affixed bone dry and rigid. If this is not done, then you are in for trouble.

Next month floors, trims, finishes hardware, heating will be dealt with.

Pointers for the Home

To repair a leak in a glass fish aquarium, make a mixture of litharge with spar varnish, to the consistency of thick putty. This will become very hard, will not crumble and will not leak.

☆☆

A chimney should be examined once or twice a year, and when it shows signs of heavy deposits of soot, it is then time to clean it.

☆☆

Dusty amethyst paint can be made with white, rose madder, ultramarine blue and royal umber.

☆☆

Bedheads for modern beds are being surfaced with blue fabric leather.

☆☆

When painting new woodwork, knots and sap wood should be sealed with shellac before priming.

☆☆

Valleys and chimney stacks should have proper flashings, the former not less than fifteen inches wide, and wider where necessary to avoid leaks from driving rains. ☆

IT DISSOLVES IN A JIFFY
— BURSTS INTO A MASS
OF RICH SUDS



New Rinso Washes Dirtiest Clothes Snowy White

GOODNESS! THE **NEW RICHER RINSO** GIVES UP TO 3 TIMES
AS MUCH SUDS AS THOSE OLD-
TYPE SOAPS I'VE USED



CLICK

AND LOOK AT THESE LINENS!
AS MUCH AS **TEN SHADES**
WHITER THAN LAZY BAR
AND PACKAGE SOAPS EVER
GOT THEM FOR ME

IT'S THE SPECIAL "SUDS-BOOSTER"
IN THE **NEW 1940 RINSO**
THAT MAKES IT MORE ECONOMICAL
THAN EVER



**Just try New, richer Rinso in
tub or washer and dishpan**

SEE HOW New Rinso, with its wonderful "suds-booster", prevents the hard water scum that greys clothes, dulls colours. And remember, if you own a washing machine — Rinso is the *only* soap recommended by the makers of 26 leading washers — not one, not just a few — but 26. The New Rinso is kind to hands. Just try it.

**RINSO
COMES
IN 3 SIZES...
Regular LARGE
GIANT**



It isn't only the dignity of style you'll fall in love with when you see these Imperial Loyalist pieces. It is the rich glow of the Loyalist wood . . . the depth of the finish and the loveliness of the grain . . . and the perfect construction . . . that will make you want to have them . . . and keep them forever and ever! See these qualities in the new Imperial Loyalist gate-leg table and the ladder-back chairs at the better furniture stores.

IMPERIAL LOYALIST

Made in Stratford, Canada, by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

Consider these Advantages of Modern, Low-cost, Non-rust Plumbing

Anaconda Copper Tubes, assembled with solder fittings, cost scarcely more than piping that rusts.

Copper Tubes eliminate rust, the principal cause of plumbing trouble.

Copper Tubes last longer...they look better. They give the most economical service of any material you can use. Why not consult your plumber?

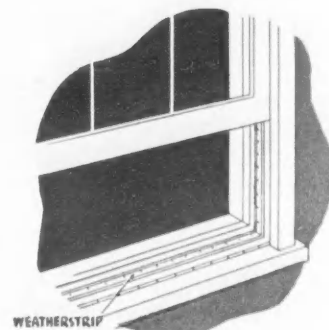
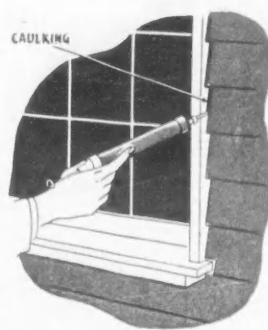
Anaconda
DEOXIDIZED **Copper Tubes**



This FREE Booklet
Tells about non-rust metals for the home. Mail the coupon for your copy.

ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED,
Dept D-9, New Toronto, Ontario.
Please send me your FREE Booklet, "Copper, Brass and Bronze Throughout Your Home."

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....
C-3914-RO



Sound Construction II.

Roofs, Walls and Ceilings

Types of faulty workmanship to be avoided in these vital parts of your house

By EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

LAST MONTH foundations, masonry, exterior walls of stone, brick, tile and lumber and stucco were dealt with. Now let us examine some of the essentials of sound construction for roofs, insulation and finish of walls and ceilings.

Flashings

Faulty flashings in valleys around chimneys and at eaves, have been as much the cause of depreciation as any other fault in house construction. Consequently, efficient roof protection from weather is, in a large measure, governed by flashings, as also the pitch or slope to which the roof is laid.

Flashings of copper or galvanized metal are inserted to prevent leakages at vulnerable spots of the roof. The faults generally to be found are not tucking the flashing through the full width of walls and not extending them far enough up under the roofing material.

Slope of Roof

Unnecessary damage can be caused to the house by the pitch or slope of the roof being faulty. All roofs should be governed by four factors: appearance, climate, nature of the covering and cost.

Wood, asphalt and asbestos shingled roofs should have a pitch of at least six inches to the foot, except on sheds and porches, where it may, if necessary, be reduced to four and one half inches. For clay tile or sheet metal

with unsoldered seams, four inches to the foot is the minimum.

Built-up roofs with tar or asphalt surfaced with gravel, quarry tile, or some other available composition specially designed for the purpose, can be laid to a pitch from one-half inch to two inches to the foot.

Insulation

Every house should be thoroughly insulated if you want it to be a sound investment. Roofs, walls, and floors over unheated spaces should all be insulated. Moisture-resistant barriers should be applied on the inside face of insulation, to prevent damage to inside finish of walls.

If fibre board sheets are used, both sides and edges should be sealed with asphalt. If aluminum foil is used, it is best to have at least two layers with dead air space between.

Copper weather stripping, if placed around all doors and windows, will prevent heat loss and draughty rooms.

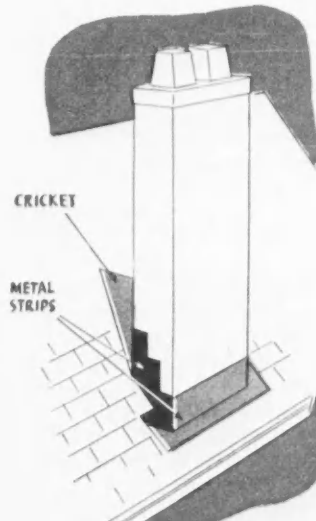
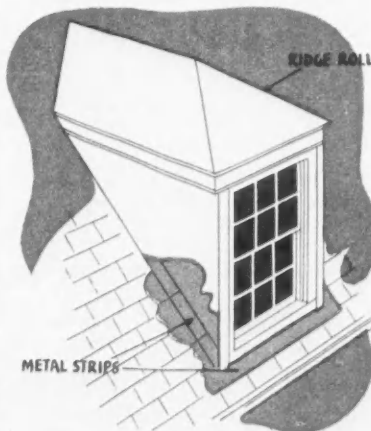
Base for Finish of Walls and Ceiling

Trouble is often caused by faulty base-work for the inside finish of walls.

Where metal lath is used for plastering, it should be lapped at joints and at corners. Metal beads for corners are a necessity.

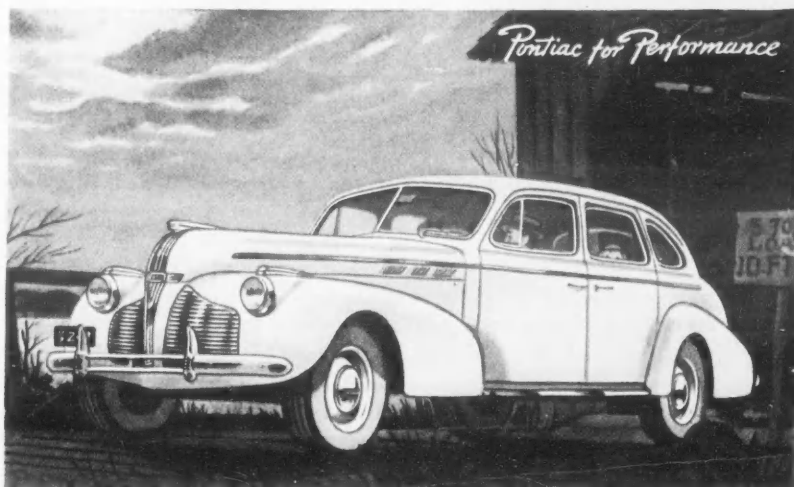
If you intend having the ceiling in the hall vaulted, barrelled or curved, metal lathing is necessary. It will

Flashings at intersections of roof and dormer window (below) and roof and chimney stack (right).





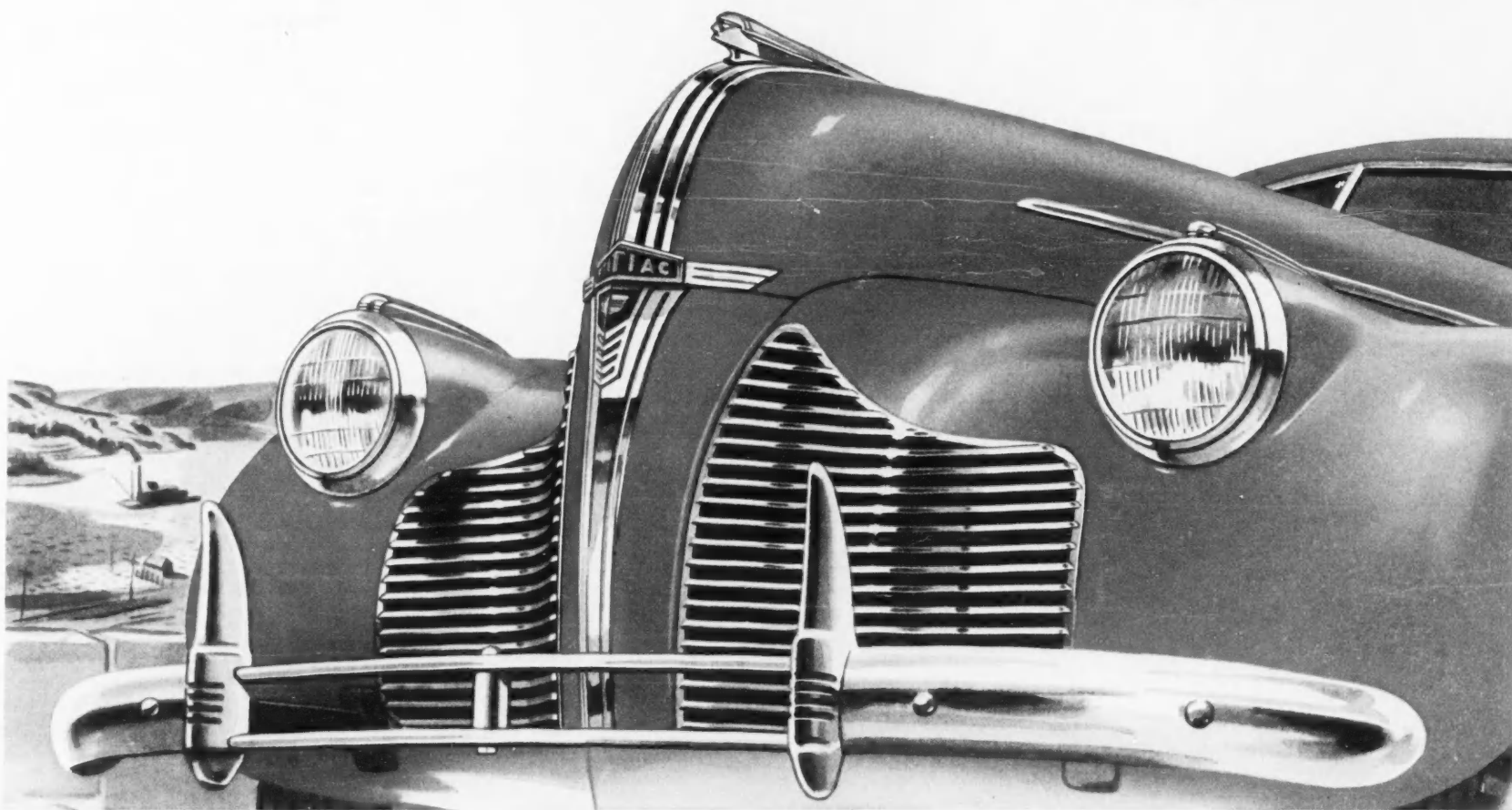
Illustrating the Special Six 4-Door Touring Sedan.



Illustrating the De Luxe Six 4-Door Touring Sedan.

Pontiac

MOVES TO THE HEAD OF THE "CLASS"



WHEN a car as good as Pontiac can be styled to match its in-built quality, it automatically moves to the head of the "class".

That is what happened to Pontiac this year. It *looks* as good as it is! Its impressive beauty and luxury match the excellence of Pontiac engineering and performance. Pontiac presents five great new series — 20 thrifty, new sixes — 7 brilliant new eights

that place Pontiac among the world's finest motor cars. There's a Pontiac to meet your needs and purse *exactly*.

Many people don't appreciate this fact—have not discovered that Pontiac prices start with the lowest—that Pontiac *value* is in a class by itself. But don't *you* be fooled. Even if you have your mind set on the peak of luxury, you'll do well to visit a Pontiac dealer before you make your final decision.

Pontiac is the low-priced car with a fine-car name—and *one* ride behind the wheel will tell you why.

FIVE SERIES: Arrow Six; Special Six; De Luxe Six; De Luxe Eight; Torpedo Eight

Pontiac *for Pride and Performance*

C A N A D A ' S F I N E S T L O W - P R I C E D C A R



Look for the
"Colonial
Girl" Trade
Mark.



Whew!! What a strenuous day! But now . . . click! and the lights go off. You snuggle blissfully between satin-smooth COLONIAL sheets, taut muscles relax and soon you're drifting *luxuriously* into the Land of Nod . . .

"Strange", you murmur sleepily, "that good whitewear feels so restful". Yet COLONIAL sheets and pillow slips are a luxury everyone can afford. The Colonial label covers a wide range of qualities — from sturdy, inexpensive weaves to the finest percale made in Canada. Ask your dealer about them.

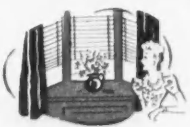
A Product of •DOMINION•TEXTILE•CO. LIMITED



Questions should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for detailed reply.

Question—I have been contemplating redecorating my small kitchen, and my chief desire is to have it done to appear large. The stove being grey and white, I wondered if the lower part of cupboard should be grey and top part white. Woodwork white, walls white, inlaid linoleum grey, blue and a few other bright colors. Curtains one of the bright colors in linoleum, with chairs the same as predominating color in curtains—blue for instance. Please criticize all this, especially the two colors in cupboard. Would the white built-in refrigerator look wrong with the bottom part of cupboard grey? I can never get a nice arrangement for curtains on the window above and to the left of sink: it is such an odd size. Furthermore I have a small ball with polished floor matching living room. I find the floor hard to keep nice. Would it be according to Hoyle to have kitchen linoleum run to outside ball door, or would you make a better suggestion regarding mats or rugs? There is a triple window in the living room in the form of a bay window. How could I put Venetian blinds on it? Would it be all one blind or three blinds?

Answer—I cannot criticize your color scheme for kitchen because I do not think you could improve upon it, except that cupboards, both top and bottom, should be white. As to window above the sink, reglaze it with white double-roll cathedral glass and omit the curtains. This is far more acceptable than attempting to do something which obviously is out of place. Plain blue linoleum in the hall would look well without rug or mat. One Venetian blind should cover the triple window in the living room; three would be fussy and unsatisfactory.



Question — We are going to build a cottage, so for months I have eagerly watched for Chatelaine with the new ideas for the home. I have cut out the items I especially like and pasted them in a scrapbook. Could you send a plan of a cottage—something we can be proud of and that will not go out of style? The cottage is to include living

room, kitchen, breakfast nook, sunroom, two bedrooms and one bathroom; stairs to cellar and also stairs for upstairs in case we may need an extra room, one side or back door, linen and broom closets and plenty of clothes closets for bedroom. Cost \$3,000 to \$3,500. I have seen tiled back entrance; do you approve of this, also tiled sunroom? I thought of inlaid linoleum for sunroom as it will be used as playroom and real knockabout room. I wondered if electric hot-water tank could go in a closet in bathroom.

Answer—I have sent you designs selected from the Dominion Housing Act Minimum Cost House Brochure which will answer your requirements concerning the proposed cottage you have in mind. I approve of tiling for a back entrance. Use linoleum for the sunroom, which would be less dangerous for children in the case of their falling on the floor. There is no objection to an electric hot-water tank being installed in a closet off the bathroom. Your plumber would be able to advise you as regards the best way to have it installed.

Question — We are planning a new home. The living room will be furnished with Loyalist pieces finished in walnut; the upholstery of the settee and one of the chairs will be rust, orange and black, while the other chair will be green and yellow. Am doubtful as to the choice of carpet and draperies; we are not buying curtains. Would you please give us some suggestions? For the dining room, we have six antique chairs in Spanish mahogany, a gate-leg table in walnut and a tea-wagon in walnut. Do you think a Welsh cupboard would be suitable in this room?

Answer—Broadloom putty color carpet covering the floor up to baseboard and natural color monk's cloth drapes carried to floor would be very successful in your living room. You would not be making a mistake in placing a Welsh cupboard in the dining room. In fact it would round out the scheme. ☆



HOUSEKEEPING



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME
MANAGEMENT-Conducted
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.

What do You
Mean by
Balanced
Meals?

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IN PEACE or war, good health is one of Canada's most important resources. For only if we're strong and robust, alert and keen, can we make the greatest contribution in our country's service and welfare.

Right now the men have a job on hand—and you know how they're doing it.

So have the women. Canada calls them to serve on the home front, to stop the gaps in our dietary defenses and to guard the health of the nation. And if I know Canadian women, they can be counted upon.

Chatelaine joins forces with the Canadian Medical Association, the Canadian Council on Nutrition and other groups, to help you work intelligently and effectively in a worthy cause. For this fight for fitness is everybody's war, from the scientists in their laboratories to mothers and housekeepers in their kitchens. We're in it together—and we're on the march.

The new knowledge of nutrition enables us to apply sound dietetic principles to our menu planning and to serve well-balanced meals which promote and maintain the health of our families.

"What do you mean by well-balanced meals?" Simply, meals that provide material for the growth and repair of our bodies, material for heat and energy to do our work, material—the minerals and vitamins—which serves in both a building and protective capacity. Meals built around the essential foods—milk, eggs, meat, vegetables, fruits. Meals consisting of these and other well-selected foods prepared and served in a way to give that enjoyment which aids digestion.

Foods are as varied in their function as they are in their flavor, so taste alone is no sure guide to their dietary value. It depends on the elements in their make-up, and as no food is perfect in all respects, you can see the importance of the combination and the wisdom of a varied diet. They're great on teamwork.

☆ Continued on page 56



GOOD DIET

Depends on meals planned with care to include the food essentials for health, prepared and served in a way to give that enjoyment which aids digestion. Good diet is inexpensive when planned in advance.



POOR DIET

Is haphazard, unattractive and lacking in balance of the materials which provide for the growth and repair of our bodies. Poor diet is an expensive mistake in home management. It results in listlessness and poor health.



FIRST CALL FOR BREAKFAST!
CREAM OF WHEAT!

IT'S FUN TO GET UP—THAT'S WHAT I SAY, WITH CREAM OF WHEAT TO START YOUR DAY.

ALL ABOARD FOR SMOOTH DIGESTION—CREAM OF WHEAT IS MY SUGGESTION.

WHEN AND WHERE WE MEN MEET, THE CALL IS ALWAYS—CREAM OF WHEAT!

CREAM OF WHEAT'S SLICK—MAKES ENERGY QUICK.

AWAY WE GO ON A THRIFTY TRACK—WITH 40 SERVINGS FROM A SINGLE PACK!

STOP PUT CREAM OF WHEAT on your shopping list now . . . then go full speed ahead to your grocer! But be sure you get the genuine Cream of Wheat. It is made in Canada from Canadian wheat . . . comes only in the package shown here. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

"CREAM OF WHEAT" REGISTERED TRADEMARKS
"CREAM OF WHEAT" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CREAM of WHEAT
A BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EASY TO DIGEST

Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 41

the prisoners' exit, whence Lord John would presently depart on his way to Maidstone Gaol. They wanted to give him a last cheer. Just like a first-night crowd, Biff-Janey thought, going round to the stage door, after a flop, just to let you know that it wasn't really your fault and they still loved you and always would whatever sort of mess you made of things.

A champion crowd.

THEN SHE saw David. He was alone. Perhaps Lady Flavia had had permission to see Hedgely for a moment. Perhaps Sam had gone off with her. You never knew what he'd be up to. Biff-Janey went up to David and took him by the arm.

"I want to talk to you," she said.

"We've nothing to talk about."

"Oh yes, we have."

"It's not your business—"

"Oh, yes, it is. You're my business."

"Does Mr. Scofield know? You happen to be engaged?"

"I'm not. You are. But you're not going to be. You're not going to marry that mean, heartless, gutless girl, if I have to strangle her."

"Really—"

But a spark had kindled in his eye. She did not see it. She got into an expectantly waiting taxi and he had no option but to follow her. She gave the order. "Drive into the park."

"What park, miss?"

"Any park. Keep going round in it till I tell you to stop."

"Of all the outrageous, highhanded proceedings—" David began. "And I should like to know what made you show up at all."

"I don't run," she said.

"You upset me. I couldn't get you off my mind."

"If it comes to that, why should you? And you're on mine. You always will be."

The spark had become a fire.

"Perhaps," he said sternly, "it would be a good idea if you told the truth now—for once."

"All right, I will. I love you. If you'd asked me that I couldn't have lied about it."

"I'm asking you now."

"I've told you."

"Say it again. I don't trust you."

"All right. I love you. I love you. I love you—"

"I've never loved anyone else. I told you that before."

"I know you did."

"So you own up. It was true—"

"Of course it was. But I thought—"

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I don't care whether I'm married to you or not. I'm going to be."

She took something out of her bag. It was a little black prayer book. It fell open at the flyleaf on which a date and several names were written. Even in the stress of war, Bert Janeway had written firmly and clearly.

"A wise woman," Biff-Janey said, "carries her marriage lines along with her." ☆

"SUCCESS IS THRILLING - PRAISE IS SURE!"

I AM NEITHER NOVICE NOR EXPERT IN BAKING BUT ALL MY CAKES HAVE THAT SMOOTH 'VELVETY CRUMB'



FOR BETTER CAKE USE SWANS DOWN CAKE FLOUR

● Carefully made from the softest of selected Canadian winter wheat, which contains tender gluten, ground and re-ground, sifted and re-sifted through silk until actually it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Results are sure if you follow directions.

BUY AT TODAY'S LOW PRICE

RECIPES FOR THE 9 MOST POPULAR CAKES ARE ON THE PACKAGE

147 Recipes—Hundreds of Baking Helps in "Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes"

● Today send for "Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes"—a beautiful 48-page book. Contains 147 recipes, 87 interesting illustrations. Explains the *how* and *why* of tender, crisp, golden brown cake as only Kate can do it. Use coupon below.



General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Please send me "Kate Smith's Favorite Recipes". I enclose Swans Down Cake Flour Box Top and 6c in postage stamps.

Name _____

Address _____

510

National strength depends on proper diet

BREAD VIEWED AS BEST SOURCE OF HUMAN FUEL

B*BREAD should and does supply one-quarter of the food energy of Canadians. More than any other single food, it has helped to give Canada a high health record among the nations of the world!*

Called a nearly perfect food, bread is not only a valuable source of carbohydrates. Made with milk, as it usually is today, it is also an important source of protein, equal to meat in muscle-building and muscle repair. It actually speeds digestion.

The Canadian child who eats plenty of

good bread is laying the foundation of future health and fitness. Every Canadian—man or woman—who has tasks that require quick or sustained energy, gets it most cheaply—and deliciously—from bread!

Your baker gives you today a fine loaf, skilfully made from the best ingredients—delightful, wholesome, life-giving bread!

For greater vitality and increased efficiency, eat more of this outstandingly economical, digestible, energy-giving food—and keep fit for the emergencies of present-day life.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health.



BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavour.



Meat upside-down loaf with pineapple garnish is a smart new trick.



The Daily Grind

You can start with minced meat and end up with many scrumptious dishes

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

IN THE beginning of its career minced meat was something in the nature of an expedient, a bit of strategy by which tough cuts were made tender and a dollar was made to go a lot farther. We ate it in the interest of economy. Until we discovered we liked it for its own sake, that it retained the fine flavor of the original meat and that it tasted equally good in any one of a dozen ways. So now we keep the butchers at their daily grind.

Though all meats lend themselves to mincing, beef is the one most used. But as the tender cuts need no improvement on nature, only certain portions, such as the round, neck, flank, shank and trimmings, are ground into subjection to our requirements.

Here's the starting point; the rest is up to the cook. You can serve a dull dish from it, or you can have a perfectly scrumptious flavor, depending on what ingredients you put with it and what ingenuity you apply to seasoning the combination. You can work within the limit of two or three forms of service and run the danger of monotony, or you can vary the theme no end, thereby adding to the interest of your menus while subtracting from their cost.

It's a good idea to run to ground for your main course when a simple but flavorful dish is the end in view. Try it in any of the following ways and see if you don't agree with me.

Meat Loaves—A never-fail proposition as they are so easy to make and so popular with the family. Delicious when served piping hot with gravy or sauce. And almost equally as good when cold with a salad or hot vegetable accompaniment or in the middle of a sandwich. They can be baked in a casserole or in a shallow baking pan, and they're capable of as many variations as a swing band. Chopped onion, parsley, ketchup, H.P., Worcestershire and other condiment sauces, diced fresh, or cooked vegetables, horseradish, mustard and different

herbs, are appropriate additions—not all in one loaf, but in whatever combination develops the flavor you're after.

One or more varieties of meat may be used—all beef, beef and pork, or beef and liver in about the proportion of "one horse, one rabbit." It may or may not include bread or biscuit crumbs, may profit by an egg to bind the mixture, and perhaps a little tomato juice or soup to moisten.

They needn't all be loaf shape, for you can do stunts to give them variety of form as well as flavor. Here is one in a ring mold, the centre filled with fluffy mashed potatoes. Or you can pat it out in an inch-deep oblong, cover with a potato and pea soup stuffing, spread and roll up like a jelly roll before cooking. Delicious and very attractive when sliced. Or use a savory bread stuffing in the centre of your meat for a new and interesting variation.

Patties—Sometimes made with meat simply seasoned with salt and pepper and patted into shape. But often supported by other ingredients and given distinctive flavor by different condiments. May be plain or wrapped in bacon to dress them up a bit. Or capped with tomato slices, then broiled, served on or under onion rings, accompanied by smooth, tangy sauces, or otherwise transformed into ☆ *Continued on page 58*

Teach her THE FAMILY BAKING TRADITION *Early!*

For light, tender cakes she too will depend on MAGIC!

MOST little girls begin when very young to take an interest in cake making.

When this happens in your house, get out your tin of Magic Baking Powder, and show your child how to make a cake worthy of your family baking tradition. She should learn at the very start why you and "Grannie" *always* depend on MAGIC for light, tender cakes.

Three generations of Canadian housewives have preferred MAGIC for its pure, wholesome ingredients and full leavening power. They know they can count on it for finer flavored, finer textured cakes

... Cakes so deliciously light and fluffy, they "melt in your mouth."

Leading cookery experts use and recommend MAGIC because of its pure, wholesome ingredients and its uniformly *sure* results. And MAGIC'S dependability makes it the favorite baking powder of 3 out of 4 Canadian housewives. They praise its economy too—enough for an average baking costs less than 1¢! Ask for Magic Baking Powder today—and teach your child to ask for it!

FREE COOK BOOK! If you bake at home use the new Magic Cook Book. Over 300 recipes. Address—Gillett Products, Fraser Ave., Toronto, 2.

MADE IN CANADA



MEALS of the MONTH

Twenty-nine
Menus for
FEBRUARY

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
1	Tomato Juice Cereal Marmalade Tea	Oyster Stew Crackers Apple, Banana and Nut Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Hamburger Patties on Onion Slices Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Blancmange with Red Jelly Coffee Tea	16	Tomato Juice Cereal Jelly Toasted Rolls Coffee Tea
2	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Brown Bread Canned Peaches Tea Cocoa	Fish Pudding Spinach Baked Potato Slices Johnny Cake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	17	Stewed Figs Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea
3	Apple Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Vegetable Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Syrup Johnny Cake (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Veal Cutlet Parsley Potatoes Carrots Floating Island Coffee Tea	18 (Sunday)	Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea
4 (Sunday)	Half-Grapefruit Waffle or Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Parsley or Mushroom Omelet Green Salad Chocolate Layer Cake Ginger Ale or Milk Drink	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnips Cranberry Tart Pie Coffee Tea	19	Cereal with Raisins Toast Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea
5	Cereal with Dates Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Salmon Loaf with Egg Sauce Cole Slaw Canned Pineapple Tea Cake Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Apple Tapioca Coffee Tea	20	Apple Sauce Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Tea
6	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Curried Left-over Beef with Rice Stewed Apples Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Green Beans Fruit Jelly Coffee Custard Sauce Tea	21	Orange Juice Cereal Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea
7	Stewed Apples (from Tuesday) Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Sausages Sauerkraut Bran Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Baked Stuffed Potatoes with Cheese Scalloped Tomatoes Buttered Peas Butterscotch Nut Pudding Coffee Tea	22	Apricots Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea
8	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions Muffins (from Wednesday) Prune and Peanut Butter Salad Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew Dumplings Shredded Lettuce and Raw Carrot Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea	23	Apple Juice Cereal Coffee Cake Jelly Tea
9	Stewed Prunes French Toast Syrup Coffee Tea	Mushroom Soup Sardine Salad Sliced Bananas Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fish Cakes Caper Sauce Potato Chips Shredded Cabbage Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	24	Orange Halves Creamed Left-over Cod on Toast Coffee Tea
10	Cereal Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Brown Bread Dill Pickles Canned Cherries Tea Cocoa	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Baked Apples Minced Meat Stuffing Coffee Tea	25 (Sunday)	Half Grapefruit Waffles Bacon Coffee Syrup Tea
11 (Sunday)	Cranberry Juice Cereal Omelet Jelly Toast Coffee Tea	Jellied Vegetable Salad Hot Rolls Individual Hot Mince Tarts Cheese Tea Cocoa	Roast Chicken Riced Potatoes Parsnips Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	26	Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea
12	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken Soufflé Celery Fruit Cup Tea Cheese Straws Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Potato Cakes Brussels Sprouts Baked Indian Pudding Coffee Tea	27	Stewed Prunes Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea
13	Grapefruit Juice Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Tea	Barley Broth Potato Salad Egg Garnish Strawberry Jelly Whip Wafers Tea Cocoa	Rolls Lamb Shoulder Browned Potatoes Creamed Celery Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	28	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea
14	Apple Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Tea	Baked Corn Pudding with Bacon Curds Hard Rolls Canned Plums Tea Cocoa	Pea Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Savory Rice Green Beans Steamed Date Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	29	Orange Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Tea
15	Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Parsley Sauce Waldorf Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Caramel Tapioca Coffee Tea		

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances
 Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

The Doctor's Party

Continued from page 7

a very poor husband, I'm afraid."

"The way it's turned out, I suppose it's just as well," Annie had decided. "She's makin' a good match tomorrow with that rich Laurence Staples from Montreal. I'll be glad to see her married off well. She's always been so pretty and so popular—I'll never forget how I worried that time when she went around with Warren Blodgett. Of course, it didn't last long—"

"That's right," Doctor Mart had remarked in a curiously thoughtful tone. "She did run around for a while there with young Blodgett, didn't she?"

"She could have had anyone, Doctor Mart. You know it, yourself. Some girls are born to go far. She's got the look of a Madonna in her eyes, that Miriam Lowry. And Jane was never much for looks. Sly—that was it. Just a sly one, Jane Lowry. Gettin' herself into trouble—and all the time engaged to Tommy Crawford, and him trustin' her those long months when he was away sailin', savin' every cent he could lay his hands on so they could be married—"

"You know, Annie," Doctor Mart had put in here, as he had a thousand times before, "you are a wise woman and a good woman and, generally speaking, I find you indispensable. But there are times—"

"I know, I know. There are times when I talk too much. Well, I ain't intendin' to offer you any advice, but if I might say so, I think you're lettin' fate order up a queer bunch to celebrate your anniversary—and there won't no good come of it, that's sure."

"We shall see," Doctor Mart had said patiently.

And now the time had come. It was the night before Christmas Eve. And the snow that had begun to fall gently

kettles on either side of the staircase—kettles polished to a dazzling brilliance and reflecting the leaping flames of the hall grate.

Always Doctor Mart had missed Meg, his wife, but Christmas seemed to intensify the old longing. She had left him no children—for their boy and girl had died in infancy—but memories of a brief and flawless happiness to sustain him through the years. His patients took the place of his lost wife and children. Their interests occupied him, their welfare—spiritually and physically—was his concern. And never did a boy or girl come to him with their troubles, but his thoughts went winging to that other boy and girl who, had they lived, might be experiencing the same travail as those who sought his counsel.

YEARS ago Meg had named his favorite room The Den. Here were his few treasures: the ship models that had been in the Brady family for years, Meg's portrait, his books—among them the priceless first edition of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," the gift of a wealthy old summer patient, a bibliophile, whose health Doctor Mart had miraculously restored to him when more famous men of medicine had failed.

Here in the den was an old Persian jewel-toned rug; deep chairs, upholstered in worn red velvet, flanked the fireplace in company with a shabby chesterfield. This was the room to which he came now, hands behind his back, to stand smiling up at the portrait of the gracious woman of his heart.

"Do I look all right?" he asked her, fingering the black tie Annie had pressed for the occasion—he so very seldom dressed for dinner any more!—and felt for the tip of the fresh white handkerchief in his breast pocket. Meg had been fussy about such details. "You used to talk of the saints, Meggie. Remember? There was one you favored—I forget his name now. He was said to manage the impossible, if you prayed hard enough. Well, then, speak to him tonight, Meggie, in my behalf—and look at him the way you used to look at me when I pleased you. And if his heart is as hard as the stone over your grave, it will melt, and the Christmas bells will have reason to ring out in our town this year!"

Christmas bells—and Meg Hayes saying yes to young Doctor Martin Brady that night of the Sailors' Supper at the church. How long ago was that now? Must be twenty-nine years, about . . . Meg Hayes in a red dress with some kind of fur trimming finishing it off, and a bit of a hat on the top of her quick young head, and laughter—Meg's laughter that could never die while memory lived.

Tim had been there, too, that night. Tim O'Connor, his friend. Loving Meg Hayes deeply and wanting her for his wife. Tim, just home from his season on the Lakes, with his ship laid up snug for the winter.

Tim held no grudge, but accepted defeat like the gentleman he was. And after a year or so, he had married Lucy

☆ Continued on page 61



HELP For Cake Trouble

Have you bad luck with cakes? *Chatelaine's* Bulletin Number 2205 tells you why, gives you the rules for success and adds all kinds of recipes for cakes, icings and fillings. Send fifteen cents to **Service Bulletin Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.**

in late morning, swirled about now in the brisk wind, drifting along the fences.

There was a festive air about the old house tonight. The paintings had been hung with laurel—the old ship picture above the mantel in the den, and Meg's portrait. Huckleberry greens neighbored with the rich red of Templar roses. Poinsettia stirred in the copper

i'm MIMI

i'm SANDY

i'm DELIA

"Dancing and sports are hard on my stockings. I used to get runs all the time—but Lux cut them down."
MILDRED BERRY
High-School Girl

"Housework—sports—strain stockings. I know Lux cuts down runs. Once when I rubbed a pair with cake soap, runs came fast."
MRS. B. B. RICE—Housewife

"I'm terribly fussy about stockings! But, thanks to Lux, I don't have nearly the trouble with runs so many people do. My stockings wear and wear—fit beautifully, too."
MRS. AUSTIN FISHER—Housewife

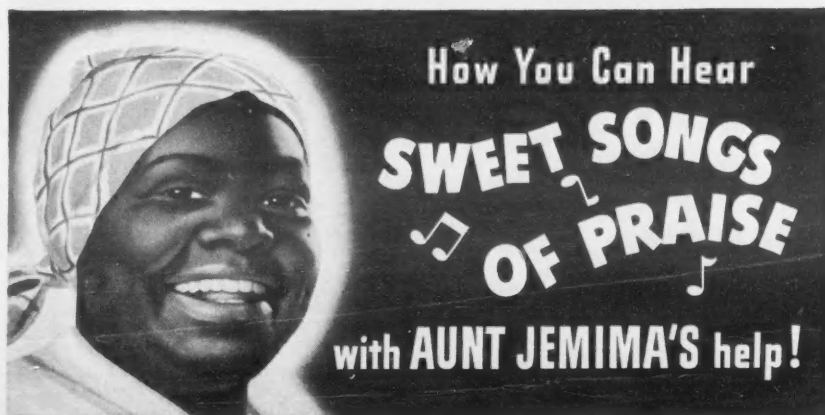
"Let us tell you how LUX cut down on our RUNS"

Lux saves stocking elasticity

LUX cuts down runs because it saves the elastic quality of silk. Stockings give under strain, spring back to sleek fit. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity—then threads may break, runs pop.

a little goes so far—it's Thrifty

LUX
For all fine laundering



How You Can Hear
**SWEET SONGS
OF PRAISE**
with AUNT JEMIMA'S help!



WHEN MOTHER FIXES PANCAKES
SHE'S THE SWEETHEART OF US ALL...

SHE'LL HAVE
A BATCH OF
MY LUSCIOUS
PANCAKES
READY IN A
JIFFY!



DE FAMILY SHO'
HAPPY 'CAUSE
YOU FIXIN' MY
PANCAKES!

IT'S SO
QUICK...
AND EASY
AS 1-2-3!

NOTHING TO PREPARE! Whisk up a tender, fluffy batch of Aunt Jemima's Pancakes in a jiffy. And no failures! Aunt Jemima's own secret recipe, that legend says made her pancakes the toast of the old Southland, is already mixed for you in every box of her magic Ready-Mix. All you do is mix with milk or water and pour on the griddle!



YOU'RE THE NICEST
MOM IN THE WORLD
TO GIVE US THESE
SWELL PANCAKES

WE'LL SURE SING
YOUR PRAISES
EVERY TIME
YOU HAVE
AUNT JEMIMA'S!

LOW COST! Aunt Jemima's Pancakes cost even less than the ordinary cook-book kind. And they're so nourishing...so easy to digest! For breakfast, luncheon, or supper, enjoy Aunt Jemima's Pancakes and Aunt Jemima's Buckwheats turnabout. Waffles, too. Remember to order from your grocer today!



TODAY
is Aunt Jemima
Pancake Day

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX
FOR PANCAKES
IN THE RED BOX



An' enjoy
my ol' fashion'
buckwheats, too!

GET BOFE PACKAGES
FROM 'O' GROCERMAN 'IN
SERVE TURNABOUT



IN THE YELLOW BOX

P. S. TO MOTHER: You will agree that Aunt Jemima's Pancakes are the best-tasting and easiest you ever made, or we will gladly refund your money!

What Do You Mean by Balanced Meals?

Continued from page 51

Three times a day your family sits down to the table—and eats to live. But there's no dietetic or other law against their enjoying themselves at the same time; in fact it's all the better for them if they do. And fortunately, food that is beneficial to health can also be fragrant, savory and delicious. So you have three chances every day to do your bit. And here are a few rules on which to base your strategy in menu planning.

Plan your menus for the whole day, or, better still, for several days at a time, in order to fit them all together and to make sure that adequate amounts of the building and regulating foods, energy producers and vitamins are used in proper proportion.

Include, at the very least, a pint to a pint and a half of milk for each child and at least half a pint for each adult. Serve some of it on the breakfast cereal and distribute the rest between lunch and dinner, in soup, sauce, or dessert.

Serve meat, fish or other protein food once a day at least. Cheese, eggs, dried peas and beans are fine meat substitutes and many dishes made from them help to give variety and supply nourishment.

Include an egg a day if possible, or at least three or four times a week. It may be cooked in various ways or used as an ingredient in custard.

Go strong on vegetables—a potato every day, besides generous servings of two other varieties. Use the green ones plentifully and serve one of them raw. There are any number of vegetables for salad service and a still greater variety for cooking, so don't limit yourself as to kind or flavor.

Canned varieties are wholesome, convenient and satisfactory from the standpoint of nutritive value. Factory canned tomato juice and factory canned tomatoes put through a sieve and seasoned are inexpensive, all-season and excellent sources of vitamin C, necessary for good health.

Follow the excellent rule of using two daily servings of fruit. They may be fresh, dried or canned, for all varieties contain minerals and vitamins and are therefore both builders and regulators. The best plan is to use one raw and the other cooked in any way that suits you—as an appetizer, on the morning cereal, for dessert or as an addition to it. Fruit juice, which is a popular form of this good food, has endless possibilities for meal service.

See that the coarser breads, the whole grain cereals, or those especially processed to provide wheat germ are served frequently for the minerals they contain. Cereals, breads, spaghetti and other grain products, as well as the starchy vegetables, are the great energy-producing foods. These qualities entitle them to regular use in some form or other.

Use some form of fat in the day's meals for its "staying" power and as a source of heat and energy. Butter and cream are of special value for the vitamins they supply.

In winter include a little cod-liver oil or some other source of the important vitamin D.

Stress regularity of meals and see that all are wisely planned, properly prepared and attractively served.

Breakfast: A good day starts with

a good breakfast. Not one of those hit-and-miss, eat-on-the-run affairs which don't even deserve the name, but a well-balanced meal planned in advance with the principles of nutrition in mind. It should provide approximately one quarter to one third of the day's total food supply; children and adults face the world in more cheerful spirit with an adequate supply of calories under their belts. The amount of food required depends on several factors—occupation, for one thing. Farmers, who do a lot of chores before breaking their fast, need something more substantial than the office worker whose preliminary exercise is running a razor over his chin. Grandma may peck at her food, but an active school child and a busy mother should be well fortified.

Fruit is a good beginning, not only for its refreshing flavor, but for its tonic qualities. Use a fresh variety in season, occasionally substituting canned fruit juice, tomato juice or lightly sweetened cooked fruit.

Cereal in its many forms offers variety as well as sustenance. Serve it with milk and you double its value. It's wise to put the stress on whole-grain products, but if you like the refined types, there's no reason not to enjoy their flavor; you can reinforce them by a sprinkling of bran or wheat germ now and then, or you can simply take the precaution of using coarser bread in the day's other meals. Eggs, fish, liver or meat are appropriate as a follow-up, but in making your selection, consider the main courses of the other meals and fit them all into a plan.

Lunch or supper: This has often been the neglected meal, thought up on the spur of the moment and put together from whatever happens to be on hand. But you can't do a good job that way, for eternal planning and correlation of meals is the price of the satisfactory diet. Provided it supplements the others in adequate fashion and does its fair share of supplying the day's nourishment, the menu can be varied in many ways. It might consist of a milk soup or some other hearty variety, followed up by a light dessert—fruit, jelly or an airy whip. Or it might begin with salad and end with a milk pudding. Its main course might be cheese, eggs, meat in some appetizing form, with ice cream or another simple dessert to round it out.

Dinner: This is the main meal, designed to provide from one third to one half of the daily food requirements. It's a good idea to start here in your planning and map your other menus accordingly. In selecting, group your foods with a thought to harmonizing flavor and an eye to color. Provide contrast of texture and avoid repetition of flavor in the different courses. Balance the meal dietetically but also for taste and appearance—the bland with the highly seasoned, the crisp with the soft, the light with the more substantial and the colorful with the paler shades. As a rule use clear broth and a light dessert to introduce and top off the hearty main course. Contrariwise, choose a thick soup and a nutritious pudding to round out the light meal. ☆

meat mixture around the stuffing. Place in a greased baking pan and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for one to one and one-quarter hours. Eight servings.

Hamburg Casserole with Tomatoes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Pound of lean hamburger
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Small potatoes, peeled and sliced
- ½ Medium onion, peeled and sliced
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of uncooked rice
- 1 Small can of tomatoes (2 cupfuls)
- Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the hamburger in the butter and arrange a layer of it in the bottom of a greased baking dish. Add a layer of thinly sliced potatoes, one of thinly sliced onion and a sprinkling of washed, uncooked rice. Season with salt and pepper and repeat the layers until all the ingredients are used, seasoning each layer. Add salt and pepper to the tomatoes and pour over the mixture in the baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for one to one and one-half hours, or until the rice is cooked and the vegetables tender. Four to six servings.

Baked Stuffed Meat Loaf With Mushroom Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Pounds of ground lean beef
- ¼ Pound of ground fresh pork
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion



- 1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley
- ¼ Teaspoonful each of powdered thyme and marjoram
- ½ Cupful of tomato juice
- 1 Egg, slightly beaten
- 3 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs
- ¼ Cupful of melted butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

Combine the ground beef and pork, add the bread crumbs, the minced onion, parsley and herbs. Mix well, add the tomato juice and the beaten egg, and when thoroughly combined, pack three quarters of the mixture into a greased mold or loaf tin, leaving a hollow in the centre for the dressing. Combine the soft bread crumbs with the melted butter and seasonings, place in the centre of the loaf and cover with the remaining meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg.

Fahr.—for approximately one hour and serve hot with Mushroom Sauce: Empty one can of condensed mushroom soup into a saucepan, stir until very smooth and gradually add the drippings from the pan in which the meat loaf was cooked. Heat thoroughly. Six to eight servings.

Hamburger and Cheese Goulash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Medium onions
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Small can of tomatoes (2 cupfuls)



- 2 Teaspoonfuls of seedless raisins
- ¼ Cupful of sliced celery
- 1 Small green pepper, finely chopped
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Pinch of sugar
- 1 Pound of ground round steak
- 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of water
- ½ Pound of grated nippy cheese
- 2 Cupfuls of cooked macaroni
- 1 Teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce

Peel and thinly slice the onion and cook lightly in the butter. Add the tomatoes, raisins, celery, green pepper, parsley, seasonings and sugar, bring to boiling point and simmer for about one hour. Grind the round steak with the water to prevent lumping and add with the grated cheese to the hot tomato mixture. Add two cupfuls of cooked, broken macaroni, stir carefully until well mixed, add the Worcestershire sauce and turn into a heatproof serving dish. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for twenty to thirty minutes. Six to eight servings.

Tomato Meat Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of lean beef, ground
- ½ Pound of lean veal, ground
- ¼ Pound of lean pork, ground
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion
- ½ Cupful of quick tapioca
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup

Combine the ground meats lightly but thoroughly, add the remaining ingredients and mix well. Pack into a greased loaf pan and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen minutes. Reduce the heat to 350 deg. Fahr. and continue baking for forty-five minutes. Eight servings. ☆

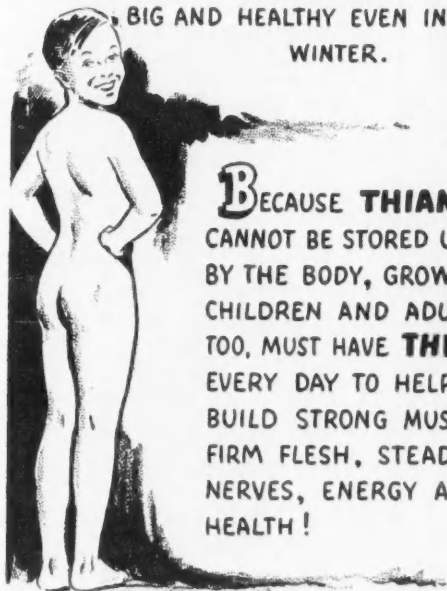
QUAKER OATS

IS RICH IN THIAMIN

(VITAMIN B₁)

AMAZING ELEMENT THAT GROWS FLOWERS 6 FEET TALL

SIMPLY FEEDING THIAMIN (VITAMIN B₁) AND WATER TO PLANT LIFE, SCIENTISTS HAVE RECENTLY GROWN SNAP DRAGONS 6 FT. TALL — ROSES WITH 5 INCH BUDS — COUNTLESS OTHER PLANTS BIG AND HEALTHY EVEN IN WINTER.



BECAUSE THIAMIN CANNOT BE STORED UP BY THE BODY, GROWING CHILDREN AND ADULTS, TOO, MUST HAVE THIAMIN EVERY DAY TO HELP BUILD STRONG MUSCLES, FIRM FLESH, STEADY NERVES, ENERGY AND HEALTH!

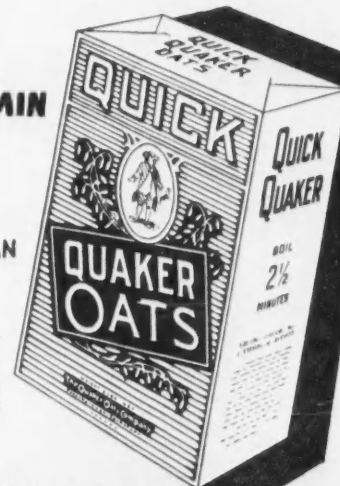


READY-TO-SERVE IN 2½ MINUTES

OATMEAL IS NATURE'S RICHEST, THRIFTY SOURCE OF THIAMIN (VITAMIN B₁) SO SERVE DELICIOUS HOT **QUAKER OATS** BREAKFASTS EVERY MORNING. THIS NOURISHING WHOLE-GRAIN FOOD COSTS LESS THAN ½ CENT PER SERVING.

● Not only is Quaker Oats the richest, thrifty source of Thiamin (Vitamin B₁) ... but as well it contains in a natural state the carbohydrates, minerals and proteins necessary for health and happiness.

Serve Quaker Oats every day



The VITALIZING BREAKFAST

OF NOURISHING WHOLE-GRAIN FOOD

GET A PACKAGE FROM YOUR GROCER TODAY

FREE BOOKLET THAT TELLS YOU HOW THIAMIN HELPS YOU THINK, LOOK AND FEEL BETTER!

MAIL TODAY!

The Quaker Oats Company
Peterborough, Ont., or Saskatoon, Sask.
Please send my FREE copy of the booklet explaining the healthful benefits of "Thiamin" (vitamin B₁)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____

MANY HELPFUL USES



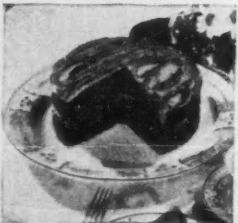
← Cookies — a joy to behold and still better to eat. Easy to make when you use Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ Lighter and tastier tea biscuits have been made for three generations with Cow Brand Baking Soda.



← Your pancakes will be crisp, light and golden brown, if you make them with Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ You'll find many interesting cake recipes in our Cooking Booklet offered free below.



← To keep teeth clean and looking their best, brush them regularly with Cow Brand Baking Soda.

→ When Bicarbonate of Soda is needed for medicinal purposes, use "Cow Brand"—it's pure Bicarbonate of Soda.



← A half teaspoonful of "Cow Brand" in half a glass of cool water gives quick relief from indigestion.

COW BRAND BAKING SODA



Clip this coupon for FREE Cooking and Medicinal Booklets.

CHURCH & DWIGHT LTD.
Dept. U-46
2715 Reading Street,
Montreal.

Name.....

Address.....

PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA



Beef ring filled with fluffy mashed potatoes.

The Daily Grind

Continued from page 52

de luxe editions. Perhaps you like them shaped like croquettes, dusted with crumbs, cooked in the oven and served with crisp bacon.

Instead of shaping each little cake, you can form the mixture into a roll, wrap in waxed paper and store in the refrigerator until required. Then slice it about three quarters to one inch thick and broil or pan broil. Another alternative is to pat out the seasoned meat into the shape of a T-bone steak, using, for the sake of realism, slices and wedges of turnip to represent the bone. Roast or broil and garnish with vegetables.

Hash—It may not sound exciting; but it can be. Try adding a little diced onion, then cooking slowly in the frying pan until it browns lightly. Now open a can of tomato soup and put in enough to make the right consistency, then when heated serve in the centre of your platter with a border of macaroni or noodles. Or—even simpler—put your hamburger in the pan, tossing lightly as it cooks. Then add a little water, milk, or tomato juice and serve on toast.

Make a shortcake—the cooked meat mixture between two layers of fresh hot biscuit and tomato or mushroom sauce over all.

Casserole—Combined with macaroni, noodles, spaghetti or rice, minced meat has the makings of good supper dishes. Goes well with potatoes as a scallop and with a variety of other vegetables for all manner of delicious flavors. Try lining a casserole with cooked rice, filling the "well" with hamburger hash, adding tomato soup or sauce and covering with more rice. Serve hot. Or filling a baking dish with alternate layers of hash and macaroni, adding sauce to moisten and reheating. Recipes for two other dishes are given here and are worth a try.

Stuffings—Use, with bread crumbs, with macaroni, mashed potatoes and so on, as the filling for green peppers, whole tomatoes, pepper squash, onions and other vegetables which can be stuffed. Thereby turning what is usually a mere accompaniment into the main dish of a meal. Might be used, too, in the dressing for fowl and some other meats.

Beef Ring

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Pounds of ground round steak

½ Pound of beef liver, ground
1 Egg or 2 yolks
Grated rind of ½ lemon
1 Tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley
½ Teaspoonful of onion juice or grated onion
1 Teaspoonful of salt
¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
Dash of nutmeg
2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
3 Slices of bacon

Combine the ground steak and liver thoroughly, add the slightly beaten egg or egg yolks, and the remaining ingredients except the bacon. Mix thoroughly and pack into a well-greased ring mold. Place the bacon on top of the meat and bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to thirty-five minutes. Remove the bacon before the meat is quite done, so the surface will brown. Turn out on a heated serving dish, fill the centre with creamy mashed potatoes and serve with buttered carrots. Garnish with parsley. Six to eight servings.

Meat Roll— Potato and Pea Stuffing

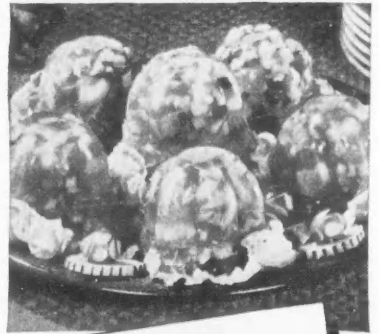
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

1½ Pounds of ground round steak
½ Pound of ground pork (fresh)
¼ Cupful of finely chopped onion
1 Tablespoonful of butter
1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
½ Teaspoonful of pepper
½ Cupful of soft bread crumbs
1 Egg
2 Cupfuls of mashed potatoes
1 Can of condensed pea soup
1 Teaspoonful of salt
½ Teaspoonful of pepper
1 Egg

Combine the ground round steak and the ground pork. Cook the onion lightly in the butter and add to the meat with the salt, pepper, bread crumbs and beaten egg. Combine thoroughly, turn out onto a sheet of waxed paper and pat into a rectangular sheet about fourteen by ten inches.

Combine the mashed potatoes with the soup, add the seasonings and the beaten egg and mix thoroughly. Place this stuffing on the meat and roll the

TUNA TANGS SALAD



MRS. KNOX'S TUNA TANGS

Serves 6

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
¾ cup cold water
¾ cup hot water
1 tablespoonful lemon juice or mild vinegar
½ teaspoonful paprika (if desired)
¾ cup tuna fish, flaked
¼ cup celery, cut small
¼ cup cucumber, or cucumber pickle
1 teaspoonful salt

Soften gelatine in cold water. Add hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add salt, lemon juice, paprika. Cool, and when mixture begins to congeal, add tuna fish, celery and cucumber. Mix thoroughly, pour into molds that have been rinsed in cold water. Chill and serve on lettuce. Garnish with Knox Non-Fatting Mayonnaise, if desired.

NOTE: Do not confuse Knox Gelatine with factory-flavored gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar. Be sure to use pure unflavored Knox Gelatine.

AND ONLY 65 CALORIES PER SERVING!

A portion of this new fish dish averages only 65 calories. Yet it's a substantial, satisfying, main course, complete with vegetables! The secret is Knox's new recipes for weight-watchers in the Knox "Be Fit—Not Fat" booklet free to you. An entirely different principle of dieting... delicious forbidden foods in dishes with ½ to ¾ less calories. Send for the "Be Fit—Not Fat" booklet today. Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. C., Johnstown, New York, U. S. A.

KNOX GELATINE

IS PURE GELATINE—NO SUGAR!

Wanted!

Local Representatives in every part of Canada!

You can earn a regular income from your spare time, by handling new and renewal orders for all Canadian, American and British publications.

It is so easy to get started.

WRITE TODAY!

The Fidelity Circulation Company,
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.

GERANIUMS

18 for 15c



Everyone interested in houseplants should plant a packet or two of our Geranium Seed. We offer a gorgeous collection containing Dazzling Scarlet, Flame Red, Brick Red, Crimson, Maroon, Vermilion, Scarlet, Salmon, Cerise, Orange-Red, Salmon-Pink, Bright Pink, Peach, Blue Rose, White, Blotched, Variegated, Margined. Easy to grow from seed and bloom 90 days after planting. Pkt. 15c. 2 for 25c. postpaid. Plant now.

SPECIAL OFFER: 1 pkt. as above and 5 pkts. of other Choice Houseplant Seeds, all different and easily grown in house. Value \$1.25, all for 60c postpaid. Order direct from this advertisement.

FREE—OUR BIG 1940 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK—Better Than Ever
DOMINION SEED HOUSE • GEORGETOWN, ONT.

sandwiches with a variety of fillings. Dainty cakes with pink-tinted icing and lacy cocoanut decoration. Little cookies cut in heart shapes. Maybe a pink and white ice or a jelly molded in heart shape. Valentine candies and salted nuts.

In the evening, a hot creamed dish—lobster, chicken and pimiento or other mixture—served in heart-shaped pastry cases. Hot biscuits, bread or sandwich accompaniments cut like hearts. Or a colorful salad, such as tomato jelly hearts with a frill of cottage cheese, or a fruit mixture using colorful molds or attractive arrangements of red and light fruits. Lobster salads have the right color, or a chicken and celery salad may be decorated with pimiento hearts, beet slices or sections of tomato.

Dessert—similar to the teatime suggestions, or a big, frosted, heart-shaped cake decorated with pink icing or white icing and red candy hearts.

If the party's at mealtime—select

the menu for luncheon or dinner with an eye to color—red fruit juice or tomato juice as a beginning, tomato soup or a white soup with pimiento hearts in it. Beets or tomatoes might be used in a special dish or as a garnish. Paprika lends the right touch of color to a pale dish. Cranberries or red jellies are fine accompaniments. The dessert may be red and heart-shaped, or a dainty white confection of some kind with a ruby sauce made from cherries, strawberries or raspberries. Use food coloring to get the proper effects—but be discreet. Or here's a luscious dessert and one that's easy to serve.

Bake your favorite light cake in individual, heart-shaped tins or in a flat sheet and cut in heart shapes when cool. Hollow out the centre and fill with pink ice cream. You might serve a fluffy marshmallow sauce with this if you like, or dress it up with shaved almonds or tinted cocoanut. Serve on a lace paper doily, and there you have dessert and accompaniment all in one.



The Doctor's Party

Continued from page 57

Hill, and the old friendship had gone on untarnished until that November day when Tim's ship had been lost in Lake Michigan just a few hours before Shiela was born. Tim's little son Dermot had been six then.

And Lucy had met her dark hour alone, bravely, without complain . . .

Well, he had done the best he could for Lucy and her children. He had seen young Dermot through that period of hard disgrace last summer, when the boy's love for Gail Chisholm—and his lack of means to cope with her fantastic standards of living—had ruined his promising legal career, and sent him to prison for three months.

And now things were not too good with his young sister Shiela, it seemed. Pretty, vivacious Shiela, getting off already on the wrong foot. Tim's children—

Well, the long-anticipated night was here. And all six had accepted his dinner invitation. Why?—he wondered. Through courtesy—curiosity—family pressure? He would give a lot to know what was going on in their minds at this moment.

What would the night bring?

DERMOT O'CONNOR beat the horn of the old car briefly.

Soon Shiela came flying out of the farmhouse through the snow with swift, arresting grace.

"Where's the fire?" She leaped in beside him.

"Want to hold up Doc's dinner? Besides, it's tough goin' in this blizzard."

"You're a duck to drive me to town on a night like this. Must be that the Christmas spirit has got you."

"Christmas spirit nothin'! I'm out of cigarettes."

She turned away from that grim young profile with a pang. She would

never be able to reconcile herself to the loss of the old Dermot, the gay, comradely brother she had known before last June. This was a detached stranger, with harsh laughter on his lips and something like death in his eyes, and never a word of tenderness or friendliness any more. Not since last June, when the bottom had dropped out of his world.

She knew he had bitterly disapproved of her taking that job, at the city hotel, as cigarette girl—but what could he say? The bitterest phase of it must be the realization that he himself had precipitated this move. She had always sought his advice before, and abided by it.

This new life was like riding downhill in a car gone out of control. You couldn't stop, and you weren't going to worry about the crash at the end. The ride was madly exciting. One thing—you certainly wouldn't forget it in a hurry . . .

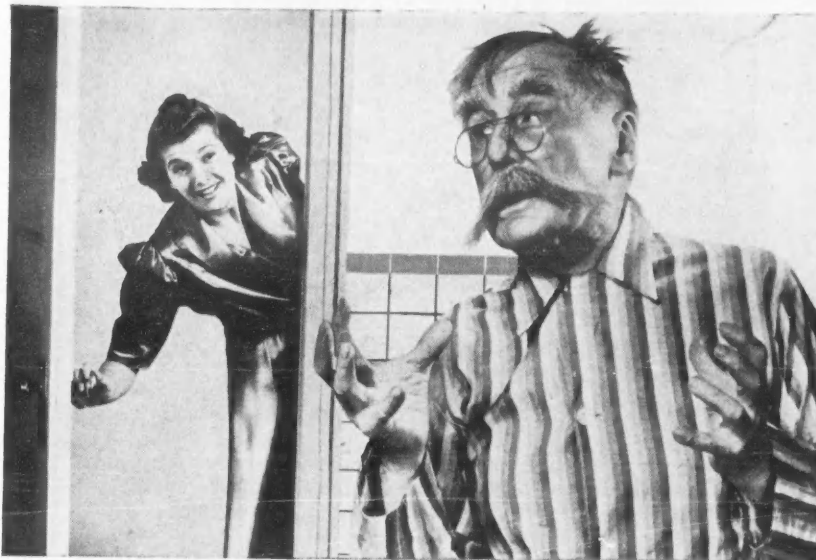
Dermot could not reason with her now, as he once had. Last June had ended all that. And she was taking advantage of his helplessness. It wasn't too pleasant to think about. Sometimes her conscience warred with this dangerous abandon. At her work, she longed sometimes for the cosy kitchen at home on the farm, and her mother, and Steve Fallon—the man who loved her. But life's whirl held her fast, and it was available in its swiftest tempo at the Tait-La Salle.

Some of them at the Tait called her Maureen, because she rather resembled pretty Maureen O'Sullivan.

That wasn't what Steve called her; Steve Fallon who owned the farm next to her mother's, and had loved Shiela since they were children. Steve called her Sweet . . .

Sometimes when the night was particularly gay at the Tait, and she

It Was Worth a String of Pearls



FATHER: Hey, June—my pills! You know dang well I can't get along without 'em!



JUNE: Never mind the pills, Dad . . . we're going to use a different method. Instead of trying to "cure" your constipation, we won't give it a chance to happen. It's what we call the "ounce of prevention" way. Come along . . . I'll show you!

JUNE: It's so simple you should have thought of it yourself. We all need "bulk" in our diets. You probably don't get enough. If so, we'll get at the cause of the trouble by having KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast.

FATHER: That does make sense! And blamed if ALL-BRAN doesn't taste good, too.



JUNE: Oh, Dad, it's too much for a little idea about what you should eat for breakfast! FATHER: June, little ideas have changed the fate of men and nations! Why, I'm practically a new man since I joined the "regulars."

**Get your "Ounce of Prevention" every day
with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages, or in the individual serving package at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.



SILVO
the
SAFE SILVER POLISH

So gentle with the precious surface, so careful of the loveliness it restores and retains. The kindly touch of Silvo keeps your silver always new.

Beautiful Enchantress pattern by International Silver Co., who recommend regular use of Silvo for your silverware.

39

SILVO
LIQUID SILVER POLISH

MRS. H. M. AITKEN
Says

**LET ME BRIGHTEN
Your MENUS
WITH MY NEW
MODERN TESTED
RECIPES**



**EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND**

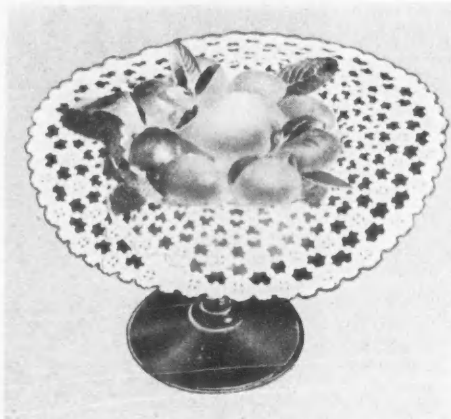
**"I cannot praise this
Corn Syrup enough!"**

"I have two children and we use one tin of CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP every week. The baby is three months old, and gets nothing but CROWN BRAND in her milk—and she certainly is thriving on it."

Mrs. G. F. Kelly, Lakefield, Ont.

FREE "52 Cakes" is a booklet specially written by Mrs. H. M. Aitken, famous Cooking Authority, and director of the Canada Starch Home Service Dept. Send in a label from any Canada Starch Product and receive this important booklet **FREE**. Address Canada Starch Home Service Dept. N., Box 129, Montreal.

THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED



Valentine Vanities

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

Colors—

Red and white.
Pink and white.
Accents of gold or silver.

Motifs—

Hearts—large or small, whole or broken, simple or very elegant.
Cupids and arrows.
Flowers and lace and bows.
Red and white candles.
Romantic messages on valentine cards.



Festivity—

Any kind of party—for the very young, the grandparents, the middle ages or the teens.
A luncheon, dinner or tea; bridge, sewing bee or dance; skiing party, club social, or an evening of hilarious games.

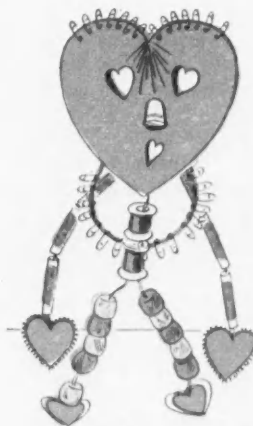
Favors—

Hearts again—candy hearts, sachet hearts, heart-shaped ash trays, lacy valentines, fluted paper cups with lace paper doily frills, filled with candy or nuts.

"Sweethearts" — the bouquet of hearts sketched is easily made. Place medium-sized, gold cardboard hearts on squares of red Cellophane. Put a spoonful of tiny valentine candies in the centre of each heart, then bring the Cellophane up over the candies and heart. Gather it at the top, fasten with a bit of fine wire and decorate with little gold bows, leaving the ends long enough to gather together. Fasten together with wire and decorate with a larger gold bow.

"Valentine Ann" (see sketch) makes a "hearty" little prize for a contest which might entertain the guests at a sewing bee or knitting party. Her face is a red cardboard heart, her hair a

row of little gold safety pins with "bangs" made of needles. A thimble, slipped into a slit, makes her nose, and valentine seals supply her with eyes and mouth. Her arms are the long spools of darning cotton you can buy at the five-and-ten, and her body is spools of cotton or silk thread. The legs are more small spools of darning cotton, with red cardboard hearts for feet. And all the parts of her anatomy are held together by wire run through the spools. Her hands—a bit red, poor girl—are two red hearts stuck back to back and bordered by the heads of common pins, stuck in around the edge. A beautiful necklace of safety pins, and she's ready for the party. "Valentine Andy," the little man sketched, is just three marshmallows, three cardboard hearts and a pipe cleaner. Cut a thin slice from the sides of two marshmallows and stick them together. These may be mounted on a cardboard base by moistening slightly and sticking down. Place another marshmallow midway between these two on the top and fasten with toothpicks. Wet the end of the pipe cleaner and push it through the top marshmallow for arms. Glue small red hearts at the ends for hands and stand a larger one on top for his face. This is glued to a small piece of pipe cleaner



which is stuck into the marshmallow as a brace. Paint his face with white ink or chalk.

Food—

Use the same color scheme and motifs for the food as for the decorations.

If it's at the tea hour, heart-shaped



BOVRIL
CONCENTRATED
BEEF GOODNESS
**WILL BRACE
YOU UP**

36M2

**KEEPS DRAINS
CLEAR..RUNNING
FREELY!**



**GILLET'S
PURE FLAKE
LYE**

MADE IN CANADA

Gillett's Pure Flake Lye cuts right through clogging dirt. Keeps sink drains clear and running freely, and will not injure enamel or plumbing. Keep a tin on hand and use it daily for dozens of cleaning tasks.

"Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself beats the water."

FREE BOOKLET — The free Gillett's Lye booklet tells how to use this powerful cleanser for dozens of tasks. Send to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Avenue and Liberty Street, Toronto, Ont.

at home. And the day came when he picked Gail Chisholm up from the side of the road where her horse had thrown her, and held her in his arms—and knew that moment that all of life for him was centred there. And that was the beginning of the end . . .

A madness came over Dermot. The quick white fire consumed him; and all they had worked for and bled for and sacrificed, was lost on the day he met the girl named Gail.

Work was forgotten. Plans. They were together constantly.

Shiela had seen them one day sitting in Dermot's scarred little car along the road, lost to all the world but themselves. They were not aware that she had passed, absorbed in some words together. And she carried away with her the memory of their transfigured faces, and that memory filled her with an envy that made her forget reproach.

Wild as a hawk—That's what people said about Gail Chisholm. Money to burn. No restraint. Wild as a hawk—

One of her rings represented more than the cost of his entire education. Her standards were the standards of the very rich—and he was penniless, with only a dream and ambition and his trained mind for assets. But he had to have her, for the fever of this madness gave him no peace. He was a stranger in his own home now, coming and going as a stranger might.

Vacation ended, Dermot returned to Haverhill Hammond's office.

Now Haverhill Hammond was not unaware of the private affairs of his young associates. Such circumstances as Dermot's were made to order for his plans.

It happened at the time that a particularly disagreeable case was coming up against the North and South Bus

Company. A man, crippled for life through an accident on a bus, was suing the company for one hundred thousand dollars. Hammond had no desire to risk a negative verdict of such proportions. There was too much at stake.

And so he began to cultivate Dermot socially. The bait was attractive. There were delightful dinners and parties which included Gail and Dermot.

WHEN THE crash came, the papers blazed headlines:

**"DERMOT O'CONNOR
DISBARRED"**

Rising young attorney convicted of jury-fixing on North and South Bus case involving stiff damages. Sentenced to three months in County jail . . .

Dermot's picture gazing back at you from the front pages of all the papers. Dermot—

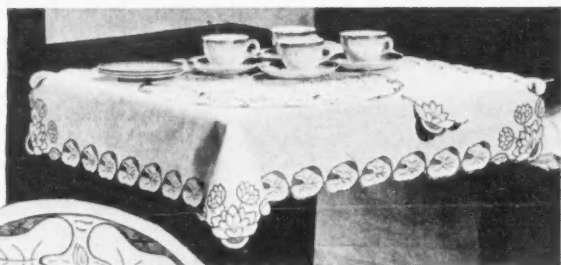
They took him away the first of June to live for that summer behind the high grey walls of a prison—Dermot, who had lain in sweet clover under the summer sun; Dermot, whose heart was as clean as the white clouds in the summer sky.

The same papers announced that Miss Gail Chisholm had sailed for Bermuda with her mother.

In September, Dermot had come home.

Blind men held their heads that way, Shiela thought; blind men who looked at you as Dermot looked at you now. Blind men spoke that way, without laughter, without warmth. Men who had been shut away from life . . .

☆ Continued on page 66

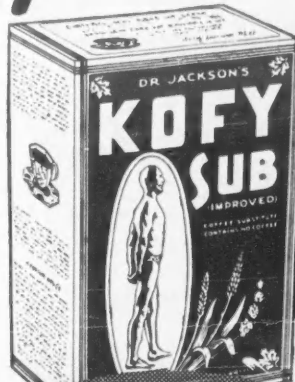


**Lily Pool
LUNCHEON
SET**

C727 — When you see this, you'll agree that it's one of the most exquisite of all cutwork designs — a new and original Marie Le Cerf pattern. The leaf edge is an entirely new feature that adds greatly to the beauty and distinction of the cloth. Details of the round centre of the cloth are shown in the circle. Stamped on heavy cutwork linen, in white, ivory or cream Irish linen, the 36-inch cloth with four serviettes is priced at \$2.25, and the 45-inch set at \$2.75. Cottons for working, 40 cents. The lilies may be worked in mauve, yellow or pink, or all work to match the linen. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing money order or postal note. If sending cheque please add fifteen cents for bank charges.

A CHATELAINE PATTERN IN THE HANDICRAFT SERIES.

You'll relish every Cup



**"RICHER
IN IRON
than anything
known to
me"**

Robert Jackson M.D.

A DR. JACKSON PRODUCT

**OVER
500,000
COPIES SOLD**

of Dr. Jackson's famous 458-page book "How to Be Always Well". Send \$3.00 for this treasure house of vital facts about body-building.

IF YOU like coffee, you'll relish Kofy-Sub — so like real coffee in flavour, aroma and appearance that you cannot tell the difference. Yet there IS a difference—a vital one. Kofy-Sub contains no caffeine or any other upsetting, depressant. Made from wholesome Canadian grains, soya beans and honey, Kofy-Sub is rich in alkaline minerals, especially blood-building iron. You can drink Kofy-Sub freely and know that every cup is doing you good. And don't forget that Kofy-Sub costs you less. Make exactly as you make coffee. Give it to the children. Can do good only. Delicious.

FREE! Dr. Jackson's booklet on Food and Health. Address requests to Dr. Jackson Foods Limited, 516 Vine Avenue, Toronto.

1-40

**"GLAMOUR BEGINS WITH A
LONG-LASTING DEODORANT"**

says Antoinette Donnelly



Antoinette Donnelly
Adviser to millions on
Feminine Grooming

"A man is attracted by shimmering hair, a smooth complexion, a feminine, well-manicured hand. But neglect that first of all beauty rites—a long-lasting deodorant—and the whole glamorous effect can be ruined by one whiff of unpleasant underarm odor! No man can be blamed for not taking you out the second time if you offend this unforgivable way.

"You are no exception. Everyone needs a true, long-lasting perspiration check . . . one that cannot wash off in a bath or be rendered ineffective by exercise, a hectic day at the office or shopping, or one or two dances.

"Everyone perspires. Especially when you're hurried, excited, under a nervous strain. The minute perspiration comes off on your dress, you may as well kiss the thought of romance good-by. No matter how sweet you are, that dress will let you down every time you wear it!"

* * *

Smell the armpit of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. You may be shocked. But you'll understand why Miss Donnelly advises you to keep your underarm dry!

You'll understand, too, why women of refinement and good taste use Liquid Odorono—a doctor's prescription that scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm and your dress dry from 1 to 3 days.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. The average person needs to use it only twice a week. How easy for the girl who has sworn never to offend! Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Company, Limited, Montreal, Que.

ODO-RO-NO
IN LIQUID AND ICE FORM

PLEASE NOTE
... McDonald's seeds
are obtainable direct
from Ottawa only.



FROM Halifax to Victoria
those who grow things await
with interest the publication
of McDonald's Garden Book. Our
1940 Edition is now ready—the
largest, most beautiful and valuable
annual of our 64 years' experience. In
planning your garden and selecting seeds,
plants and bulbs this complete, exquisitely illus-
trated garden book will be invaluable to you. It is
a practical guide to gardening, telling when and how to
plant, giving expert cultural directions that will make
your garden more beautiful and productive. For better
crops and greater profits, write today for your **FREE** copy.

KENNETH McDONALD & SONS LIMITED. 28-30 Market Sq., Ottawa.
Please mail **FREE** copy of your 1940 GARDEN BOOK to:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

1-40

Your Choice!

You can get one of these lovely
gifts **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

A Smart Desk or Radio Lamp

A new nautical-style electric desk or radio lamp,
finished in sprayed bronze with an amber cylin-
drical glass shade. A substantial lamp, 12" in
height.

The shade is adjustable to allow the proper angle
of light for desk-work, while the natural hang of
the shade makes it "just perfect" for your radio
or end table.

You will be more than delighted with this unusual gift. It will be sent to you **FREE OF ALL COST**, if you will send us four 1 year, new or renewal, subscriptions for *Chatelaine* at \$1.00 each.



"Wetums" Baby Doll With Layette

A very lovely set that will delight the heart of
any little girl. The layette consists of organdie
dress with matching undergarment, flannel jacket,
extra diaper, clothes pins, nursing bottle with rub-
ber nipple, and safety pins.

"Wetums" is 12 inches tall, is made of "hard to
break" composition material.

This complete set, all done up in a smart little
travelling bag will be sent to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, if you will send us three 1 year, new
or renewal, subscriptions for *Chatelaine* at
\$1.00 each.



Important!

You may include your own new or renewal
subscription in making up the total, but the
other subscriptions **MUST BE SOLD** to people
outside your own home, and must be paid for
by the persons ordering them.

Just list the names and addresses of the sub-
scribers on a plain sheet of paper. On the same
sheet, tell us whether you want the Marine Lamp
or the "Wetums" Doll Set, and clearly print your
own name and address. Send with your remit-
tance to:

SPECIAL PRIZE DIVISION

CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO

moved up and down the aisles of tables
crying her wares to handsome young
fellows in black ties and white, she
thought of Steve and wondered how it
would seem to see him across from her
at a table while the orchestra played,
"Never Too Late to be Sorry," or
something like that.

But it was too late. For she had
broken off with Steve in July, when
he had demanded a showdown after
she had settled in town.

She wished that crazy tune would
fade away now. It had been running
through her mind since last night when
she was packing her bag to come home
for Christmas. Tunes did that to Shiela
sometimes—

AT FIRST, she hadn't intended to
accept Doctor Mart's invitation. Now
why should he pick on her to help cele-
brate some anniversary or other? It
probably would be plenty dull. Doctor
Mart's word was law in the O'Connor
house, however. No use trying to side-
step it, she had told herself at first.
Later, she had shamefacedly admitted
to herself that her first reaction had
been pretty shabby. The O'Connors
didn't have a friend in the world like
Doctor Mart.

She wondered who'd be there.
They'd probably think this dress was
a little extreme. Maybe none of them
would dress for dinner. Well, she'd
give them a glimpse of how it was done
at the smart night spots. This gown
she wore tonight had caused a stir even
at the Tait. It should. It was a copy
of Schiaparelli's Polonaise skirt and
long shapely tunic with gold bells
against sophisticated black crepe.

He had raised an impressed eyebrow
that night she first appeared in it, as
he signalled her for cigarettes. "Su-
perb!" he had said under his breath.
Until then, Warren Blodgett had been
only a name really, a face she saw
rarely in Pine Harbor, their mutual
home town. From a word and a smile
it had developed into something almost
frightening.

He wasn't the marrying kind—oh,
she knew that, all right! But he was
gallant about it, not sordid. He had a
dreadful charm, humor, and money
enough to convert quite a few nebu-
lous dreams into as many definite
realities.

She knew there had been some talk
about him and Estelle Randolph in
Pine Harbor, but Warren had repeat-
edly assured her that that was over.

She tried to convince herself that no
one had a suspicion of her interest in
Warren Blodgett—no one except, per-
haps, Doctor Mart. He had an un-
canny way of finding things out. But
maybe she just imagined that he had
seen her that Sunday with Warren
in the heavy traffic out near the city.
She had glanced away quickly in hope
that she might not be discovered. But
she had never been sure . . .

She wondered, sitting here now be-
side Dermot, what he would say, or her
mother—or the people in Pine Harbor,
if they knew the truth. She wondered
what they would say if they knew what
she was planning . . .

Only a few years ago, Dermot and
she were children out here in these
fields together. And now—A dark
flush stained her cheeks, and her hands
knotted together slowly.

It was not going to be easy to spend
an evening under Doctor Mart's wise,

kind eyes. Human beings were his
specialty—particularly those whom he
had brought into the world. And he
knew Tim O'Connor's children like a
book.

She wished the evening were over.
She dreaded it, rather. She longed for
the excitement of the city, the distraction.
It would be dull enough at home
until after Christmas—with Dermot
lost in his heart's hell, and her mother
a restless, tragic ghost with that twisted
smile on her brave, sweet mouth.

She had fled from home and gone to
the city last June because she had been
unable to endure the dreadful sequence
of endless days and nights with Der-
mot shut away behind bars. She had
fled like a coward, leaving her mother
to face the heartbreak and despair
alone.

The city had always beckoned, but
there had been no opportunity. She
had made Dermot's disgrace her oppor-
tunity, bent circumstance to her will.

Her trips home had been infrequent,
especially following Dermot's release—
hours anticipated with dread and
remembered with pain. It was like a
drama involving three characters who
repeated lines from memory. It was
not life but imitation of life.

Dismissing her secret desire for
college training, Shiela had worked and
sacrificed with her mother to make
Dermot's education possible. Ever
since childhood he had dreamed of a
law career, and so it had been decided.
Dermot was the man of the house.
Dermot's life was mapped out for him.
High school, the university, law school,
then a fine practice in town.

Graduation came, admission to the
bar. But there was no opening for
Dermot, it seemed. And at this point,
old Haverhill Hammond had come
into the picture. Oh, if Dermot had
never seen that man! If he had only
listened to Doctor Mart!

For Doctor Mart had felt strongly
that it was a mistake in the beginning
for Dermot to associate himself with
an attorney of questionable reputation.
He had admitted that the times were
not particularly happy for a young
man starting out on a career. But he
had insisted that no job at all was
better than a job with Haverhill
Hammond.

FOR SOME years, Hammond had
acted as counsel for the municipal
North and South Bus Company. It
was significant that claims against that
company for personal injuries sus-
tained were seldom settled in the
claimants' favor, especially since Ham-
mond had an unsavory reputation for
jury-fixing.

Now and then Hammond's junior
associates would be ignominiously
retired from the bar for some question-
able legal procedure. Hammond always
managed to escape prosecution.

And so when Dermot, fresh from
law school and eager for his career,
was approached by Haverhill Ham-
mond regarding an opening in his law
office, Dermot, having no alternative,
accepted.

To Doctor Mart's grim warnings
Dermot had answered, "I'm old
enough now to know right from wrong.
I'll get a little experience, and that's
what I need. You won't have to worry
about me."

Almost a year passed, when Ham-
mond gave him a brief spring vacation,

PROTECT Your Baby with This Pure Soap



Doctors say that baby's delicate skin requires a soap especially blended of the very purest ingredients. Such a soap is Baby's Own . . . a soap of such precious purity that it has won the confidence of generations of doctors and nurses . . . and mothers.

Baby's Own Soap is gentle . . . soothing . . . free from any irritant. Look for the Baby's Own baby on the new package.

"The
Beauty soap of precious purity"

BABY'S OWN SOAP

BABY'S HOT LITTLE HEAD IS A DANGER SIGNAL

WHEN your Baby's head feels hot to your hand you must do something. And do it quickly. Read what Mrs. B— of Enterprise does and what results she gets: "My baby's cheeks and hands were so hot I was frightened. I gave him a Baby's Own Tablet at noon and by after supper he was all better."

And Mrs. Francis Carroll, of Midland, has this to say: "My little girl was so feverish I was really alarmed. Then I thought of Baby's Own Tablets, so I gave her three every two hours and by night she was up and around."

Baby's Own Tablets are sweet-tasting, easy to take, absolutely safe. Analyst's certificate on every box. Quickly reduce simple fevers. Equally good for teething fevers, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colds and other minor ailments of baby. Get a box today. Sickness so often strikes in the night. 25 cents. Money back if you are not satisfied.

ASTHMA Sufferers sleep better tonight

• Soothing antiseptic vapours of Vapo-Cresolene relieve difficult breathing and air-hunger of bronchial asthma sufferers—permitting restful sleep. Use this 60-year-old remedy. It relieves the paroxysms of whooping cough, spasmodic croup, bronchial asthma, and coughs associated with bronchial irritations and colds. Drugless. Lamp or Electric Vaporizer. Directions enclosed. At all drug stores.

Vapo-Cresolene



Vapo-Cresolene Co., Miles Bldg., Montreal, Que.
FREE! Please send me your Booklet No. 2
"The Little Lamp of Health"

Name.....
Address.....

Question—I have heard that the application of the flat of a knife to a bump or bruise will prevent its getting any larger. Is there any truth in this?
—Mrs. W. A. J. B., Thornhill, Ont.

Answer—Such a theory is nonsense. The swelling or bump which results from a fall or injury is due to blood escaping from torn or ruptured blood vessels into the soft tissues about the place of injury. The bleeding stops when the tension in the parts closes the torn blood vessels, or when the blood clots. The simplest method of stopping such bleeding is the application of soft gauze and a bandage, only comfortably tight.

☆☆
Question—What are the sources and uses of vitamin A?—Mrs. T. J. D., Neepawa, Man.

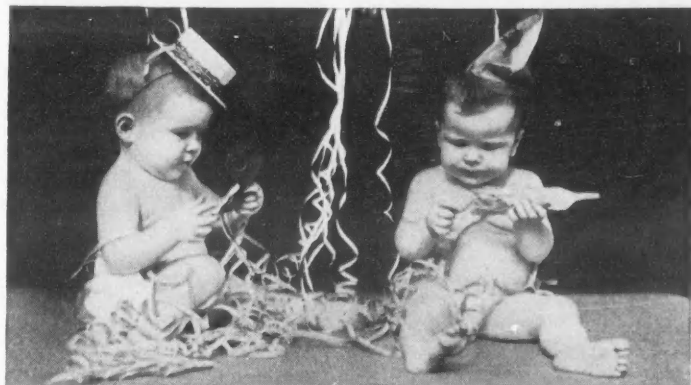
Answer—Vitamin A is the only one which is synthesized. (activated) by animals from their plant food. It is found in the livers and yellow body fat of most animals, and can be stored up by man for many months. For adequate production and storage of this vitamin, a diet should be abundant in thin green leaves, bright yellow fruits, vegetables such as carrots, corn and sweet potatoes. Vitamin A prevents night blindness and is the most important of all vitamins for proper tooth formation in growing children and for resistance to infection. It is also vital for healthy tissue development of the sex organs.

☆☆
Question—I read that sunshine and cod-liver oil are equally useful for the health of a child. Will you please explain this assertion?—Mrs. N. W. G., St. Catharines, Ont.

Answer—Summer sunshine, that is from June to September, and cod-liver oil have a similar effect on the health of a child. They prevent rickets and assist in the growth of bones and teeth. They seem to operate by activating the ergosterol in the skin, with the result that calcium and phosphorus, both necessary to bone and tooth development, are retained in the body. Cod-liver oil is used in the fall, winter and spring months when the ultra-violet rays of the sun—the effective ones—are scanty. In summer the sun takes its place.

☆☆
Question—My child, ten years of age, had a mild attack of diphtheria and after three weeks he had some difficulty in swallowing and his food came back through his nose. The doctor says that it is due to the diphtheria, but I cannot believe this as it was not necessary to give antitoxin. What is your opinion?—Mrs. H. W. C., Campbellville, Ont.

Answer—I agree with your doctor. Your child probably had an attack apparently so light that it was judged unnecessary to administer antitoxin. These mild cases, as well as the severe ones, should always have antitoxin. The difficulty in swallowing is due to paralysis of the throat muscles. The important thing is that the heart is not affected. If it is the child may die while we are trying to cure the paralysis. The proper methods of treatment are household words to every doctor. Follow his advice. ☆



"Hot time in the old town tonight, eh? . . . milk flowing like champagne. I dunno, though—these big parties kind of get me down. The place gets hot—and confetti gets in your pants . . ."



"That's right—give 'em a blast on your horn! Maybe they'll ask us what we'll have, and we can say how about a little soft, satiny Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Hoo-onk! . . . Pretty sour. And look at your fingering! Terrible."



"Now watch the old maestro. roooooor! There, how's that? Right in the groove, I'd say. We'll have a rubdown with that downy, velvety-cool Johnson's, and then on with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"



"Where's the baby that doesn't go for Johnson's? That slippery, extra-fine talc sure helps to put the skids under prickly heat and chafes! Johnson's doesn't cost much either."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Relief from
COLDS
AND
Nasal Catarrh

MENTHOLATUM

Why endure the congestion, stuffiness, nauseating mucus and choked air passages of nasal catarrh? Get relief from these dread symptoms at once. Use Mentholum. Quick in action. Guaranteed to bring relief or money back.

Buy it at your druggist—in 30c jars or tubes

Gives
COMFORT
Daily

New Heinz Junior Foods

For Children Graduating From Strained Foods



WHEN that important little busy-body, your growing baby, needs coarser, more highly nutritive dishes, serve him Heinz Junior Foods! Scientifically designed to bridge the gap between strained foods and family meals, these savoury new dishes are all ready to serve. And they're prepared according to the same high standards which have made Heinz Strained Foods and the rest of the 57 Varieties famous. Won't you order an assortment of Heinz 12 Junior Foods for your child?



CHOOSE FROM TWELVE MILDLY SEASONED, READY-TO-SERVE KINDS

CREAMED TOMATO AND RICE. Choice vegetables, whey powder and soy bean flour are added to give better nutritive balance—richer flavour.

CREAMED DICED POTATOES. Milk, cream, butter and brewers yeast give this food higher energy and nutritional value.

CREAMED GREEN VEGETABLES solves the problem of how to make children like greens! It's a luscious combination of kale, green lettuce, green asparagus, peas, milk and cream.

CREAMED DICED VEGETABLES. Choice vegetables, milk and rice in a diced or chopped form. Addition of a yeast concentrate improves the high vitamin B and G content.

LAMB AND LIVER contains lamb meat and liver and chicken liver—making this product of value for anemia prevention and correction. Choice vegetables improve the vitamin content and flavour.

CHICKEN FARINA VEGETABLE PORRIDGE is made from the meat and broth of selected chickens, tasty vegetables, durum farina, wheat germ and milk. Here's a savoury way to get more cereal in baby's diet! He'll really enjoy it.

HEINZ CARROTS. Sweet, mature carrots are chopped coarse enough to require chewing. The rich

orange colour indicates its high content of vitamin A.

HEINZ MIXED VEGETABLES. This is a nutritious blend of several vegetables, highly favoured for the diet of children. It contains potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, celery, green beans and onions. A special ingredient gives a delicious flavour that is entirely different from ordinary vegetable mixtures.

HEINZ SPINACH. The dark green curly variety of spinach is cut into particles of such size that only a moderate amount of chewing is required.

PINEAPPLE RICE PUDDING is prepared from fancy Hawaiian pineapple in a wholesome custard enriched with rice. Its high carbohydrate content makes it an energizing food—the eggs and milk increase its nutritive value.

PRUNE PUDDING. Choice prunes and farina are cooked with milk and eggs, producing a dish that is less laxative than plain prunes and has an excellent nutritive balance.

APPLE, FIG and DATE DESSERT. Ripe, full-flavoured apples are blended with the small-seeded variety of white figs and select dates. Lemon juice is added to enhance this combination of rich, zesty flavours with a touch of tartness.



The Baby Clinic

Your Baby—Week by Week

By Dr. J. W. S. McCullough

End of First Week

Begins to like soft, diffused light, opens eyes in shadow only and may squint.

End of First Month and Early in Second

May begin to notice differences in foods by combined taste and smell. Beginnings of attention shown by pursing up mouth, wrinkling of forehead, elevation of brows, fixation of gaze, etc. Soon likes to be stroked, handled and caressed. Enjoys sunlight, fires, lamps and bright objects. Shows interest in barking of dog, ticking of watch, music and singing.

Six to Seventh Week

Distinct expression of feelings. First true, bright, responsive smile, cooing and chuckling.

Eighth Week

Begins to show concentrated attention in following slow-moving objects with eyes, in noticing faces. "Knows his mother."

Fourth Month

Head ceases to be wobbly, a manifestation of will power. Shows interest and joy in parents and familiar friends; is alarmed or frightened by strangers. Is "becoming shy."

Fifth Month

Crows or laughs aloud, or as J. M. Barrie said in "Peter and Wendy," "When the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces and they all went skipping about and that was the beginning of fairies."

Sixth Month

Weight at birth doubled.

Fifth to Seventh Month

Reaches for and handles toys. Carries everything to the mouth, even his own toes, which he does not yet recognize as part of himself.

Eighth to Ninth Month

Able to sit erect.

Ninth to Tenth Month

Crawls or attempts to bear weight on feet.

Eleventh to Twelfth Month

Walks or stands alone or with assistance.

Twelfth Month

Weight at birth trebled. Six teeth cut. Can say single words.

Twelfth to Fifteenth Month

Walks alone. Discovers new delights every hour. Absorbs new experiences as a sponge absorbs water.

Eighteenth Month

"Soft spot" in head closes. (Consult a doctor if closure is delayed beyond two years).

Eighteenth to Twenty-fourth Month

Begins to have some power of distinguishing colors—especially red and green.

Twenty-fourth Month

Puts words into sentences. Should talk well. Sixteen teeth cut.

Your Question Box

Question—My boy, now twenty-six months old, does not talk very much. At his age all my other children could talk quite well. Can you tell me the cause and advise me what to do?—Mrs. R. H. H., Barrie, Ont.

Answer—Delay in talking may be due to deafness, tongue-tie—the least common cause of all—mental weakness, or it may be congenital. Speech is only acquired after the child has learned to interpret the sound of the spoken word. Absolute deafness will lead to absolute dumbness. If your boy can say some words and is not deaf, I should have hopes for him. Have his hearing tested by your doctor.

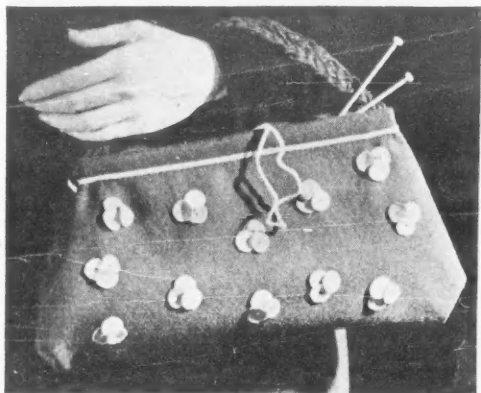
☆☆
Question—What is peripheral neuritis? What is the cause? Is it dangerous?—Mrs. M. N. H., Neepawa, Man.

Answer—A disease of the motor nerves with weakness leading on to paralysis. There is usually tenderness of the muscles and nerve trunks. Except for the neuritis following diphtheria, the affection is rare in children. Some cases, notably in Japan, are due to the face powder containing lead, used by the mothers. If the cause be promptly removed, most cases improve with rest in bed. Heat, massage and electrical treatment are useful.



A Cheery Knitting Bag

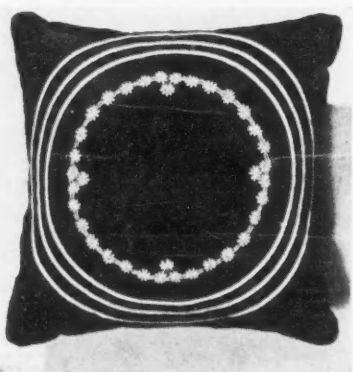
Quickly and Easily Made



C728—You're knitting, of course—so here's a gay little knitting bag, made in an hour or so from rich-toned felts, to bring the courage of color to your work. Finished size about 8 x 14 inches. Comes stamped on queen's royal or French blue art felt or on black or woodsy green felt, with little circles of art felt in bright colors simply attached by a French knot in the centre of each. Complete materials, including lining and pliable bones for stiffening top, price 85 cents.

In "Lazy Daisy" and "Ritzy Rope"

C730—This cushion is charming, made from taffeta silk in black, French rose, olive green, midnight blue or old gold, with a lazy-daisy ring and outer design in ritzy-rope effect—that is three rows of chain stitch, the centre one to match the daisies, and one on each side in green. A distinctive companion for the "Starry Sky" cushion—the same size, 19 inches, and the same price, \$1.25. Cottons for working are 10 cents and a form can be supplied at 55 cents. Please state color desired in taffeta and for working daisies.



For Your Canary

C731—This quaint little old-fashioned girl makes a delightful picture that you will enjoy working in a variety of simple stitches for a bird-cage cover. Stamped on fine English poplin in black or green, 31 inches square, complete materials, including cottons for working and binding for edges, price 75 cents.



"Radiant Rose" for Your Linens

C729—You'll enjoy working these pillowcases and towels in "Radiant Rose" design. In medium size cross-stitch, you will find these quick and easy to work and really lovely when finished. The roses may be worked in any suitable color—pink, medium or deep rose, or yellow—please state preference. The pillowcases are stamped on finest, circular linen-finished English cotton, size 36 x 40 inches—price \$1.25 per pair; the towels are of finest white linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches—price \$1.10 per pair. Cottons for working either pair come to 10 cents.



These are Chatelaine Patterns, Handicraft Series. ORDER FROM Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Articles from previous issues can always be supplied. Full directions for working are sent. Prices include postage.



If you have recently recovered from a prolonged illness

...or a stubborn, weakening cold... cod liver oil is an excellent tonic to take. It is rich in Vitamins A and D, those vitamins many doctors say are so important to convalescents and invalids. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL—SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has all the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil

passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Happy Hobbies 35c 3 for \$1 POSTPAID

CREATIVE HANDICRAFTS. By Mabel Reagh Hutchins. Practical information on seven fascinating handicrafts—Pottery, Weaving, Basketry, Metalcraft, Leathercraft, Bookbinding, Block Printing and the Art of Dyeing.

THE KNITTING BOOK. By Elizabeth King. What and how to knit. Contains complete instructions on how to make every kind of knitted garment.

QUILTING. By Elizabeth King. A practical handbook on the art of quilting. Fourteen full page illustrations as a guide to patterns and designs.

SKING FOR ALL. By Otto Schniebs. Written by the former Olympic ski coach; really tells you how to ski and is invaluable for both beginner and experienced skier. 125 illustrations by the author.

ORDER COPIES TODAY—35c.—3 for \$1.00—ASK FOR COMPLETE LIST
TRANS-CANADA NEWS CO., 208 Dundas Street West, Toronto

Make your own

Viyella
REGD. DRESS

The British Fashion Fabric that wears and wears
UNSHRINKABLE — WASHABLE — GUARANTEED
36 or 54 inches wide. At all leading stores or
write Wm. Hollins, Ltd., 266 King St., Toronto

EXTERNALLY CAUSED

**PIMPLES
CLEARED**

Miss Anne Chorney of Fosston, Sask., writes: "Due to some external cause, my face was covered with pimples. I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment—and my face began to improve. Finally the pimples disappeared entirely." Give your skin the beauty-benefits of Cuticura. Buy BOTH Cuticura Soap and Ointment at your druggist's today. Each 25¢.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Harmful poisons go into the body, and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢

THIS BOOK SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME!

"The Universal Home Doctor is modern and quite reliable," comments Canadian medical authority who examined the book.

This book deserves a place in every home — the latest, most reliable family medical reference—832 pages, thousands of authentic facts; hundreds of photographs, illustrations, anatomical drawings.

UNIVERSAL HOME DOCTOR
Compiled in Harley Street, medical centre of London; edited by eminent Harley Street physician. Every one of 2,500 subjects written by an expert. Handsomely bound in rich red Morocco-grained cloth.

This Offer for Canada Only!

A Book Valued at **\$1.95**
Over \$5.00 for Only

(Postpaid: Air Mail Extra)

HOME BOOK SERVICE

208 Dundas St. W., Toronto, Canada

THE AWFUL PRICE YOU PAY FOR BEING NERVOUS

Read These Important Facts!

Quivering nerves can make you old, haggard and cranky—can make your life a nightmare of jealousy, self pity and "the blues."

Often such nervousness is due to female functional disorders. So take reliable Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help calm unstrung nerves and lessen functional "irregularities." For over 60 years Pinkham's has helped thousands of grandmothers, mothers and daughters "in time of need."

Pinkham's Compound is made especially for women from wholesome roots and herbs each with its own special work to do. One of the most effective "woman's" tonics made! Try it!

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

The Doctor's Party

Continued from page 63

She wondered if behind those walls he had left the ghost of his love.

He had worked hard on the farm after that, rising with the sun and going to his room with the darkness.

On her occasional visits home, the desolation of that house crept into Shiela's blood threatening to defeat her, too, as it had defeated her mother and Dermot—and sent her flying back to the glamour and distraction of the city.

"You haven't seen Steve since you came home, have you?" Dermot was wiping the inside of the cloudy windshield with his glove.

"What chance has there been? I just got home today."

"There's a telephone," Dermot said.

She did not want to see Steve Fallon, nor hear his voice. Not any more. He had no place in this new life, nor the life that was to be; not Steve, nor the country and the sick desolation and loneliness that the farm had come to mean since June. There were other plans—plans that were like whirling eddies into which she had stepped and could not extricate herself, nor even feel the desire to.

Dermot said, "I would like to have things straightened out between you and Steve before I go." He did not look at her as he spoke.

"Where are you going?" she asked quickly, with fear in her heart.

"I'm going to Montreal the day after Christmas. I waited until now, for mother's sake. Christmas means a lot to her." He laughed harshly. "That is, it did mean a lot—once."

"What—are you going—to do—in Montreal?"

"A chap I studied with at 'varsity. Seems he has property there. He says I can be of some help to him. It's an out—and a chance, maybe. I'm going to take it."

"And leave mother?"

That would be the kindest thing I could do, and you know it."

"Dermot, don't talk like that. Mother would die—thinking of you there all alone and unhappy—"

"Mother died last June," he said.

"Does she know—this?"

"No. I want you to tell her after I've gone."

"Oh, Dermot!" She covered her face with trembling hands. "Why does it have to be like this? Why?"

"Listen—Steve is your answer, whether you know it or not. You belong with him. He won't come crawling to you after what you've done to him. You'll have to make the first move. There's a lot at stake, Shiela. Your whole future. Don't be a fool. Steve cares for you. He'll never change."

"Neither will you," she said quickly. "You can't run away from your feeling for Gail. You can't lose it in Montreal—or any place on earth. Oh, Dermot—why couldn't you have loved someone else, and stayed here with us—right, and made it all come out as we planned?"

"I was talking about Steve and you," he said stonily. "The city is no place for you. Will you think it over? I've never asked anything of you before."

"Don't go, Dermot!" she begged, in terror at the thought; confused, un-

happy, frightened. "Don't go and leave us. What would we do without you?"

"You'd hold up your heads once more," he answered with brittle laughter.

"Dermot, Dermot!" her heart moaned.

Now they came into the outskirts of town. Lights gleamed faintly through the snow.

"What time shall I come back for you?"

"I'll give you a ring," she said.

THEY DREW up near the old familiar house. The windows seemed friendly and inviting back through the trees.

With heavy steps, she made her way toward the house. At the porch, she discovered the loss of her gold sequin evening bag, and remembered distinctly having tucked it under her arm as she started along in the blinding snow. She must have dropped it—

Hurriedly she retraced her steps before the snow should conceal the purse where it had fallen.

Not until she was almost upon them did she see the couple standing close to a parked car in a brief but stormy embrace. She turned away quickly, but the sound of the man's voice now arrested her steps—a low, intimate, enamored voice; a voice that she knew only too well. Its nuances and overtones were engraved on her consciousness.

He was kissing a woman here in the snow before Doctor Mart's house, confident that the snowy curtain and the darkness were his allies. Warren Blodgett! Was it possible that he was going to Doctor Mart's party tonight? And who was the woman? Who could it be?

She stepped back into the shadows.

Shortly, she followed them into the house. The woman, she discovered, was Estelle Randolph . . .

THE JEWEL case deserved its fantastic local reputation.

Gail Chisholm fingered a string of matched pearls idly. She had chosen black velvet to wear tonight to Doctor Mart's affair; an off-the-shoulder dinner dress with a bertha of Venetian lace, demure and effective. She would have enjoyed scandalizing the natives with one of her more bizarre costumes. But somewhere in the emotional confusion of her heart, there lingered a reluctant tenderness for the doctor who had brought her into the world. He was, she knew, impressed neither by her paganism nor by her moods of angelic sweetness. She couldn't fool him. He was impervious to her irreproachable technique, and she resented it. Yet there were times when she wished she might have had such a man for a father.

Her own father, now past eighty-four, doddered through senility. A valuable stamp collection constituted his interest in life. From a gesture of affectionate generosity, he would swing to one of unreasoning contempt. And at such times, life in the Chisholm household became unbearable.

Her mother had married for money, but at an enormous price. Watching them together sometimes, Gail won-

dered that either had survived the wretched mockery of their marriage, with the discrepancy of forty years in their ages an unclean ghost in the house.

No one had urged her to accept Doctor Mart's invitation. She respected him more, probably, than anyone she knew. It would not have occurred to her to decline. His substantial presence in a mad world gave her an illusion of security.

She fingered the pearls indecisively, poked farther into the case. Then she came across a trifle that had no place in so elegant a setting; a bobby pin around which had been knotted some withered sprigs of clover.

She looked into the mirror, smiled woodenly at the face she saw there—the slim young oval face with its frame of chestnut hair, and the spoiled, restless eyes that were neither blue nor green but a little of both. And she thought of the young count she had met on the steamer going to Bermuda last June—and what he had said of that face. And she thought of the movie idol who had made love to her at Banff.

No use. You couldn't shut it out. Ever. Ever . . . The absurd bit of steel seemed to burn her fingers. Swiftly and with a hushed cry she turned away from the mirror to cross the room and drop to the window seat, her white face pressed hard against the snow-driven pane.

The day came back, as the old days will. And it was not winter, but a summer day when she and Dermot O'Connor had sat on a clovered hill above the river, and all the world was new and strange and beautiful—with familiar things no longer familiar in their own casual way, but glamorous, touched with the magic of a heart's awakening. Dermot beside her there—the two of them blinded by the beauty into which they had stumbled.

There had been cleanness in his eyes. There had been ambition and strong self-confidence. Youth. Not the jaded youth of rich men's sons, but a youngness geared to ambition and courage. She had known an indescribable present, and the dream of a sweeter future. She had found an honest man who loved her truly.

Wild as a hawk—That was what they said of Gail Chisholm. Nor would one of them have believed the true longings of her heart. Always she had been a pawn between her parents—each of them playing her against the other with never a thought for her self or her soul or her good, but only for their ignoble, selfish whims.

At nineteen she had found Dermot—and love. He had not restored illusion but created it; a thing more dear than any of her possessions. And then without warning, he had walked off with her tender faith, to be shut behind prison walls to serve a sentence for a dishonorable act of which she had considered him incapable.

The soft whisper of snow against the pane, in one of the storm's gentler moments, reminded her that time was passing and that she must hurry. It would not be fair to delay Doctor Mart's dinner.

☆ To be Continued

The Enchanted Castle

Continued from page 18

"We're going on a rescue expedition," said Peter. "The Weather Man is preparing the ship *Good Will* . . . and we're to prepare enough food to take to the Africans to save their lives!"

"Cake!" added Robert, pulling his finger out of his mouth.

"Hurrah!" shouted the cooks, and began jumping off the table, drying their eyes and putting their hats on straight. "To your posts everyone!" shouted the chief cook. "We must hurry!"

When everyone was standing at attention, the cook called out, "What shall we take?" Everyone thought hard. "Cake!" said Robert again. "Birthday cake!" shouted one of the cooks. "I make it so it looks like a wedding cake. The Africans will love it!"

"Okay," said the chief cook. "What else?"

All the cooks started shouting their favorite dishes. Pies. Tartlets. Ham sandwiches. Biscuits. Plum jam. Homemade bread. Apple salad.

"Okay," cried the chief cook. "To the salad department first!"

As they put the little ladders against the table on which the salad machine stood, Mary asked, "Why do you have everything so large? Why aren't your tables and machines little, like you?"

All the cooks stopped and stared at each other. Obviously, it had never occurred to them. Then the chief cook said, briefly, "I guess we prefer it that way. Otherwise it wouldn't be that way!"

Mary was just going to argue when Peter told her to keep quiet. "We've got to get the food ready," he whispered. "Let's watch!"

MAKING THE salad was fun. Peter and Mary helped with chopping up the fruit and vegetables, while Robert was allowed to sit on the mixing machine and pedal hard. If you look in the picture you will see that when he pedalled, the mixing wheel went round and round, and so made the salad smooth. Three cooks took turns in sitting on the bulb that sent the whipped cream flowing into the salad bowl. Another cook kept pulling a lever which sent down special nuts and other goodies into the big bowl. They all worked very hard, until suddenly the chief cook blew a whistle. "That's enough salad," said he. "Now we'll move into the sandwich department."

Robert jumped quickly down off the salad mixer and, racing to the table, picked up one end of a long crosscut saw. "Me!" he said emphatically. Peter and Mary thought it was quite all right for him to help, because, after all, he had been the cause of the whole trouble. So Mary began to mix the mustard and fill the pots, and Peter lifted the huge loaves of bread onto the table.

There was a tricky little crane which lifted the slices of bread one by one and lowered them carefully on top of the ham. Then Peter leaned forward, untied the rope, and cut the sandwiches into four, while the little cooks busily hauled down another slice of bread for the next sandwich. They worked until all the bread was finished,

and then stood at attention while the chief cook blew his whistle.

"We're coming along splendidly, my men," he said. "I see by the magic mirror that the Weather Man is getting ready for us. Now we'll move to the cake table."

The children were so fascinated by the way the little men made the cake and decorated it with icing that they stared in wonder. They didn't offer to help, because everything was being handled so cleverly that they were afraid of spoiling it. When one cook stood on the bellows which sent the icing in a long thin tube out of a nozzle, he didn't seem heavy enough. So two cooks hung onto the rope at the other end of a lever and jiggled themselves up and down, until their arms were tired. Then they jumped down, and two others edged their way carefully out along the lever and slid down the rope to make an extra weight. If you look at the picture, you can tell that the two cooks who are hanging on have grown very tired and are just about ready to drop off. But do you see the other cook working his way along the lever, ready to take their place?

The wide doors at the end of the kitchens flew open suddenly, and there was Mr. Ruditoot, the castle bugler. He was tooting away on his horn as loudly as he could. "Oh dear, oh dear!" fussed the chief cook. "That means the Weather Man is ready for us. Pick up the food, folks, and let's go!"

The chief cook grabbed a large spoon and took his place at the head of the procession. Mary picked up a large tray of jam tarts. Robert lifted an apple pie and held it carefully on his head. Peter took up a bowl of nuts and fruits. The birthday-wedding cake had been put carefully on a flat carrier, and as they started away, winding through the immense halls of the Enchanted Castle, the cooks fell in behind, all carrying some kind of food.

"They'll be glad they had a tornado," said Mary. "With all this food."

"Hungwy," said Robert.

The chief cook heard him, and turned his head slightly. "Just wait a few moments, children," he said. "As soon as we get the food packed you can eat as much as you want. We've got to get it on the airplane first."

"Airplane!" gasped the children.

"Why, yes," said the chief cook. "We've got to take an airplane trip first, and then a journey on board the ship *Goodwill*."

"With all this food?" said Peter in dismay. "You can't load down an airplane with all this!"

"Wait and see, lad," said the chief cook quietly. "It's going to be a wonderful adventure all right, all right!"

"Well, we're ready for it!" said Peter eagerly, and Mary added, "And I guess all the boys and girls who are reading about our adventures will want to come too!"

(Do you want to go with the children on their astonishing airplane ride? Next month's *Chatelaine* will tell you all about it with more W. Heath Robinson pictures.)

X marks the spot
where S.O.S. shines



THE SCENE : Your Kitchen Sink

THE VILLAIN . . . Messy pots and pans

THE HEROINE You

THE HERO S.O.S.

THE PLOT : Up to your elbows in scrubbing and scraping, you come on a villainous pan, black as the ace of spades.

S.O.S. to the rescue. Dip, rub, rinse. Off with stains and scorches—away with grease and crusted food. Madam, here is your pan shining bright as new.

How come? S.O.S. cleans, scours, polishes in one simple operation. And the new oval shape, patented distribution of soap, special interwoven construction—all make S.O.S. a truly magic cleanser for your pots and pans.

THE ENDING : Bright, happy and sudden !

S.O.S. MFG. COMPANY
OF CANADA, LTD.
100 Sterling Road,
Toronto, Ont.



MADE IN CANADA

S.O.S. keeps

ALUMINUM shining like new



Mary Francis Doner, with a long record of fiction successes behind her, writes a new novel for *Chatelaine*, "The Doctor's Party."



Mary Lowrey Ross interprets for you the new idea in teaching your child the three R's.



Donald Barr Chidsey likes to write stories of people in unusual situations. Thus the setting for his "Mr. and Mrs. Elegant."

CHATELAINE



VOL. 13. No. 2.

As an Editor Sees it— by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

AS THE final pages of this February issue go to press, the excitement from our January article on the potential market for handicrafts is mounting steadily. There have been hundreds of letters from women, from teachers and heads of women's organizations; from Members of Parliament and department store executives. Newspapers throughout Canada have shown a vigorous echo of the main theme of our article—that awaiting Canadian initiative and interest is an opportunity to create a new industry. It's not the sort of thing that happens overnight . . . but we'll have more news for you in early issues. Let me know, please, of any interesting developments in your own community.

☆☆

COULD YOU, even to yourself, give solid proof that your life has been worth the opportunities you've been given? Doctor Mart when he sent special invitations to six of his "babies" now grown to maturity, to come to his home, had a special plan in mind—a plan which Mary Frances Doner makes vitally dramatic in her new serial "The Doctor's Party." This novel—to be published in book form this Autumn—will come to you in three parts. Mrs. Doner has written over two hundred short stories for publication and ten serials. Her last novel went into its third edition. She's another star writer of the day and we're mighty proud to have her novel following that of I. A. R. Wylie's. I doubt if we shall ever have a heroine I liked quite so well as Biff-Janey.

☆☆

CONSIDER THIS paragraph a big bass drum calling your special attention to the story by Mary Lowrey Ross on what's happening to our

schools. If you have a youngster at school, you'll probably have read it by now. So the drum beats for those of you who might pass it over, feeling that, as you have no children at school, the feature is not for you. Don't miss it! Mrs. Ross, who is one of Canada's most brilliant and thoughtful writers, has captured the whole spirit of the new educational movement, and tells it to you with a penetrating understanding. For the sake of the school pupil you once were—see what's happening to the children today. You'll be glad you gave heed to the drum . . . Next month *Chatelaine* brings you the hilariously funny story of a household—with a baby, and a new maid. It too, is by Mary Lowrey Ross. She calls it "Life Isn't Like the Movies." It will warrant a whole fanfare!

☆☆

THE DUTY of this paragraph is to make joyful amends and give many apologies for the error I made in saying that W. Heath Robinson, the famous illustrator of "The Enchanted Castle" was the "late" Mr. Robinson. How I made the error is a long story—and unimportant, since the main fact is that Mr. Heath Robinson is working at full speed in England making more of his illustrations. His interpretation of humorous aspects of the war, is today, as it did in 1914, bringing him fresh honors. From every side I'm hearing of the popularity of his pictures in *Chatelaine*. This month's series is particularly attractive. One child proved again the theory that all children like minute pictures best, by saying in delight "Oh look, the little tip-top they're putting on the cake, is there on the cake in the procession!"

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, 2, CANADA
JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman
HORACE T. HUNTER, President

H. V. TYRRELL, Vice-President and Managing Director
BRANCH OFFICES: Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal; 322 Fifth Avenue, New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6642; Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London —
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—in Canada \$1.00; Canadian points served by air only, \$1.50; all other parts of the British Empire \$1.50 per year. United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$2.00 per year, all other countries \$3.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copies on sale at bookstalls of leading London, Eng. hotels, 9d. Copyright, 1940, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

The characters and names in fiction stories appearing in *Chatelaine* are imaginary and have no reference to living persons.

Manuscripts submitted to *Chatelaine* must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph. Contributors should retain copies of material submitted.

Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Use of its articles, in whole or in part, for advertising purposes or in stock selling or promotion, is never sanctioned.

H. NAPIER MOORE, Editorial Director.
BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, Editor.
WALLACE M. REYBURN, Assistant Editor.
HELEN G. CAMPBELL, Director, Chatelaine Institute.
EVAN PARRY, Editor "Your Home" Department.
N. ROY PERRY, Business Manager.
J. R. THOMPSON, Advertising Manager.

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

FICTION

The Doctor's Party (new serial)	5
. Mary Frances Doner	
The Fatal Mistake . . . Elisabeth Sanxay Holding	10
Mr. and Mrs. Elegant . . . Donald Barr Chidsey	12
Nothing Begins Today (serial)	
. I. A. R. Wylie	16
The Enchanted Castle W. Heath Robinson	17

GENERAL ARTICLES

How to be a Good Wife	2
Will War Affect Our Fashions? . . . Lotta Dempsey	8
New Schools for Old Mary Lowrey Ross	14

BEAUTY CULTURE

Put Your Personality Over . . . Carolyn Damon	25
Fashion Shorts Kay Murphy	26
Don't Throw It Out! Carolyn Damon	27
First Flight Into Dressmaking (pattern)	34
Young Ideas (pattern)	35

"YOUR HOME"

1940 Is A Good Year to Build!	
. Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C.	43
Pointers for the Home	45, 47
Sound Construction, II	46
House Clinic	48

HOUSEKEEPING

"What Do You Mean By Balanced Meals?"	
. Helen G. Campbell	51
The Daily Grind Helen G. Campbell	52
Meals of the Month M. Frances Hucks	54
Valentine Vanities M. Frances Hucks	60

REGULAR FEATURES

The Baby Clinic Dr. J. W. S. McCullough	64
New Handicrafts Marie Le Cerf	67
As An Editor Sees It Byrne Hope Sanders	68

"IT KEEPS MY
BATHTUB AND SINK
SMOOTH AND
EASY TO CLEAN."

Why millions prefer and use OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

"IT CUTS GREASE
QUICKLY
— SPEEDS UP
MY CLEANING."

What a help to have a cleanser that gives quick, easy cleaning, and *safe* cleaning, too. This is why more women use Old Dutch Cleanser. They take pride in keeping lovely things lovely, and they have the comfortable assurance that Old Dutch leaves no scratches to catch dirt and make cleaning harder.

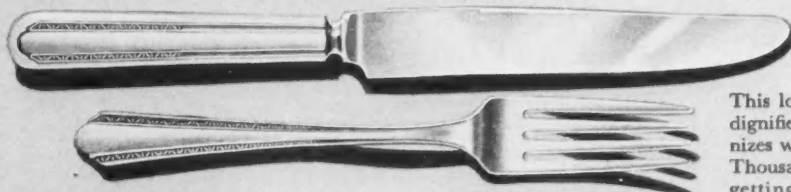
You'll like the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch. 1, *cuts grease quickly*; 2, *makes cleaning easier*. Old Dutch is good for your kitchen, good for your bathroom, good for all your cleaning. It combines everything you want in a cleanser and is thrifty because a little goes so far.

Tested and Approved by
the
Chataine Institute
Chataine Magazine



Get a complete set of silverware at low cost. Start now with this
WM. A. ROGERS DINNER KNIFE AND FORK
A-1 Quality, Made by Oneida, Ltd.

Dinner Knife, 9 1/2 inches long



A real \$1.40 value! But Old Dutch brings it to you for only 60¢ and just 3 Old Dutch labels. You'll be proud to give this beautiful silverware as a gift, or set your own table with it.

**\$1.40 VALUE FOR ONLY
60¢**
and just 3 Old Dutch labels

This lovely silverware, in the rich, dignified "Croydon" design, harmonizes with other silverware patterns. Thousands of value-wise women are getting this quality silverware at a money-saving cost. You can do the same. See coupon.

OFFER EXTENDED TO DECEMBER 31, 1941
You have plenty of time to complete a set of this attractive silverware if you start now. Listed below are the different units you can order. Each unit requires 60¢ and the windmill pictures from 3 Old Dutch labels (or complete labels). Offer good only in Canada and U. S.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. G60,
64 Macaulay Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada

I am enclosing _____ windmill pictures from Old Dutch labels [or complete labels] and _____ cents, for which please send me:

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Dinner Knife and Fork | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Round Bowl Soup Spoons |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Oyster or Cocktail Forks | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Table or Serving Spoons |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Oval Soup Spoons |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 6 Teaspoons | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Salad Forks |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Gravy Ladle | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 Butter Spreaders |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 Cold Meat Fork | |

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Province _____